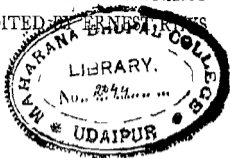


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CLASSICAL

HOMER'S  
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
F. MELIAN STAWELL  
VOL I THE ILIAD

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IN TWO STYLES OF BINDING, CLOTH, FLAT BACK, COLOURED TOP, AND LEATHER, ROUND CORNERS, GILT TOP

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD  
NEW YORK. E P DUTTON & CO.



THE  
SAGES  
OF OLD  
LIVE  
AGAIN  
IN US  
GLANVILL

THE ILIAD  
OF HOMER  
*Translated by*  
EDWARD EARL  
*of* DERBY.



LONDON: PUBLISHED  
by J. M. DENT & SONS, L<sup>TD</sup>  
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# INTRODUCTION

To praise Homer is the delight of all who have ever attempted to translate him and the despair. For in the Homeric poems at their best are united a number of excellencies that have never been found together before or since in any thing like the same degree—a union of simplicity and splendour of a freshness that is almost naive and a polished stateliness that could not be surpassed of a fiery speed and passion that breathe the very spirit of battle and a serene calm that never fails.

It is not merely because the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* contain some of the greatest poetry ever written that they are so hard to translate—it is because this particular union between the elaborate and the plain is so difficult for us to recapture manifest as it is in every turn and detail of the verse. The metre itself is extraordinarily rich and varied and yet one cannot call it intricate—in the Homeric dialect the hexameter is easy to handle and the ease and swiftness of Homer's hexameters have been famous from all time. The diction is full of dignified formal phrases and noble decorative epithets many of them obviously coined for their place in the line and yet in hardly a single instance do they overload the scene however prosaic—it may be or even prevent the use of what are almost colloquialisms. A form of language has been found which though not the language of actual speech can deal with everything that happens in man's daily life and yet in such a way as to make it fit for heroes.

Cowper in the delightful Preface to his *Iliad* says with a certain wistfulness. The passages which will be least noticed and possibly not at all except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language to flay and prepare it for the table detailing every circumstance of the process. Homer who writes always to the eye with all his sublimity and grandeur has the minuteness of a Flemish painter

As a translator of Homer, Cowper had many qualifications. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the sweet brightness of his inborn nature—and nothing more touching to see under the dark cloud of melancholy that hung threatening his brain—and this natural brightness, united as it was to perfect delicacy of touch a delicious humour and a quivering sensitiveness rendered him singularly responsive at once to the clear humanity, tenderness and depth of the Homeric feeling, and to the charm and vividness of the Homeric fancy. What he lacked was perhaps energy and fire and hence he is not quite so successful in the battle-pieces and fierce quarrels of the *Iliad* and more at home in the romance and humour and mystery of the *Odyssey* in the homely comfort of the swineherd's hut, or in the sunny distant land where Nausicaa stood to greet Ulysses, or in the dim regions

“ where grow the poplar groves  
And fruitless willows wave of Proserpine ”

Not that Cowper's rendering of the great fight in the palace-hall at Ithaca could be considered tame or spiritless, while, there as elsewhere, his faithfulness alone would more than justify his modest confidence that there was room for him as a translator even after Pope.

Pope's work, indeed, will always remain a classic for its own merits alone, and, as regards fidelity no other translator has so well given the terse precision or the leaping flame of rhetoric that the Homeric poetry has at its command. Take the famous couplet—

“ If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
But let us perish in the light of day! ”

or the splendid close of Achilles' defiance,—

Ye have my answer: what remains to do,  
Your king Ulysses may consult with you:  
What needs he the defence this arm can make?  
Has he not walls no human force can shake?  
Has he not fenced his guarded navy round  
With poles, with rams, and a trench profound?  
And will not these, the wonders he has done,  
Repel the rage of Priam's single son? ”

But the defects of Pope's work are also notorious: the artificiality and stilted elegance that stand at the other end of the horizon from Homer's noble plainness. Prose as it

is the almost literal sentence—"She was too shy to speak of sweet marriage to her father"—would give a better idea of the exquisite lines in the *Odyssey* than the neat couplet.

She spoke, but blushes all restrained of betray  
Her thoughts intimate on the bridal day "

Chapman, again, will always be a delight because he can "speak out loud and bold," and indeed in some scenes, such as the quarrel in *Iliad* I, he comes nearer to the right Homeric vigour than any other man, but yet in his verse, as Arnold delighted to point out, Troy must needs "shed her towers for tears of overthrow," though Homer only said "The day will be when sacred Troy shall perish."

After all one may trust there will always be many translators of Homer each of whom will contribute some special element, until the great bard comes who will unite everything and above all, do what no one yet has done—present the vital spirit of the characters in a worthy medium. For it is in characterisation that the chief greatness of Homer lies—and this is given by the absolute fitness of the words. It is true that the mere outline of the *Iliad* XXIV is altogether great in itself. It touches us even to be told the bare fact that the old king Priam came alone and unarmed, to the tent of his sworn and bitter foe, that he might ask for the body of his dead son, but when every word in that marvellous scene makes the whole thing live before us, then and then only, can we realise why before Shakespeare Homer was rightly held to be the king of poets.

The prose translations of the *Odyssey* by Messrs. Butcher and Lang, and of the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, are invaluable for any one who wishes, without the knowledge of Greek, to gain an accurate knowledge of the detailed matter in the poems. But, as the writers would be the first to admit a close translation in prose of what was essentially a diction framed for poetry must always produce a certain unnaturalness of effect, and thus does inevitably detract from the directness of appeal which is the supreme quality of Homer.

The version of the *Iliad* by Lord Derby, first published in 1864 and now reprinted here, has the great merits of simplicity, dignity, and sincerity, and its ease of style makes it eminently readable. Derby's work is strikingly similar to Cowper's, and in certain passages appears to be based on

It. The arguments prefixed to each Book are quoted from Cowper's own translation and for the *Odyssey* the text follows throughout Cowper's first edition before the freshness of his rendering had been impaired by the supposed "improvements" he made in deference to ignorant criticism. The notes at the foot of the pages are from the same edition, "F" is the initial of Fuseli the painter, "the learned and ingenious Mr Fuseli" as Cowper calls him who saw the poem in manuscript and made many suggestions. (The supplementary notes at the end of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, signed "F M S" are by the writer of this introduction.)

Questions concerning the date and authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are interesting to ask and hard to answer. Controversy rages over every point, and the answers that are given here can at best only be accepted as probable. It seems clear both from internal evidence, and from classical Greek tradition that the poems existed much in their present shape, before the sixth century B.C. when Pausanias made his famous recension, and the absence of any apparent knowledge about the Greek colonies along the coast of Asia Minor would appear to justify us in carrying the date at least three centuries further back. How much further still can we go? Recent discoveries, especially in Crete and at Mycenae on the mainland have brought to light traces of a high civilisation in the Aegean basin growing up from neolithic times a civilisation which was almost completely forgotten by classical Greece and which is at once like and unlike that implied in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The dress of the women is markedly different, much of the armour is different, and in Crete the huge palaces with the scenes on their frescoes indicate a far more artificial life than Homer's. On the other hand certain details in the Homeric poems are directly illustrated by the archaeological finds. Nestor's cup in *Iliad* XI, Hector's long shield in *Iliad* VI the rim of which tapped against his heels as he walked, the inland pictures on the shield of Achilles, the blue frieze in the palace of Alcmæon, all these find their analogues among the recent discoveries.

From this the presumption follows that the poems took their rise during some period between the bloom of the Aegean civilisation in Mycenae (which may be dated roughly from 1500-1100 B.C.) and the founding and growth

of the new Greek cities in Asia Minor. That there was a time of change and transition is suggested by many facts. The excavations have made it almost certain that something like decay fell on the great centres of the early culture. The palaces in Crete are found burnt presumably by a victorious enemy, the beautiful pottery, made there and elsewhere, becomes debased in design and workmanship. Further, the Homeric poems themselves speak of a store of legends from a more brilliant past removed by a sensible gap from the day and generation of the poets. Again, while bronze<sup>1</sup> is the recognised metal for the warriors' weapons it is clear that the poets know the use of iron, and in the latest tombs of the Mycenaean period we find iron beginning to appear side by side with the earlier bronze.

Now it does not seem unsharred to suppose, especially in view of the swift development in Asia Minor, that there came a time, somewhere about the tenth century, when the old centres were fast losing their actual vigour and importance though not their prestige and glamour, and when the more active members of the same and kindred stocks reinforced perhaps by Northern immigrants were seeking new homes and new outlets for their energies. The *Odyssey* is full of the colonising spirit as we see for instance in the description of the island off the Cyclops' cave in Book IX. And it shows us men like Ulysses and Telemachus living a simple and hardy life themselves, yet in contact with a culture far more luxurious than their own, a culture also as the poet may mean to suggest, that is already touched with weakness. Ulysses is welcomed by Alcinoüs as a man of like speech with himself but the lavish splendour of the Phæacian palace is in marked contrast to the home in the barren island that was "a good nurse of heroes" and the fondness of the Phæacian men for the dance and the lute for the warm bath and sleep seems designally set in opposition to the ways of the much-enduring hero.

That there was an element of Northern immigration cannot be taken to be established but it is made probable by several points. Homer speaks of "the fair-haired Achæans" but the Cretans, men and women alike, are represented in the paintings as dark-haired while the fairness of Northern races is well known. Archaeological discoveries have revealed another early civilisation along the upper Danube the

<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately translated here by Cowper and Lord Derby.

remains of which show an ornament and armature certain similarities to Homeric fashions. Moreover place-names and traditions both in Homer and in classical times seem to indicate a steady drift of tribes through Greece from the north west to the south. There is no need to conceive the immigration as an invasion: indeed any hypothesis implying an abrupt breach in culture and language would involve us in countless difficulties. They did not sweep down in a great invading host: they crept in tribe by tribe seeking not political conquest but new lands and homestead.<sup>1</sup>

The ultimate causes that produce poetic genius lie utterly beyond our ken: but a period such as that conjectured would certainly seem stimulating to poetry. An old civilisation lay behind the writers: but there were new lands opening before them: new blood in the world: and new ideas. Did there live a blind old bard of genius on Chios rocky isle as the tale honoured tradition has it: he would certainly be fired by up-bringing and on look to leave great verse unto a little clan.

The question of unity of authorship is of more immediate interest to lovers of literature. Until Wolf wrote his famous *Prolegomena* at the end of the eighteenth century the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* had been accepted as unities with but little question: but since his day the dispute has been prolonged and intense: especially with regard to the *Iliad*. The *Odyssey* is on a somewhat different footing: and it may be doubted whether any sober scholar would have questioned its fundamental unity: if it had not been for the controversy raised concerning the *Iliad*. It is true there can be little doubt that the work is based on earlier legends: but, save for one or two passages, it shows a harmony of conception in the characters so delicate and profound: and a structure of plot so masterly that it is hard to imagine the old material as other than fused afresh from first to last in the alembic of one creative mind. As the case stands however there does exist a body of opinion which holds that at least four distinct poems can be discovered underlying our present *Odyssey*: and that their once independent existence is betrayed by certain small but significant inconsistencies. This school has been led by Kirchhoff and Wilmowitz in Germany: but it has not found much active support in England. Both here and in the *Iliad* the bulk of the

<sup>1</sup> *Barry History of Greece* c. I.

evidence depends on the content and matter of the poems so that even the English reader can form a fair idea of the merits of the case. For instance the story told by Eumæus about his boyhood may reasonably be suspected because it breaks the Homeric rule of a narrator only telling what he knows or could easily have inferred. But it seems less reasonable to question the journey of Telemachus to Sparta because he stays there longer than he had intended.

The question of the *Iliad* is far more complicated. There certainly seems no *prima facie* reason to doubt the possibility of so long a poem being produced by one man under the conditions supposed and transmitted faithfully from generation to generation. It is not known yet whether writing was practised in the Homeric world or not but oral transmission may reach a high degree of perfection. When however we come to look at the poem in detail a curious problem presents itself: the general plan is magnificent but we are met also by inconsistencies that appear much more serious than those observed in the *Odyssey*—and by delays in the action which far from heightening the effect seem greatly to impair it when the poem is taken as a whole. Many passages no doubt have been unjustly questioned but there remains a large residuum. Such for instance is the long digression in the story after Hector has got within the Greek wall at the end of Book XII and before Patroclus rushes to tell Achilles of the danger (Books XIII XIV XV ll 1 389 in the Greek ll 1 455 in Derby's translation). The episodes here are quite abortive so far as the general drift of the tale is concerned and the description of the fighting is markedly inferior to that in Books XI and XII. Again it is very difficult to reconcile Achilles' contemptuous refusal of the *amende* from Agamemnon in Book IX with his words to Patroclus in VI and XVI all of which taken alone would naturally imply that no reparation had been offered whatsoever.

On the other hand it is equally hard to assume that the main story grew up half unconsciously from a gradual collection of short legends and lays for all such that can be proposed are found to imply directly or indirectly the outline of the story that they are assumed to produce. The central plot must surely have been there already either due to the inventive genius of one poet, or as an echo in tradition of something that actually occurred. The conclusion

adopted here (already in favour with various scholars) is that our *Iliad* as it stands is a composite work, but a work the larger part of which is due to one great poet. To the original structure were added successively songs by other hands suggested by the main theme, harmonious with its general outline, but as might well be expected, not always consistent with its details and implications.

The table that follows gives the chief passages that may be questioned, together with reasons for their omission.<sup>1</sup> The references to the Greek original and to the English translations are put side by side.

## ILIAD

HOMER.		DENT.	
Bk. II	484-760 816-end	Bk. IV	535-581 643-end
			The Catalogues. The view given of the different Greek contingents does not correspond with their relative importance elsewhere in the <i>Iliad</i> .
V.	127-132 337-470 506-end	V	151b-157 375b-538 578-end
VI	1	VI	1a
			D omodes a temple is against the Gods are inconsistent with his humble refusal in Book VI to oppose them at all.
VII	8-end	VII	9-end
VIII		VIII	
IX		IX	
			The Embassy to Achilles cannot well be reconciled with his attitude in Books XI and XVI. Books VII and VIII are bound up with IX.
X.		X	
			A night raid on the Trojan camp. The episode in itself is unimportant, and it has no effect on the tale as a whole, save to delay still further the return of Achilles.
XI	1-61	XI	1-67a
			A connecting passage designed to effect the transition to the original poem.
XII	208-195	XII	219-22
			An abortive attack on the Greek wall. The passage bears strong signs of imitation and inferior work.

<sup>1</sup> An attempt is made to give the reasons more fully in *Homer and the Iliad* (Dent).

## ILIAD

HOMER	DEASY	
Bk. XIII	Bk. XIII	
XIV	XIV	
XV : 389	XV : 455	A comparatively flat depression in marked contrast to the excitement before and after
XVII 459-592	XVII 514-667	A lurgid passage in a Book elsewhere full of the most spirited fighting
XIX 247-269 76-902	XIX 251-297 308-340	Added lines referring to the Embassy in IX.
XX 1-380	XX 1-4-9	The Prologue 1-84 is evidently designed for the Battle of the Gods in XXI. In the combat that ensues here between Achilles and Hector Achilles who was full of fury in XIX appears in a "haunting mood" (Loeb)
XXI 136-312	XXI 132-392	The long delay in the fight between Achilles and the River makes it difficult to explain the grief of Paris : felt by the Trojans at the close of the Book. The battle between the Gods is quite out of key with the human passion of the contest
XXIII 798-883	XXIII 906-1001	Added lines to the Games

## ODYSSEY

HOMER	COVPER	
Bk. XI 563-6-7	Bk. VI 696-708	According to the rest of the Poem, Ulysses does not go further than the æphodel meadow waiting for the ghosts to gather round him. Here he suddenly appears wandering through all the varied scenes of the Under world before the judgment seat of Minos by the lake of Tantalus, the hill of Sisyphus etc. with no explanation as to how he came there.
XV 401-593		Inconsistent with Homeric principles of narrative.

It is not possible to decide the further question whether the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are by the same man. It is usually held that they are not, but scholars are still at variance as to whether the language and metre show a change greater than could be expected of the same author composing on a fresh subject at a later period of his life. What differences can be discovered in the sentiment of the poems and the civilisation they assume are admittedly slight, and the rare and peculiar greatness of the two works seems to make on the whole for the old belief in unity of authorship.

Besides the books already mentioned, the following may be recommended, especially as a stimulus to further study.

*Homer* Jebb

*On translating Homer* Matthew Arnold

*Homer and the Study of Greek in Little* A. Lang

*Homer and the Epic* A. Lang

*Companion to the Iliad* Leaf

*Rise of the Greek Epic* Murray

*Schliemann's Excavations* Schuchhardt translated by  
E. Sellers

*The Discoveries in Crete* Burrows

*The Early Age of Greece* Ridgway

#### Translations

*Iliad* Way 1881

*Odyssey* Wordsley

*Odyssey* Mackail

*The Story of the Iliad* and

*The Adventures of Odysseus* Marvin Mayor and Stewell  
(a shortened form in simple prose)

F. NELIAN STAWELL

## P R E F A C E

IN the spring of 1862 I was induced, at the request of some personal friends, to print, for private circulation only, a small volume of *Translations of Poems Ancient and Modern*, in which was included the First Book of the *Iliad*. The opinions expressed by some competent judges of the degree of success which had attended this "attempt to infuse into an almost literal English version something of the spirit, as well as the simplicity of the great original,"<sup>1</sup> were sufficiently favourable to encourage me to continue the work which I had begun. It has afforded me, in the intervals of more urgent business, an unfailing, and constantly increasing source of interest, and it is not without a feeling of regret at the completion of my task, and a sincere diffidence as to its success, that I venture to submit the result of my labours to the ordeal of public criticism.

Various causes, irrespective of any elements of the work itself, forbid me to anticipate for this translation any extensive popularity. First, I fear that the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature are greatly on the decline, next, those who have kept up their classical studies, and are able to read and enjoy the original, will hardly take an interest in a mere translation, while the English reader, unacquainted with Greek, will naturally prefer the harmonious versification and polished brilliancy of Pope's translation, with which, as a happy adaptation of the Homeric story to the spirit of English poetry, I have not the presumption to enter into competition. But, admirable as it is, Pope's *Iliad* can hardly be said to be Homer's *Iliad*, and there may be some who, having lost the familiarity with the original language which they once possessed, may, if I have at all succeeded in my attempt, have recalled to their minds a faint echo of the strains which delighted their earlier days, and may recognise some slight trace of the original perfume.

NUMEROUS we have been the translators of the *Iliad*, and of parts of it, the metres which have been selected have

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to unpublished volume.

been almost as various—the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the Trochaic or Ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that “pestilent heresy” of the so-called English Hexameter, a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language, which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody, and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalise it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning’s

Dactyls call at thee then—God help thee, silly one!

But in the progress of this work, I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure) “if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old Poet, it can only be in the Heroic blank verse.” I have seen isolated passages admirably rendered in other metres, and there are many instances in which a translation line for line and couplet for couplet naturally suggests itself, and in which it is sometimes difficult to avoid an involuntary rhyme, but the blank verse appears to me the only metre capable of adapting itself to all the gradations, if I may use the term, of the Homeric style, from the finished poetry of the numerous similes, in which every touch is nature, and nothing is overcoloured or exaggerated, down to the simple, almost homely, style of some portions of the narrative. Least of all can any other metre do full justice to the spirit and freedom of the various speeches, in which the old warriors gave utterance, without disguise or restraint to all their strong and genuine emotions. To subject these to the trammels of couplet and rhyme would be as destructive to their chief characteristics, as the application of a similar process to the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, or the tragedies of Shakespeare, the effect indeed may be seen by comparing, with some of the noblest speeches of the latter, the few couplets which he seems to have considered himself bound by custom to tack on to their close, at the end of a scene or an act.

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin, rather than the Greek, nomenclature for the Heathen Deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two, and from the fact that though English

readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera or Ares, or Hephaestus, or Leto, would hardly convey to them a definite signification.

It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase, not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship, but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage, and of every line, omitting nothing, and expanding nothing, and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character. Of the many deficiencies in my execution of this intention, I am but too conscious, whether I have been in any degree successful, must be left to the impartial decision of such of the Public as may honour this work with their perusal.

D

Knowsley Oct 1864

And golden staff, to all he succd, but chief 20  
 To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host  
 "Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,  
 May the great Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
 Grant you yon hostile city to destroy,  
 And home return in safety, but my child  
 Restore, I pray her proffer'd ransom take,  
 And in his priest, the Lord of light revere"

Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran,  
 The priest to reverence, and the ransom take  
 Not so Atides, he, with haughty men, 30  
 And bitter speech, the trembling sire address'd  
 "Old man, I warn thee, that beside our ships  
 I find thee not, or hng'ring now, or back  
 Returning, lest thou prove of small avail  
 Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God  
 Her I release not, till her youth be fled,  
 Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,  
 Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,  
 And share a master's bed For thee, begone!  
 Incense me not, lest ill betide thee now" 40

He said the old man trembled, and obey'd,  
 Beside the many-dashing Ocean's shore.

Constant and num'rous, blaz'd the fun'ral fires

Nine days the heav'nly Archer on the troops  
Hurl'd his dread shafts, the tenth, th' assembled Greek  
Achilles call'd to council, so inspir'd  
By Juno, white arm'd Goddess, who beheld  
With pitying eyes the wasting hosts of Greece  
When all were met, and closely throng'd around,  
Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began

70

" Ye sons of Atreus, to my mind there seems,  
If we would 'scape from death one only course,  
Home to retrace our steps since here at once  
By war and pestilence our forces waste  
But seek we first some prophet, or some priest,  
Or some wise vision seer (since visions too  
From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain,  
Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires  
If for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs  
He plume us, or if fat of lambs and goats  
May soothe his anger and the plague assuage "

80

This said, he sat, and Thestor's son arose,  
Calchas the chief of seers, to whom were known  
The present and the future, and the past,  
Who, by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,  
Guided to Ilium's shore the Grecian fleet  
Who thus with cautious speech replied and said  
' Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, thou bidd'st me say  
Why thus incens'd the far-destroying King  
Therefore I speak, but promise thou, and swear,  
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through  
For well I know my speech must one offend,  
One mighty chief, whom all our hosts obey,  
And terrible to men of low estate

90

The anger of a King for though awhile  
He veild his wrath yet in his bosom pent  
It still is nurs'd until the time arrive,  
Sax, then, wilt thou protect me, if I speak? "

Him answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

Speak boldly out what'er thine art can tell,  
For by Apollo's self I swear, whom thou,  
O Calchas, serv'st, and who thy words inspires,  
That, while I live, and see the light of Heav'n,  
Not one of all the Greeks shall dare on thee,  
Beside our ships, injurious hands to lay

100

And golden staff, to all he sued, but chief  
To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host 20

Ye sons of Atreus and ye well-greav'd Greeks,  
May the great Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
Grant you your hostile city to destroy,  
And home return in safety, but my child  
Restore, I pray her proffer'd ransom take,  
And in his priest, the Lord of light revert'

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Not so Atreides be with haughtiness, 30

And bitter speech the trembling sire address'd

' Old man, I warn thee that beside our ships

I find thee not, or long ring now, or back

Returning, lest thou prove of small avail

Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God

For I release not till her youth be fled,

Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,

Her lot is cast—domestic cares to ply,

And share a master's bed—For thee, begone!

Incense me not, lest ill betide thee now' 40

He said—the old man trembled, and obey'd,

Beside the main dashing Ocean's shore

Silent he pass'd, and all apart, he pray'd

To great Apollo, fair Latona's son

Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care

Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,

Whose son reigns away o'er Tenedos extends,

O Strouthios, hear! if e'er my offer'd gifts

Found favour in thy sight, if e'er to thee

I burn'd the fat of bulls and choicest goats 50

Grant me this boon—upon the Grecian host

Let thine unerring darts avenge my tears

Thus as he pray'd, his prayer Apollo heard

Along Olympus' heights he pass'd, his heart

Burning with wrath, behind his shoulders hung

His bow and ample quiver, at his back

Rattled the fateful arrows as he mov'd,

Like the night cloud he pass'd, and from afar

He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt,

And since aim'd deadly through'd the silver bow 60

First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,

Was pour'd the arrowy storm, and through the camp,

Constant and num'rous, blas'd the fun'ral fires

Nine days the heav'nly Archer on the troops  
Hurl'd his dread shafts, the tenth, th' assembled Greek  
Achilles call'd to council, so inspir'd  
By Juno, white arm'd Goddess, who beheld  
With pitying eyes the wasting hosts of Greece  
When all were met, and closely throng'd around,  
Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began

10

' Ye sons of Atreus, to my mind there seems,  
If we would 'scape from death, one only course,  
Home to retrace our steps since here at once  
By war and pestilence our forces waste  
But seek we first some prophet, or some priest,  
Or some wise vision seer (since visions too  
From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain,  
Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires  
If for neglected hecatombs or pray'r  
He blame us or if fat of lambs and goats  
May soothe his anger and the plaguè assuage "

So

This said, he sat, and Thestor's son arose,  
Calchas, the chief of seers, to whom were known  
The present, and the future, and the past,  
Who by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,  
Guided to Ium's shore the Grecian fleet  
Who thus with cautious speech replied, and said  
" Achilles, lov'd of Heaven, thou bidd'st me say  
Why thus incens'd the far-destroying King  
Therefore I speak, but promise thou, and swear,  
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through  
For well I know my speech must once offend,  
One mighty chief, whom all our hosts obey,  
And terrible to men of low estate

90

The anger of a King, for though awhile  
He veils his wrath yet in his bosom pent  
It still is nurs'd, until the time arrive,  
Say then, wilt thou protect me, if I speak? "

Him answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

Speak boldly out what'er thine art can tell,  
For by Apollo's self I swear, whom thou  
O Calchas serv'st, and who thy words inspires  
That while I live and see the light of Heaven,  
Not one of all the Greeks shall dare on thee,  
Beside our ships, injurious hands to lay

100

# HOMER'S ILIAD

## BOOK I

### ARGUMENT

THE book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseis and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe that by Achæans, Argives, Danaï, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

OF Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,  
The vengeance, deep and deadly, whence to Greece  
Unnumber'd ills arose, which many a soul  
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades  
Untimely sent, they on the battle plain  
Unburied lay, a prey to rav'ning dogs,  
And carrion birds, but so had Jove decreed,  
From that sad day when first in wordy war,  
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son

10

Say then, what God the fatal strife provok'd?  
Jove's and Latona's son, he, fill'd with wrath  
Against the King, with deadly pestilence  
The camp afflicted,--and the people died,  
For Chryses' sake, his priest, whom Atreus' son  
With scorn dismiss'd, when to the Grecian ships  
He came, his captive daughter to redeem,  
With costly ransom charg'd, and in his hand  
The sacred fillet of his God he bore,

A

No, not if Agamemnon's self were he,  
Who 'mid our warriors boasts the foremost place "

Embolden'd thus, th' unerring prophet spoke  
" Not for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs,  
But for his priest, whom Agamemnon scorn'd, 110  
Nor took his ransom, nor his child restor'd,  
On his account the Far-destroyer sends  
This scourge of pestilence, and yet will send,  
Nor shall we cease his heavy hand to feel,  
Till to her sire we give the bright-ey'd girl,  
Unbought, unransom'd, and to Chrysa's shore  
A solemn hecatomb despatch, this done,  
The God, appeas'd, his anger may remit "

This said, he sat, and Atreus' godlike son,  
The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose, 120  
His dark soul fill'd with fury, and his eyes  
Flashing like flames of fire, on Calchas first  
A with'ring glance he cast, and thus he spoke

" Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me  
But words of evil omen, for thy soul  
Delights to augur ill, but aught of good  
Thou never yet hast promis'd, nor perform'd  
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad  
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills  
Come from the Far-destroyer, for that I 130  
Refus'd the ransom of my lovely prize,  
And that I rather chose herself to keep,  
To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,  
My virgin wedded wife, nor less adorn'd  
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind  
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back,  
I wish my people's safety, not their death  
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,  
Lest empty handed I alone appear  
Of all the Greeks, for this would ill beseem, 140  
And how I lose my present share, ye see "

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied  
" Haughtiest of men, and greediest of the prey!  
How shall our valiant Greeks for thee seek out  
Some other spoil? no common fund have we  
Of hoarded treasures, what our arms have won  
From captur'd towns, has been already shar'd,  
Nor can we now resume th' apportion'd spoil

Restore the maid adjacent to the God?  
 And if there be a wall that we the strong must wall- 750  
 Of Troy should rise, our warriors will to thee  
 A threefold fourfold recompense demand  
 To whom first of the Achaemen thus replied  
 I need not Argives, valiant though thou art  
 In fight and goodlie to defend me thus,  
 Thou hast no so persuade me nor a council  
 Think of thou to keep th. portion of the spoil,  
 While I with empty hands sit humble down?  
 The beautiful girl thou hadst me to restore,  
 It then the valiant Greek for me seek out 160  
 Some other spoil, some compensation just  
 I will if not I with my own right hand  
 Will from some other chief from thee perchance,  
 Or Ajax or I will wrest his prey  
 And give to him on whomso'er I call!  
 But this for future counsel we must  
 Haste we then now our dark ridd'd bark to launch,  
 Muster a fitting crew, and place on board  
 The sacred hecatomb, then last embark  
 The four Chieftains, and in chief command 170  
 Let some one of our councillors be plac'd,  
 Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,  
 Or thou, the most ambitious of them all,  
 That so our rites may soothe the angry God!  
 To whom Achilles thus with scornful glance  
 Oh, cloth'd in shamelessness! oh, sordid soul!  
 How canst thou hope that any Greek for thee  
 Will leave the toils of travel or of war?  
 Well dost thou know that 't was no feud of mine  
 With Troy's brave sons that brought me here in arms, 180  
 They never did me wrong, they never drove  
 My cattle, or my horses, never sought  
 In Phthia's fertile, life sustaining fields  
 To waste the crops, for wide between us lay  
 The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea  
 With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sail'd,  
 For Menelaus and for thee, ingrate,  
 Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win  
 All this hast thou forgotten, or despis'd,  
 And threat'nest now to wrest from me the prize 190  
 I labour'd hard to win, and Greeks bestow'd

Nor does my portion ever equal thine,  
 When on some populous town our troops have made  
 Successful war, in the contentious fight  
 The larger portion of the toil is mine,  
 But when the day of distribution comes,  
 Thine is the richest spoil, while I, forsooth,  
 Must be too well content to bear on board  
 Some paltry prize for all my warlike toil  
 To Phthia now I go, so better far,  
 To steer my homeward course, and leave thee here  
 Dishonour'd as thou art, nor like, I deem,  
 To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war "

200

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men  
 " Fly then, if such thy mind ! I ask thee not  
 On mine account to stay, others there are  
 Will guard my honour and avenge my cause  
 And chief of all, the Lord of counsel, Jove !  
 Of all the Heav'n born Kings, thou art the man  
 I hate the most, for thou delight'st in nought  
 But war and strife, thy prowess I allow,  
 Yet this, remember, is the gift of Heav'n  
 Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt,  
 And with thy followers, home, and lord it there  
 Over thy Myrmidons ! I heed thee not !  
 I care not for thy fury ! Hear my threat  
 Since Phoebus wrests Chryseis from my arms,  
 In mine own ship, and with mine own good crew,  
 Her I send forth, and, in her stead, I mean,  
 Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize,  
 The four Bessers, that henceforth thou know  
 How far I am thy master, and that, taught  
 By thine example, others too may fear  
 To rival me, and brave me to my face "

210

220

Thus while he spake, Achilles chaf'd with rage,  
 And in his manly breast his heart was torn  
 With thoughts conflicting—whether from his side  
 To draw his mighty sword, and put to rest  
 Th' assembled throng, and kill th' insulting King,  
 Or school his soul, and keep his anger down  
 But while in mind and spirit thus he mus'd,  
 And half unsheath'd his sword, from Heav'n came down  
 Minerva, sent by Juno, white arm'd Queen,  
 Whose love and care both chiefs alike enjoy'd

230

She stood behind, and by the yellow hair  
 She held the son of Pelcus, visible  
 To him alone, by all the rest unseen  
 Achilles, wand'ring, turn'd, and straight he knew  
 The blue-ey'd Pallas, awful was her glance,  
 Whom thus the chief with wing'd words address'd

240

"Why com'st thou, child of ægis-bearing Jove?  
 To see the arrogance of Atreus' son?  
 But thus I say, and will make good my words,  
 This insolence may cost him soon his life "

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess thus replied  
 "From Heav'n I came, to curb, if thou wilt hear,  
 Thy fury, sent by Juno, white arm'd Queen,  
 Whose love and care ye both alike enjoy  
 Cease, then, these broils, and draw not thus thy sword,  
 In words, indeed, assail him as thou wilt

250

But thus I promise and will make it good,  
*The same shall come, a bet for this insolence*  
 A threefold compensation shall be thine,  
 Only he sway'd by me, and curb thy wrath "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot  
 "Goddess, I needs must yield to your commands,  
 Indignant though I be—for so 'tis best,  
 Who hears the Gods, of them his pray'rs are heard "

He said, and on the silver hilt he stay'd  
 His pow'rful hand, and flung his mighty sword

260

Back to its scabbard, to Minerva's word  
 Obedient she her heav'nward course pursued  
 To join th' Immortals in th' abode of Jove  
 But Pelcus' son with undiminish'd wrath,  
 Atreides thus with bitter words address'd

"Thou sot, with eye of dog, and heart of deer?  
 Who never dar'st to lead in armed fight  
 Th' assembled host, nor with a chosen few  
 To man the secret ambush—for thou fear'st  
 To look on death—no doubt 'tis easier far,  
 Girt with thy troops, to plunder of his right

270

Whoe'er may venture to oppose thy will!  
 A tyrant King, because thou rul'st o'er slaves!  
 Were it not so, this insult were thy last  
 But thus I say, and with an oath confirm,  
 By this my royal staff, which never more  
 Shall put forth leaf nor spray, since first it left

Upon the mountain-side its parent stem,  
 Nor blossom more since all around the axe  
 Hath lepp'd both leaf and bark and now 'tis borne 280  
 Emblem of justice by the sons of Greece,  
 Who guard the sacred ministry of law  
 Before the face of Jove! a mighty oath!  
 The time shall come when all the sons of Greece  
 Shall mourn Achilles' loss and thou the while  
 Heart rent shalt be all impotent to aid,  
 When by the warrior-slaver Hector's hand  
 Many shall fall and then thy soul shall mourn  
 The sight on Greece's bravest warrior cast!

Thus spoke Peides, and upon the ground 290  
 He cast his staff, with golden studs emboss'd,  
 And took his seat, on th' other side in wrath  
 Atreide humbly, but Nestor interpos'd,  
 Nestor the leader of the Pylhan host  
 The smooth-tongued chief from whose persuasive lips  
 Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech  
 Two generations of the sons of men  
 For him were past and gone, who with himself  
 Were born and bred on Pylos' lovely shore,  
 And o'er the third he now held royal sway 300  
 He thus with prudent words the chiefs address'd

Alas, alas! what grief is this for Greece!  
 What joy for Priam, and for Priam's sons!  
 What exultation for the men of Troy,  
 To hear of feuds 'tween you, of all the Greeks  
 The first in council, and the first in fight!  
 Yet, hear my words, I pray, in years, at least,  
 Ye both must yield to me and in times past  
 I liv'd with men, and they despis'd me not,  
 Abler in counsel, greater than yourselves 310  
 Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see,  
 As Priam and Dryas, wise and brave,  
 Canus, Exadus, godlike Polypheme,  
 And Theseus, Ægeus more than mortal son  
 The mightiest they among the sons of men,  
 The mightiest they, and of the forest beasts  
 Strive with the mightiest, and their rage subdued  
 With them from distant lands, from Pylos shore  
 I join'd my forces and their call obey'd  
 With them I play'd my part, with them, not one 320

Would dart to fight of mortals now on earth  
 Yet they my counsels heard, my voice obey'd,  
 And hear ye also, for my words are wise  
 Nor thou, though great thou be, attempt to rob  
 Achilles of his prize, but let him keep  
 The spoil assign'd him by the sons of Greece,  
 Nor thou, Pelides, with the monarch strive  
 In rivalry, for ne'er to sceptred King  
 Hath Jove such pow'rs, as to Atreides, giv'n  
 And valiant though thou art, and Goddess born, 330  
 Yet mightier he, for under is his sway  
 Atreides, curb thy wrath! while I beseech  
 Achilles to forbear, in whom the Greeks  
 From adverse war their great defender see "

To whom the monarch, Agamemnon, thus  
 "O father, full of wisdom are thy words,  
 But this proud chief o'er all would domineer,  
 O'er all he seeks to rule, o'er all to reign,  
 To all to dictate, which I will not bear  
 Grant that the Gods have giv'n him warlike might, 340  
 Gave they unbridled license to his tongue?"

To whom Achilles, interrupting, thus  
 "Coward and slave indeed I might be deem'd,  
 Could I submit to make thy word my law,  
 To others thy commands, seek not to me  
 To dictate, for I follow thee no more  
 But hear me speak, and ponder what I say  
 For the fair girl I fight not (since you choose  
 To take away the prize yourselves bestow'd)  
 With thee or any one, but of the rest 350  
 My dark swift ship contains, against my will  
 On nought shalt thou, unpunish'd, lay thy hand  
 Make trial if thou wilt, that these may know,  
 Thy life-blood soon should reek upon my spear "

After this conflict keen of angry speech,  
 The chiefs arose, and broke the council up

With his own followers, and Menesthus' son,  
 Achilles to his tents and ships withdrew  
 But Atreus' son launch'd a swift sailing bark,  
 With twenty rowers mann'd, and plac'd on board 360  
 The sacred hecatomb, then last embark'd  
 The fair Chryseis, and in chief command  
 Laertes' son, the sage Ulysses, plac'd

They swiftly sped along the wat'ry way

Next, proclamation through the camp was made  
To purify the host, and in the eve,  
Obedient to the word, they purified,  
Then to Apollo solemn rites perform'd  
With faultless hecatombs of bulls and goats,  
Upon the margin of the wat'ry waste,  
And, wreath'd in smoke, the vapour rose to Heaven

370

The camp thus occupied the King pursued  
His threaten'd plan of vengeance, to his side  
Calling Talthybius and Eurypates,  
Heralds, and faithful followers, thus he spoke

"Haste to Achilles' tent, and in your hand  
Back with you thence the fair Briseis bring  
If he refuse to send her, I myself  
With a sufficient force will bear her thence,  
Which he may find, perchance, the worse for him"

380

So spake the monarch, and with stern command  
Dismiss'd them, with reluctant steps they pass'd  
Along the margin of the wat'ry waste,  
Till to the tents and ships they came, where lay  
The warlike Myrmidons— Their chief they found  
Sitting beside his tent and dark ribb'd ship  
Achilles mark'd their coming, not well pleas'd  
With troubled men, and awe-struck by the King,  
They stood, nor dar'd accost him, but himself  
Devon'd their errand, and address'd them thus

390

"Welcome, ye messengers of Gods and men,  
Heralds! approach in safety, not with you,  
But with Atrides, is my just offence,  
Who for the fair Briseis sends you here  
Go, then, Patroclus, bring the maiden forth,  
And give her to their hands, but witness ye,  
Before the blessed Gods and mortal men,  
And to the face of that injurious King,  
When he shall need my arm from shameful rout  
To save his followers—blinded by his rage,  
He neither heeds experience of the past  
Nor scans the future—preudent how best  
To guard his fleet and army from the foe

400

He spoke—obedient to his friend and chief,  
Patroclus led the fair Briseis forth,  
And gave her to their hands, they to the ships

Retire d the 1 steps and with them the fair and  
Reluctant went meanwhile Achilles plung'd  
In bitter grief from all the band apart  
Upon the margin of the heavy sea  
Sittidly gazing on the dark blue waves  
And to his Goddess mother long he pray'd  
With outstretch'd hands Oh mother since thy son  
To early death by destiny is doom'd,  
I might have hop'd the Thunderer on high  
Olympian Jove with honours would have crown'd  
My little space but now disgrace is mine  
Since Agamemnon the wide ruling king  
Hath wrested from me and still holds my price  
Weeping he spoke his Goddess mother heard,



Who wields the thunder, thy complaints I hear  
 Thou by thy ships, meanwhile, against the Greeks  
 Thine anger nurse, and from the fight abstain  
 For Jove is to a splendor banquet gone  
 Beyond the sea, on *Athens*' shore,  
 Since yesternight, and with him all the Gods  
 On the twelfth day he purpos'd to return  
 To high Olympus, thither then will I,  
 And at his feat my supplication make,  
 And he, I think, will not deny my suit."

500

This said, she disappear'd, and left him there  
 Musing in anger on the lovely form  
 Torn from his arms by violence away

Meanwhile, Ulysses, with his sacred freight,  
 Arriv'd at Chrysa's strand, and when his bark  
 Had reach'd the shelter of the deep sea bay,  
 Their sails they fur'd, and lower'd to the hold,  
 Slack'd the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck  
 And stow'd away the mast: then with their sweeps  
 Pull'd for the beach, and cast their anchors out,  
 And made her fast with cables to the shore  
 Then on the *rough breakwater themselves*  
 They landed, and the sacred hecatomb  
 To great Apollo, and Chryseis last  
 Her to the altar straight Ulysses led,  
 The wise in counsel, in her father's hand  
 He plac'd the maiden, and address'd him thus  
 "Chryses, from Agamemnon, King of men,  
 To thee I come, thy daughter to restore,  
 And to thy God, upon the Greeks' behalf,  
 To offer sacrifice, if haply so

510

520

We may appease his wrath, who now incens'd  
 With grievous suffering visits all our host"  
 Then to her sire he gave her, he with joy  
 Receiv'd his child, the sacred hecatomb  
 Around the well built altar for the God  
 In order due they plac'd, their hands then wash'd,  
 And the salt cake prepar'd, before them all  
 With hands uplifted Chryses pray'd aloud

530

"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care  
 Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,  
 Whose son reign sway o'er *Tenedos* extends!  
 Once hast thou heard my pray'r, aveng'd my cause,

And pour'd thy fury on the Grecian host  
 Hear yet again, and grant what now I ask,  
 Withdraw thy chast'ning hand, and stay the plague."

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard  
 Their pray'rs concluded, and the salt cake strew'd 540  
 Upon the victims' heads, they drew them back,  
 And slew, and flay'd, then cutting from the thighs  
 The choicest pieces, and in double layers  
 O'er-spreading them with fat, above them plac'd  
 The due meat-off rings then the aged priest  
 The cleft wood kindled, and libations pour'd  
 Of ruddy wine, arm'd with the five fork'd prongs  
 Th' attendant ministers beside him stood  
 The thighs consum'd with fire, the inward parts 550  
 They tasted first, the rest upon the spits  
 Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew  
 Their labours ended, and the feast prepar'd,  
 They shar'd the social meal, nor lack'd there aught  
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
 Th' attendant youths the flowing goblets crown'd,  
 And in fit order serv'd the cups to all  
 All now they sought the favour of the God,  
 The glorious peans chanting, and the praise  
 Of Pœbus he, well pleas'd, the strain recurr'd  
 But when the sun was set, and shades of night 560  
 O'er-spreading the sky upon the sandy beach  
 Close to their ship they laid them down to rest  
 And then the rosy finger'd morn appear'd,  
 Back to the camp they took their homeward way  
 A favouring breeze the Far destroyer sent  
 They stepp'd the mast, and spread the snowy sail  
 Full in the midst the bellying sail receiv'd  
 The gallant breeze, and round the vessel's prow  
 The dark waves loudly roar'd as on she rush'd  
 Sluicing the seas, and cut her wat'ry way 570  
 Arriv'd where lay the wide-spread host of Greece,  
 Their dark ribb'd vessel on the beach they drew  
 High on the sand, and strongly shor'd her up,  
 Then through the camp they took their several ways  
 Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat,  
 The Heaven-born son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
 Chafing with rage suppress'd, no more he sought  
 The honour'd council, nor the battle field,

But wore his soul w w and ink p n d  
 I or the fierce joy and tumult of the fight  
 But when the twelfth revolving day was come,  
 Back to Olympus heights th immortal Gods  
 Jove at their head tog ether all return d  
 Then Thetis mindful of her son's request  
 Rose from the ocean wave and sped in haste  
 To high Olympus and the courts of Heaven  
 Th all seeing son of Saturn there she found  
 Sitting apart upon the topmost crest  
 Of many ridg d Olympus at his feet  
 She sat and while her left hand clasp d his knees  
 Her right approach d his beard as I supplicant thus  
 She made her pray'r to Saturn's royal son

380

90

Father if e'er amid th immortal Gods  
 By word or deed I did thee service true  
 Near now my pray'r Avenge my hapless son  
 Of mortal shortest life d insulted no t  
 By mighty Agamemnon King of men  
 And plunder d of his lawful spoils of war  
 But Jove Olympian Lord of counsel Thou  
 Avenge his cause and give to Trojan arms  
 Such strength and pow'r that Greeks may learn how much  
 They need my son, and give him honour due

600

She said the Cloud compeller answer d not  
 But silent sat then Thetis clasp d his knees  
 And hung about him and her suit renew d

Give me thy promise sure, thy gracious nod  
 Or else refuse (for thou hast none to fear)  
 That I may learn of all th immortal Gods  
 How far I stand the lowest in thine eyes

Then, much disturb d the Cloud-compeller spoke

610

Sad woe thou mak'st in bidding me oppose

My will to Juno's when her latter words

Assail me for fall oft round the Gods

She taunts me that I aid the Trojan cause

But thou return that Juno see thee not

And leave to me the furtherance of thy suit

Lo to confirm thy faith I nod my head,

And well among th immortal Gods is known

The solemn import of that pledge from me

For ne'er my promise shall deceive or fail

620

Or be recall d if with a nod confirm d

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows,  
 Wav'd on th' immortal head th' ambrosial locks,  
 And all Olympus trembled at his nod  
 They parted thus, from bright Olympus' heights  
 The Goddess hasted to her ocean caves,  
 Jove to his palace, at his entrance all  
 Rose from their seats at once, not one presum'd  
 To wait his coming, but advanc'd to meet  
 Then on his throne he sat, but not unmark'd  
 Of Juno's eye had been the council held  
 In secret with the silver-footed Queen,  
 The daughter of the aged Ocean God,  
 And with sharp words she thus address'd her Lord

630

"Tell me, deceiver, who was she with whom  
 Thou late held'st council? ever 'tis thy way  
 Apart from me to weave thy secret schemes,  
 Nor dost thou freely share with me thy mind"

To whom the Sure of Gods and men replied  
 "Expect not, Juno, all my mind to know,  
 My wife thou art, yet would such knowledge be  
 Too much for thee, whate'er I deem it fit  
 That thou shouldst know nor God nor man shall hear  
 Before thee, but what I in secret plan,  
 Seek not to know, nor curiously enquire"

640

"Whom answer'd thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heav'n  
 "What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
 Ne'er have I sought, or now, or heretofore,  
 Thy secret thoughts to know, what thou think'st fit  
 To tell, I wait thy gracious will to hear  
 Yet fear I in my soul thou art begu'd  
 By wiles of Thetis, silver-footed Queen,  
 The daughter of the aged Ocean God,  
 For she was with thee early, and embrac'd  
 Thy knees, and has, I think, thy promise sure,  
 Thou wilt avenge Achilles' cause, and bring  
 Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host

650

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
 "Presumptuous, to thy busy thoughts thou giv'st  
 Too free a range, and watchest all I do,  
 Yet shalt thou not prevail, but rather thou  
 Be alien'd from my heart—the worse for thee!  
 If that be so, it is my sov'reign will  
 But, now, keep silence, and my words obey,

660

Lest all th' Immortals fail, if I be wroth,  
To rescue thee from my relentless hand "

He said, and terror seiz'd the stag-ey'd Queen  
Silent she sat, curbing her spirit down,  
And all the Gods in pitying sorrow mourn'd  
Vulcan, the skill'd artificer, then first  
Broke silence, and with soothing words address'd  
His mother, Juno, white-arm'd Queen of Heav'n.

670

" Sad were it, indeed, and grievous to be borne,  
If for the sake of mortal men you too  
Should suffer angry passions to arise,  
And kindle broils in Heav'n, so should our feast  
By evil influence all its sweetness lack  
Let me advise my mother (and I know  
That her own reason will my words approve)  
To speak my father fair, lest he again  
Reply in anger, and our banquet mar  
Nay, though Olympian Jove, the lightning's Lord,  
Should hurl us from our seats (for his great pow'r),  
I yet should counsel gentle words, that so  
We might propitiate best the King of Heav'n "

680

Thus said, he rose, and in his mother's hand  
A double goblet plac'd, as thus he spoke  
" Have patience, mother mine! though much enforc'd,  
Restrain thy spirit, lest perchance these eyes,  
Dear as thou art, behold thee brought to shame,  
And I, though griev'd in heart, be impotent  
To save thee, for 'tis hard to strive with Jove  
When to thy succour once before I came,  
He seiz'd me by the foot, and hurl'd me down  
From Heav'n's high threshold, all the day I fell,  
And with the setting sun, on Lemnos' rife  
Lighted, scarce half alive, there was I found,  
And by the Santian people kindly nurs'd "

690

Thus as he spoke, the white-arm'd Goddess smil'd.  
And, smiling, from his hand receiv'd the cup  
Then to th' Immortals all, in order due,  
He minister'd, and from the flagon pour'd  
The hucious nectar, while among the Gods

700

Rose laughter irrepressible, at sight  
Of Vulcan hobbling round the spacious hall

Thus they till sunset pass'd the festive hours,  
Nor lack'd the banquet aught to please the sense,

Nor sound of tanelul lyre, by Phoebus touch'd,  
Nor Muse's voice, who in alternate strains  
Responsive sang but when the sun had set, 710  
Each to his home departed, wherefor each  
The crippled Vulcan, matchless architect,  
With vondrous skill a noble house had rear'd  
To his own couch, where he was wont of old,  
When overcome by gentle sleep to rest,  
Olympian Jove ascended, there he slept,  
And, by his side, the golden throned Queen

## BOOK II

### ARGUMENT

JUPTER, in pursuance of his purpose to distract the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis deprives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thetis is contentious and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon harangue the people, and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

ALL night in sleep repos'd the other Gods,  
 And helmed warriors, but the eyes of Jove  
 Sweet slumber held not, pond'ring in his mind  
 How to avenge Achilles' cause, and pour  
 Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host  
 Thus as he mus'd, the wisest course appear'd  
 By a deluding vision to mislead  
 The son of Atreus, and with wing'd words  
 Thus to a phantom form he gave command  
 " Hie thee, deluding Vision, to the camp  
 And ships of Greece, to Agamemnon's tent,  
 There all, as I command thee, truly speak.  
 Bid that he warn in haste the long-haired Greeks  
 To combat for the wide-built streets of Troy  
 He now may capture, since th' immortal Gods  
 Watch over her no longer, all are giv'd  
 By Juno's prayers, and woes impend o'er Troy "

He said the Vision heard, and straight obey'd  
 Swiftly he sped, and reach'd the Grecian ships,  
 And sought the son of Atreus, him he found  
 Within his tent, wrap'd in ambrosial sleep,  
 Above his head he stood, like Neleus' son,  
 Nestor, whom Agamemnon rev'renc'd most  
 Of all the Elders, in his likeness cloth'd  
 Thus spoke the heavenly Vision, " Sleep'st thou, son  
 Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold?  
 To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief,  
 Charg'd with the public weal and cares of state  
 Hear now the words I bear, to thee I come

A messenger from Jove, who from on high 30  
 Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love  
 He bids thee arm in haste the long hair'd Greeks  
 To combat, since the wide built streets of Troy  
 Thou now may'st capture, for th' immortal God,  
 Watch over her no longer, all are gain'd  
 By Juno's prayers, and woes impend o'er Troy  
 Bear this in mind, and when from sleep arousd  
 Let not my words from thy remembrance fade  
 This said, he vanish'd, and the monarch left,  
 Inspir'd with thoughts which ne'er should come to pass 40  
 For in that day, he vainly hop'd to take  
 The town of Priam, ignorant what Jove  
 Design'd in secret, or what woes, what groans,  
 What lengthen'd labours in the stubborn fight,  
 Were yet for Trojans and for Greeks in store  
 He woke from sleep, but circumspect around  
 The vision linger'd still—he sat upright,  
 He don'd his vest of texture fine, new wrought,  
 Then o'er it threw his ample robe, and bound 50  
 His sandals fair around his well turn'd feet,  
 And o'er his shoulders flung his sword, adorn'd  
 With silver studs, and bearing in his hand  
 His roval staff, ancestral to the ship  
 Where lay, the brass-clad warriors, bent his way,  
 Aurora now was rising up the steep  
 Of great Olympus, to th' immortal Gods  
 Pure light diffusing, when strides bade  
 The clear voiced heralds to th' Assembly call  
 The general host, they gave the word, and straight 60  
 From every quarter throng'd the eager crowd  
 But first of all the Elders by the side  
 Of Nestor's ship, the aged Pelian chief,  
 A secret conclave Agamemnon call'd,  
 And prudent thus the chosen few addres'd  
 Hear me, my friends! In the still hours of night  
 I saw a vision in my sleep  
 Most like it seem'd in stature form and face  
 To old old Nestor—at my head it stood  
 And with these words address'd me—'Sleep at thou, son  
 Of Atræa—valiant warrior, horseman bold 70  
 To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief  
 Charg'd with the public weal, and cares of state

Hear now the words I bear, to thee I come  
 A messenger from Jove, who from on high  
 Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love  
 He bids thee arm in haste the long hair'd Greeks  
 To combat, since the wide built streets of Troy  
 Thou now mayst capture, for th' immortal Gods  
 Watch over her no longer, all are gain'd  
 By Juno's prayers, and woes impend o'er Troy  
 Bear thou my words in mind ' Thus as he spoke  
 He vanish'd, and sweet sleep forsook mine eyes  
 Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece  
 But first, as is our wont, myself will prove  
 The spirit of the army, and suggest  
 Their homeward voyage, ye, throughout the camp  
 Restore their courage and restrain from flight "

80

Thus having said, he sat, and next arose  
 Nestor, the chief of Pylos sandy shore,  
 Who thus with prudent speech replied, and said  
 " O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
 If any other had this Vision seen,  
 We should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn  
 The idle tale, but now it hath appear'd,  
 Of all our arms, to the lowliest man  
 Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece "

90

He said, and from the council led the way  
 Uprose the sceptred monarchs, and obey'd  
 Their leader's call, and round them throng'd the crowd  
 As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream  
 From out the crevice of some hollow rock,  
 Now clust'ring, and anon 'mid vernal flow'rs,  
 Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly,  
 So to th' Assembly from their tents and ships  
 The countless tribes came thronging, in their midst,  
 By Jove excited, Rumour urg'd them on  
 Great was the din, and as the mighty mass  
 Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groan'd,  
 Nine heralds rais'd their voices loud, to quell  
 The storm of tongues, and laide the noisy crowd  
 Be still and listen to the Heav'n born kings  
 At length they all were seated, and awhile  
 Their clamours sunk to silence: then uprose  
 The monarch Agamemnon, in his hand  
 His royal staff, the work of Vulcan's art,

100

110

Which Vulcan to the son of Saturn gave  
 To Hermes he, the heav'nly messenger,  
 Hermes to Pelops, matchless charioteer,  
 Pelops to Atreus, Atreus at his death  
 Bequeath'd it to Thyestes, wealthy Lord 120  
 Of numerous herds, to Agamemnon last  
 Thyestes left it, token of his sway,  
 O'er all the Argive coast, and neighbouring isles  
 On this the monarch leant, as thus he spoke  
 " Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars!  
 Grievous, and all unlook'd for, is the blow  
 Which Jove hath dealt me, by his promise led  
 I hop'd to raze the strong built walls of Troy,  
 And home return in safety, but it seems  
 He falsifies his word, and bids me now 130  
 Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,  
 Dishonour'd, and with grievous loss of men  
 Such now appears th' o'er ruling sov'reign will  
 Of Saturn's son, who oft hath sunk the heads  
 Of many a lofty city in the dust,  
 And yet will sink, for mighty is his hand  
 'Tis shame indeed that future days should hear  
 How such a force as ours, so great, so brave,  
 Hath thus been baffled, fighting, as we do,  
 'Gainst numbers far inferior to our own, 140  
 And see no end of all our warlike toil  
 For should we choose on terms of plighted truce,  
 Trojans and Greeks, to number our array,  
 Of Trojans, all that dwell within the town,  
 Of Greeks, our force by tens distributed,  
 And ev'ry ten should choose one Trojan guest  
 To entertain, and pledge in gen'rous wine,  
 Full many a ten would find no guest to pledge  
 So far the sons of Greece outnumber all  
 That dwell within the town, but to their aid 150  
 Bold warriors come from all the cities round,  
 Who greatly harass me, and render vain  
 My hope to storm the strong built walls of Troy  
 Already now nine weary years have pass'd,  
 The timbers of our ships are all decay'd,  
 The cordage rotted, in our houses the while  
 Our wives and helpless children sit, in vain  
 Expecting our return, and still the work,

The Argive Helen leave, on whose account  
Far from their homes so many valiant Greeks  
Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou  
Among the multitude, and man by man  
Address with words persuasive, nor permit  
To launch their ill-trim'd vessels on the deep.

She said, the heavenly voice Ulysæus knew  
Straight, springing to the course, he cast aside,  
And to Eurybates of Ithaca, 210

His herald and attendant threw his robe,  
Then to Atreides hasten'd, and by him  
Arm'd with his royal staff ancestral, pass'd  
With rapid step amid the ships of Greece  
Each King or leader whom he found he thus  
With cheering words encourag'd and restrain'd  
' O gallant friend, 'tis not for thee to yield,  
Like meaner men, to panic but thyself  
Sit quiet, and the common herd restrain  
Thou know'st not yet Atreides' secret mind 220  
He tries us now, and may reprove us soon  
His words in council reach'd not all our ears  
See that he work us not some ill, for fierce  
His anger, and the Lord of counsel, Jove,  
From whom proceeds all honour, loves him well

But of the common herd whom'er he found  
Clam'ring, he check'd with staff and throatning words  
" Good friend, keep still, and hear what others say,  
Thy betters far for thou art good for naught,  
Of small account in council or in fight 230  
All are not so val'rious here, ill fares the state  
Where many masters rule, let one be Lord,  
One King supreme, to whom Time Saturn's son  
In token of his sovereign power hath given  
The sceptre's sway and ministry of law "

Such were his words, as through the ranks he pass'd  
They from the vessels and the tents again  
Throng'd to th' Assembly with such rush of sound,  
As when the many-dashing ocean's wave  
Breaks on the shore, and foams the frothing sea 240  
The others all were settled in their seats  
Only Therites, with unmeasur'd words,  
Of which he had good store, to rate the chief,  
Not over-seemly, but wherewith he thought

To move the crowd to laughter, brawl'd aloud  
 The ugliest man was he who came to Troy  
 With squinting eyes, and one distorted foot.  
 His shoulders round, and bumed in his breast  
 His narrow head, with scanty growth of hair  
 Against Achilles and Ulysses most 250  
 His hate was turn'd, on them his venom pour'd,  
 Anon, at Agamemnon's self he launch'd  
 His loud tongued ribaldry, th' indignant Greeks  
 With anger heard, as now with scurril words,  
 Dawling aloud, he thus address'd the King  
 'What more, thou son of Atreus, wouldst thou have?  
 Thy tents are full of brass, and in those tents  
 Many fair women, whom, from all the spoil,  
 We Greeks, when'er some wealthy town we take,  
 Choose first of all, and set apart for thee 260  
 Or dost thou thirst for gold, which here perchance  
 Some Trojan brings, the ransom of his son  
 Captur'd by me, or by some other Greek?  
 Or some new girl, to gratify thy lust,  
 Kept for thyself apart? a leader, thou  
 Shouldst not to evil lead the sons of Greece  
 Ye slaves! ye coward souls! Women of Greece!  
 I will not call you men! why go we not  
 Home with our ships, and leave this mighty chief  
 To gloat upon his treasures, and find out 270  
 Whether in truth he need our aid, or no,  
 Who on Achilles, has superior far,  
 Foul scorn hath cast, and robb'd him of his prize,  
 Which for himself he keeps? Achilles, sore,  
 Is not intemperate, but mild of mood;  
 Else, Atreus' son, this insult were thy last "  
 On Agamemnon, leader of the host,  
 With words like these Theraktes pour'd his hate,  
 But straight Ulysses at his side appear'd,  
 And spoke, with scornful glance, in stern rebuke 280  
 "Thou babbling fool, Theraktes, prompt of speech,  
 Restrain thy tongue, nor thus revile the Kings  
 Of all the men that with th' Atreids came  
 To Troy, I hold thee for the meanest far  
 Ill it beseems, that such an one as thou  
 Should lift thy voice against the Kings, and rail  
 With scurril ribaldry, and prate of home

And each to some one of th' immortal Gods  
 His offering made, that in the coming fight  
 He might escape the better doom o' death  
 But o'er his o'er-ruling son of Saturn, Jove,  
 A sturdy ox, well fattened, five years old,  
 Atides drew and to his banquet call'd  
 The aged chiefs and councilors of Greece  
 Nestor the first, the King Idomeneus,  
 The two Ajaxes next and Teichus son,  
 Others as Jove in council were  
 But unknown of Menelaus were  
 Knowing what came upon his brother's land  
 Around the ox they stood and on his hide  
 The salt cake sprinkled then and then all  
 The monarch Agamemnon pray'd aloft  
 "Most great most glorious Jove! who'd rest on high  
 In cloud and darkness veiled, grant Thou that this  
 This son shall see, and night o'er spread the earth,  
 I may see haught' wall of Priam's house  
 Lay prostrate in the dust, and burn with fire  
 His lofty gates, and strip from Hector's back  
 His sword rent tunic, while ground his corpse  
 Many brave comrades prostrate, here the dust  
 Thus he, but Saturn's son his prayer denied,  
 Received his offering, but his souls were  
 Their prayer concluded and the salt cake strewn  
 Upon the victim's head, they drew him back,  
 And drew and flayed, then cutting from the thighs  
 The choicest pieces and in double layers  
 O'er spreading them with fat above them placed  
 The due meat-offerings, these they burn'd with logs  
 Of leafless timber, and the inward parts,  
 First to be tasted, o'er the fire they held  
 The thighs consumed with fire the inward parts  
 They tasted first, the rest upon the spits  
 Roasted with care, and from the fire they took  
 Their labour eased and the feast prepared  
 They shar'd the social meal, nor lack'd there aught  
 The race of Jove and hunger satisfied  
 German Nestor thus his speech began  
 "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men  
 Great virtuous son, no longer let us pause,  
 The work delaying which the powers of Heav'n

Have trusted to our hands, do thou forthwith  
 Bid that the heralds proclamation make  
 And summon through the camp the brass clad Greeks,  
 While, in a body, through the wide spread ranks  
 We pass, and stimulate their warlike zeal

He said, and Agamemnon King of men  
 Obedient to his counsel gave command  
 That to the war the clear voiced heralds call 510  
 The long hair'd Greeks: they give the word, and straggle  
 From every quarter through'd the eager crowd  
 The Heaven born King's encircling Atreus son,  
 The troops inspected: Pallas blue-eyed Maid,  
 Before the chiefs her glorious reins bore  
 By time untouch'd immortal all around  
 A hundred tassels hung, rare works of art,  
 All gold: each one a hundred oxen's price  
 With this the Goddess pass'd along the ranks,  
 Exciting all, and fix'd in every breast 520  
 The firm resolve to wage unweary'd war  
 And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home  
 Or wish'd return, became the battle field

As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,  
 Seizes the blazing woods afar is seen  
 The glowing light, so as they mov'd to Heaven  
 Flash'd the bright glitter of their burnish'd arms  
 As when a num'rous flock of birds or geese,  
 Or cranes, or long neck'd swans, on Asian mead,  
 Beside Cayster's stream, now here, now there, 530  
 Disporting, ply their wings, then settle down  
 With clam'rous noise, that all the mead resounds,  
 So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,  
 Pour'd forth the countless tribes, the firm earth green'd  
 Beneath the tramp of steeds and armed men  
 Upon Scamander's flowery mead they stood,  
 Unnumber'd as the vernal leaves and flowers  
 Or as the multitudinous swarms of flies,  
 That round the cattle-sheds in spring tide pour,  
 While the warm milk is frothing in the pail, 540  
 So numberless upon the plain, array'd  
 For Troy's destruction, stood the long hair'd Greeks  
 And as expensiv'd goat herds, when their flocks  
 Are mingled in the pasture, portion out  
 Their several charges, so the chiefs array'd

How these affairs may end, we know not yet,  
 Nor how, or well or ill, we may return  
 Cease then against Atreides, King of men, 290  
 To pour thy spite, for that the valiant Greeks  
 To him, despite thy railing, as of right  
 An ample portion of the spoils assign  
 But this I tell thee, and will make it good,  
 If e'er I find thee play the fool, as now,  
 Then may these shoulders cease this head to bear,  
 And may my son Telemachus no more  
 Own me his father, if I strip not off  
 Thy mantle and thy garments, aye, expose  
 Thy nakedness, and flog thee to the ships 300  
 Howling and scourg'd with ignominious stripes "

Thus as he spoke, Ulysses on his neck  
 And back let fall his heavy staff, the wretch  
 Shrank from the blow, and scalding tears let fall  
 Where struck the golden studded staff, appear'd  
 A bloody weal Thersites quail'd, and down,  
 Quiv'ring with pain, he sat, and wip'd away,  
 With horrible grimace, the trickling tears  
 The Greeks, though all indignant, laugh'd aloud,  
 And one to other said, " Good faith, of all 310  
 The many works Ulysses well hath done,  
 Wise in the council, foremost in the fight,  
 He ne'er hath done a better, than when now  
 He makes this scurril babbler hold his peace  
 Malinches his headstrong spirit will not soon  
 Lead him again to vilify the Kings "

Thus spoke the gen'ral voice but, staff in hand,  
 Ulysses rose, Minerva by his side,  
 In likeness of a herald, bade the crowd  
 Keep silence, that the Greeks, from first to last, 320  
 Might hear his words, and ponder his advice  
 He thus with prudent phrase his speech began  
 ' Great son of Atreus, on thy name, O King,  
 Throughout the world will foul reproach be cast,  
 If Greeks forget their promise, nor make good  
 The vow they took to thee, when hitherward  
 We sail'd from Argos grassy plains, to razr,  
 Ere our return, the well built walls of Troy  
 But now, like helpless widows, or like babes,  
 They mourn their cruel fate, and pine for home 330

'Tis hard indeed desisted to return,  
 The seaman murmurs, if from wife and home,  
 As n for one month, his well sound bark be stay'd  
 Toss'd by the wintry blasts and stormy sea,  
 But us the ninth revolving year beholds  
 Still hung ring here I cannot therefore blame  
 Our valiant Greeks, if by the ships I hear  
 Their murmurs yet were surely worst of all  
 Long to remain, and bootless to return  
 Bear up, my friends, remain awhile, and see  
 If Calchas truly prophesy, or no  
 For this ye all have seen, and can yourselves  
 Bear witness, all who yet are spar'd by fate,  
 Not long ago, when ships of Greece were met  
 At Aulis charg'd with evil freight for Troy,  
 And we around a fountain, to the Gods  
 Our altars rear'd with faultless hecatombs,  
 Near a fair plane tree, where bright water flow'd,  
 Behold a wonder! by Olympian Jove  
 Sent forth to light, a snake, with burnish'd scales  
 Of aspect fearful, issuing from beneath  
 The altars, glided to the plane tree straight  
 There, on the topmost bough, beneath the leaves  
 Cow ring'd a sparrow's callow nestlings lay,  
 Eight fledglings, and the parent bird the ninth  
 All the eight nestlings utt'ring peeping cries,  
 The snake devour'd, and as the mother flew,  
 Lamenting o'er her offspring, round and round  
 Uncoiling, caught her, shrieking, by the wing  
 Then, when the sparrow's nestlings and herself  
 The snake had swallow'd, by the God, who first  
 Sent him to light a miracle was wrought  
 For Jove the deep designing Saturn's son,  
 Turn'd him to stone, we stood, and wonder'd gaz'd  
 But when this prodigy betell our rites,  
 Calchas, inspir'd of Heav'n, took up his speech  
 Ye long hair'd sons of Greece, why stand ye thus  
 In mute amaze? to us Olympian Jove,  
 To whom he endless praise vouchsafes this sign,  
 Late sent, of late fulfilment, as ye saw  
 The snake devour the sparrow and her young  
 Eight nestlings, and the parent bird the ninth  
 So, for so many years, are we condemn'd

To wage a fruitless war but in the tenth  
*The wide built city shall at last be ours.*  
 Thus he foretold, and now the time is come  
 He e then, ye well-greav'd Greeks let all remain  
 Till Prams wealth' city be our own

He said and loud cheer'd the Greeks—and loud  
 From all the hollow ships came back the cheer— 380  
 In admiration of Ulysses' speech

Grecian Nestor next took up the word

Like children Grecian warriors ye debate,  
 Like babes to whom unknown are feats of arms  
 What then are now our solemn covenants,  
 Our plighted oaths? Go on we to the fire  
 Our councils held our warriors' plans matur'd  
 Our absolute pledges and our hand plight giv'n,  
 In which our trust was plac'd, since thus in vain 390  
 In words we wrangle, and how long so'er  
 We here remain, solution none we find

Atrides thou, as is thy wont, maintain  
 Unchang'd the counsel, for the stubborn fight  
 Array the Greeks, and let perdition seize  
 Those few, tho' e two or three among the host,  
 Who hold their separate counsel—(not on them  
 Depends the issue!)—rather than return

To Argos, ere we prove if Jove indeed  
 Will falsify this promis'd word or no 400  
 For well I ween that on the day when first  
 We Grecians hitherward our course address'd,

To Troy the messengers of blood and death,  
 Th' o'er ruling son of Saturn, on our right  
 His lightning flashing, with auspicious sign  
 Assur'd us of his favour, let not then

The thoughts of home be breath'd, ere Trojan wives  
 Given to our warriors, retribution pay

For wrongs by us, in Helen's cause, sustain'd  
 But who-so longs, if such an one there be,  
 To make his homeward voyage, let him take 410  
 His well-egg'd bark, and go, before the rest  
 To meet the doom of death! But thou, O King!

Be well advis'd thyself, and others lead  
 Be wholesome counsel, for the words I speak  
 Are not to be despis'd, by tribes and clans,  
 O Agamemnon! range thy troops, that so

Tribe may to tribe give aid, and clan to clan  
 If thus thou do, and Greeks thy words obey,  
 Then shalt thou see, of chiefs and troops alike,  
 The good and bad, *for on their own behalf*  
 They all shall fight, and if thou fail, shalt know  
 Whether thy failure be of Heav'n's decree,  
 Or man's default and ignorance of war

420

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus  
 "Father, in council, of the sons of Greece,  
 None can compare with thee, and would to Jove,  
 To Pallas, and Apollo, at my side  
 I had but ten such counsellors as thee!  
 Then soon should royal Priam's city fall,  
 Taken and destroy'd by our victorious hands  
 But now on me hath Jove's bearing Jove,  
 The son of Saturn, fruitless toil imposed,  
 And hurtful quarrels, *for in words* war  
 About a girl, Achilles and myself  
 Engag'd, and I, alas! the strife began  
 Could we be friends again, delay were none,  
 How short soe'er, of Ilium's fatal doom  
 But now to breakfast, ere we wage the fight  
 Each sharpen well his spear, his shield prepare,  
 Each to his fiery steeds their forage give,  
 Each look his chariot o'er, that through the day  
 We may unscathed stem the tide of war,  
 For respite none, how short soe'er, shall be  
 Till night shall bid the storm of battle cease  
 With sweat shall reek upon each warrior's breast  
 The leathern belt beneath the cor'ring shield,  
 And hands shall ache that wield the ponderous spear  
 With sweat shall reek the fiery steeds that draw  
 Each warrior's car, but whomsoever I find  
 Lost ring beside the beaked ships, for him  
 'Twere hard to 'scape the vultures and the dogs

430

440

450

He said, and from th' applauding ranks of Greece  
 Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave,  
 Driven by the south wind on some lofty beach,  
 Dashes against a prominent crag, expos'd  
 To blasts from ev'ry storm that roars around  
 Uprising then, and through the camp dispers'd  
 They took their several ways, and by their tents  
 The fires they lighted, and the meal prepar'd

Their squadrons for the fight, while in the midst  
 The mighty monarch Agamemnon mov'd  
 His eye, and lofty brow, the counterpart  
 Of Jove, the Lord of thunder, in his girth  
 Another Mars, with Neptune's ample chest  
 As 'mid the thronging heifers in a herd  
 Stands, proudly eminent, the lordly bull,  
 So, by Jove's will, stood eminent that day,  
 'Mid many heroes, Atreus' godlike son

550

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
 Muses (for ye are Goddesses, and ye  
 Were present, and know all things we ourselves  
 But hear from Ramour's voice, and nothing know),  
 Who were the chiefs and mighty Lords of Greece  
 But should I seek the multitude to name,  
 Not if ten tongues were mine, ten mouths to speak,  
 Voice inexhaustible, and heart of brass,  
 Should I succeed, unless, Olympian maids,  
 The progeny of ægis bearing Jove,  
 Ye should their names record, who came to Troy

560

The chiefs, and all the ships, I now rehearse

Boetia's troops by Peleus were led,  
 And Lætus, and Prothenor bold,  
 Arcesilas and Clonius they who dwelt  
 In Hyria, and on Aulis' rocky coast,  
 Scæmus, and Scolus, and the highland range  
 Of Lîbœnus, in Thespeia's vale,  
 Graia, and Mycalesus' wide spread plains  
 And who in Harma and Eclesium dwelt,  
 And in Erythræ, and in Eleon,  
 Hyle, and Petœa, and Ocalœa  
 In Copæ, and in Medeon's well built fort,  
 Eutœus, Thasbe's dove-frequented woods,  
 And Coronea, and the grassy meads  
 Of Halartus, and Platœa's plain,  
 In Glissæ, and the foot of Lower Thebes  
 And in Anchestus, Neptune's sacred grove,  
 And who in viny cluster'd Arne dwelt

570

580

And in Midea, and the lovely site  
 Of Nœsa, and Anthedon's utmost bounds  
 With these came fifty vessels, and in each  
 Were six score youths, Boetia's noblest flow'rs  
 Who in Aspledon dwelt, and Minyas' realm

Oechomenus, two sons of Mars obey'd,  
 Ascalaphus, and bold Iphimeneus,  
 In Actor's house, the son of Aeneas, born  
 Of fair Astyoche, a maiden pure,  
 Till in the upper chamber, where she slept,  
 Stout Mars by stealth her virgin bed assail'd  
 Of these came thirty ships in order due

590

By Schedius and Epistrophus, the sons  
 Of great Iphitus, son of Naubolus,  
 Were led the Phocian forces, these were they  
 Who dwelt in Cyparissus, and the rock  
 Of Python, and on Crissa's lovely plain,  
 And who in Daphne, and in Panope,  
 Anemonea and Hyampolis,

600

And by Cephissus sacred waters dwelt,  
 Or in Lilaea by Cephissus' springs  
 In their command came forty dark ribb'd ships  
 These were the leaders of the Phocian bands,  
 And on Boeotia's left their camp was pitch'd

Apax, Oileus' son, the Locrians led,  
 Swift footed, less than Apax Telamon,  
 Of stature low, with linen breastplate arm'd  
 But skill'd to throw the spear o'er all who dwell  
 In Hellas or Achaea these were they  
 From Cynos, Opus, and Callarus,  
 Bessa, and Scyrphæ, and Augæa fair,  
 Tarphæ, and Thronium, by Boagras' stream  
 Him from beyond Eubœa's sacred isle,  
 Of Locrians follow'd forty dark ribb'd ships

610

Breathing firm courage high, th' Abantian host,  
 Who from Eubœa and from Chalcis came,  
 Or who in vine clad Histrea dwelt,  
 Eretria, and Cerinthus maritime,  
 And who the lofty fort of Diom held,  
 And in Chryseus and in Styra dwelt  
 These Elephenor led, true pleast of Mars,  
 Chalcedon's son, the brave Abantian chief  
 Him, all conspicuous with their long black hair,  
 The bold Abantians follow'd, spearmen skill'd,  
 Who through the foemen's breastplates knew full well.  
 Held in firm grasp, to drive the ashè spear  
 In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships

620

630

Those who in Athens' well built city dwell,

The noble soul'd Eretheus' heritage,  
 Child of the fertile soil, by Pallas rear'd,  
 Daughter of Jove, who him in Athens plac'd  
 In her own wealthy temple, there with blood  
 Of bulls and lambs, at each revolving year,  
 The youths of Athens do him sacrifice,  
 These by Menestheus, Pētēus' son, were led  
 With him might none of mortal men compare,  
 In order due of battle to array

640

Chariots and buckler'd men, Nestor alone  
 Perchance might rival him, his elder far  
 In his command came fifty dark ribb'd ships

Twelve ships from Salamis with Ajax came,  
 And they beside th' Athenian troops were rang'd

Those who from Argos, and the well wall'd town  
 Of Tynns came, and from Hermione,  
 And Asine, deep-bosom'd in the bay,  
 And from Troezen and Eione,

650

And vine-clad Epidaurus, and the youths  
 Who dwell in Mases, and Ægma's isle,  
 O'er all of these the valiant Diomed  
 Held rule, and Sthenelus, th' illustrious son  
 Of far fam'd Capaneus, with these, the third,  
 A godlike warrior came, Euryalus,  
 Son of Menestheus, Talaus' royal son  
 Supreme o'er all was valiant Diomed  
 In their command came eighty dark ribb'd ships

Who in Mycenæ's well built fortrees dwelt,  
 And wealthy Corinth and Cleone fair,

660

Orneia, and divine Arethure,  
 And Sicyon, where Adrastus reign'd of old,  
 And Gonnessa's promontory steep,  
 And Hyparesia, and Pellene's rock,  
 Ægina, and the scatter'd towns that lie  
 Along the beach, and wide-spread Helice,  
 Of these a hundred ships obey'd the rule  
 Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son

The largest and the bravest host was his,  
 And he himself, in dazzling armour clad,  
 O'er all the heroes proudly eminent,  
 Went forth exulting in his high estate,  
 Lord of the largest host, and chief of chiefs

670

Those who in Lacedæmon's lowland plains,

And who in Sparta and in Phææ dwelt,  
 And who on Messen's dove frequented cliffs,  
 Brysea, and Ægea's lovely vale,  
 And in Amycke, and the sea-bath'd fort  
 Of Helos, Cetylus and Laas dwelt,  
 His valiant brother Menelæus led,  
 With sixty ships, but ring'd apart they lay  
 Their chief himself in martial ardour bold,  
 Inspiring others, fill'd with fierce desire  
 The rape of Helen and his wrongs to avenge

680

Then who in Pylos and Arene dwelt,  
 And Thryum by the ford of Alpheus' stream,  
 In Lyparissus and Amphigene,  
 Pteleon, and lofty Cypus' well-built fort,  
 Helos, and Dorium, where the Muses met,  
 And put to silence Thracian Thamyras,  
 As from Cephæia from the royal house  
 Of Eurystheus he came, he, over bold,  
 Boasted himself pre-eminent in song.  
 Even though the daughters of Olympian Jove,  
 The Muses, were his rivals they in wrath  
 Him of his sight at once and power of song  
 Amerc'd, and bade his hand forget the lyre  
 These by Gerenian Nestor all were led,  
 In fourscore ships and ten in order due

690

They of Arcadia, and the realm that lies  
 Beneath Cyllene's mountain high, around  
 The tomb of Alpytus, a warrior race,  
 The men of Phœneus and Orchomenus  
 In flocks abounding, who in Rapa dwelt,  
 In Stratia, and Enispe's breezy height,  
 Or Tegen held, and sweet Mantinea,  
 Stymphalus and Parrhasia, these were led  
 By Agapenor brave, Anchæus' son,  
 In sixty ships, in each a num'rous crew  
 Of stout Arcadian youths, to war mur'd  
 The ships, wherewith they cross'd the dark blue sea,  
 Were giv'n by Agamemnon, King of men,  
 The son of Atreus, for th' Arcadian youth  
 Had ne'er to maritime pursuits been train'd

700

710

Who in Buprasium and in Elis dwelt,  
 Far as Hyrmie, and th' extremest bounds  
 Of Myrsinus, and all the realm that lies

Between Alussum and th' Olenian rock,  
 These by four chiefs were led, and ten swift ships,  
 By bold Epean, man of each chief obey'd 720  
 Amphimachus and Thalmus were the first,  
 Sons of two brothers, Cleatus the one  
 The other Eurytus, to Hector born,  
 Next Amantius' son, Dioreas bold,  
 The fourth Polydorus, the godlike son  
 Of Augeas royal heir, Agasthenes

They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles,  
 Th' Echinades, which face, from o'er the sea,  
 The coast of Elis, were in Veger led,  
 The son of Phyleus, dear to Jove, in arms 730  
 Valiant as Mars—who, with his wife at feud,  
 Had left his home, and to Dulichium came  
 In his command were forty dark ribb'd ships

Those who from warlike Cephalonia came,  
 And Ithaca, and Isth' Nertus,  
 And Crocylenum rugged Ægilsus,  
 And Samos, and Zacynthus, and the coast  
 Of the mainland with its opposing isles,  
 These in twelve ships, with scarlet painted bows,  
 Ulysses led in council sage as Jove 740

Thous, Andramon's son, th' Ætolians led,  
 From Pleuron, and Pylone, Okarus,  
 Chalcis by sea, and rocky Calydon  
 The race of Ceneus was no more, himself  
 And four hard Meleager, both were dead  
 Whence all Ætolia's rule on him was laid  
 In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships

The King Idomeneus th' Cretans led,  
 From Cnosus, and Gortynas well wall'd town,  
 Miletus, and Laxetus white stone cliffs, 750  
 Lictus and Pirestus, Rhytium, and the rest  
 Whom Crete from all her hundred cities sent  
 These all Idomeneus, a spearman skill'd,  
 Their king, commanded, and Meriones,  
 In battle terrible as blood-stain'd Mars  
 In their command came fourscore dark ribb'd ship

Valiant and tall, the son of Hercules  
 Neoptolemus, nine vessels brought from Rhodes,  
 By gallant Rhodians man'd, who tripartite  
 Were nation, and in Ialysus dwelt, 760

In Lædus, and Cæneus' white stone hills  
 These all renown'd Teopolemus obey'd,  
 Who to the might of Hercules was born  
 Of fair Astyoche, his captive she,  
 When many a goodly town his arms had raz'd,  
 Was brought from Ephyra, by Selles' stream  
 Rear'd in the royal house, Teopolemus,  
 In early youth, his father's uncle slew,  
 A warrior once, but now in life's decline  
 Lycumnus, then in haste a fleet he built,  
 Muster'd a numerous host, and fled, by sea,  
 The threaten'd vengeance of the other sons  
 And grandsons of the might of Hercules  
 Long wand'ring past, and toils and perils borne,  
 To Rhodes he came, his followers, by their tribes,  
 Three districts form'd, and so divided, dwelt,  
 Behov'd of Jove the King of Gods and men,  
 Who shew'd upon them boundless store of wealth

770

Nireus three well trimm'd ships from Syme brought,  
 Nireus, to Charops whom Aglaia bore,  
 Nireus, the goodhest man of all the Greeks,  
 Who came to Troy, save Peleus' matchless son  
 But scant his lame, and few the troops he led

780

Who in Nisyros dwelt and Carpathus,  
 And Cos, the fortress of Eurypylos,  
 And in the Casian and Calydonian Isles,  
 Were by Phædippus led, and Antiphus,  
 Two sons of Thessalus, Alcides' son,  
 With them came thirty ships in order due

Next those who in Pelasgic Argos dwell,  
 And who in Alos, and in Alope,

790

Trichys, and Phthia, and in Hellus fam'd  
 For women fair, of these, by various names,  
 Achæus, Myrmidons, Hætaes, known  
 In fifty ships, Achilles was the chief  
 But from the battle strife these all abstain'd,  
 Since none there was to marshal their array  
 For Peleus' godlike son, swift footed chief,  
 Lay idly in his tent, the loss rescuing  
 Of Brises' fair hair'd daughter, whom himself  
 Had chosen, prize of all his warlike toil,  
 When he Lyncæus and the walls of Thebes  
 O'erthrew, and Mynes and Epistrophus

800

Struck down, bold warriors both, Euryus' sons,  
 Selepius' royal heir, for her in wrath,  
 He held aloof, but soon again to appear

Those in the flow'ry plain of Pyrrhusus,  
 To Ceres dear, who dwelt, in Phylace,  
 In Iton, rich in flocks, and, by the sea,  
 In Antron, and in Pteleon's grass clad meads, 810  
 These led Protesilas, renown'd in arms,  
 While yet he liv'd, now laid beneath the sod  
 In Phylace were left his weeping wife,  
 And half built house. him, springing to the shore,  
 First of the Greeks a Dardan warrior slew  
 Nor were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,  
 Left leaderless, the post of high command  
 Podarceus claim'd of right, true plant of Mars,  
 Iphiclus' son, the rich Phylacides,  
 The brother he of brave Protesilas, 820  
 Younger in years, nor equal in renown,  
 Yet of a chief no want the forces felt,  
 Though much they mourn'd their valiant leader slain  
 In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships

Those who from Pieris came, beside the lake  
 Bebais, and who dwelt in Glaphyre,  
 In Bebe, and Iolcus' well built fort,  
 These in eleven ships Eumelus led,  
 Whom Pchae's daughter, fairest of her race,  
 Divine Alceus to Admetus bore 830

Who in Methone and Thaumacia dwelt,  
 In Meliboea and Olizon's rock,  
 These Philoctetes, skilful archer, led  
 Sev'n ships were theirs, and ev'ry ship was mann'd  
 By fifty rowers, skilful archers all  
 But he, their chief, was lying, rack'd with pain,  
 On Lemnos' sacred isle, there left perforce  
 In torture from a venomous serpent's wound  
 There he in anguish lay, not long, ere Greeks  
 Of royal Philoctetes felt their need 840  
 Yet were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,  
 Not leaderless. Cilens' bastard son,  
 Medon, of Rhene born, their ranks array'd

Who in Cechalia, Eurytus' domain,  
 In Tricca, and in rough Ithone dwelt,  
 These Podalirius and Machaon led,

Two skilful leeches, *Æsculapius*' sons  
 Of these came thirty ships in order due  
 Who in *Omentum* and *Asterum* dwelt,  
 By *Hyperes*'s fount, and on the heights  
 Of *Titanum*'s white peaks, of these was chief  
*Eurypylus* *Euxemon*'s gallant son,  
 In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships

850

Who in *Argissa* and *Gyrtona* dwelt,  
*Orcha*, *Elone*, and the white wall'd town  
 Of *Olivsson*, *Polypoetes* led,  
 Son of *Pinthous*, progeny of *Jove*,  
 A warrior bold, *Hippodamia* fair  
 Him to *Pinthous* bore, what time he slew  
 The slaggish *Centaurus*, and from *Pelion*'s heights  
 For refuge 'mid the rude *Æthraes* drove  
 Nor he alone, with him to *Troy* there came  
 A scion true of *Mars*, *Leonteus*, heir  
 Of nobly born *Coronus*, *Ceneus*' son  
 In their command came forty dark ribb'd ships

860

With two and twenty vessels *Gouneus* came  
 From *Cythus*, he the *Eumenes* led,  
 And the *Peræbians*' warlike tribes, and those  
 Who dwelt around *Dodona*'s wintry heights,  
 Or till'd the soil upon the lovely banks  
 Of *Titaresius*, who to *Peneus* pours  
 The tribute of his clearly flowing str am,  
 Yet mingles not with *Peneus*' silver waves,  
 But on the surface floats like oil, his source  
 From *Styx* deriving, in whose awful name  
 Both Gods and men by holiest oaths are bound

870

*Magnesia*'s troops, who dwell by *Peneus*' stream,  
 Or beneath *Pelion*'s leafy quav'ring shades,  
 Swift-footed *Prothous* led, *Tenthredon*'s son  
 In his command came forty dark-ribb'd ships

880

These were the leaders and the chiefs of Greece  
 Say *Muse*, of these, who with th' *Atridae* came,  
 Horses and men, who claim'd the highest praise  
 Of steeds the bravest and the noblest far  
 Were those *Eumelus* drove, *Admetus*' son  
 Both swift as birds, as age and colour match'd,  
 Alike in height, as measur'd o'er the back,  
 Both mares, by *Phœbus* of the silver bow  
 Rear'd in *Pieria*, thunderbolts of war

Of men, while yet Achilles held his wrath, 800  
 The mightiest far was Ajax Telamon  
 For with Achilles, and the steeds that bore  
 The matchless son of Peleus, none might vie  
 But 'twas his beaked ocean-going ships  
 He lay, with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 Indignant, while his troops upon the beach  
 With quots and jav'ins whul'd away the day,  
 And feats of archery, their steeds the while  
 The lotus-grass and marsh grown parsley cropp'd,  
 Each standing near their car, the well wrought cars 900  
 Lay all unhedged in the warriors' tents.  
 They, only going for their godlike chief  
 Roam'd restless up and down, nor join'd the fray.

Such was the host, which, like devouring fire,  
 O'erspread the land, the earth beneath them groan'd  
 As when the Lord of thunder, in his wrath,  
 The earth's foundations shakes, in Artus,  
 Where, buried deep, 'tis said, Typhoeus lies,  
 So at their coming, groan'd beneath their feet  
 The earth, as quickly o'er the plain they spread 950

To Troy, sent down by Jove's hearing Jove,  
 With direful tidings storm swift Iris came  
 At Priam's gate, in solemn conclave met,  
 Were gather'd all the Trojans, young and old  
 Swift Iris stood amidst them, and, the voice  
 Assuming of Polites, Priam's son,  
 The Trojan scout, who, trusting to his speed,  
 Was posted on the summit of the mound  
 Of ancient *Æacides*, there to watch  
 Till from their ships the Grecian troops should land, 980  
 His voice assuming, thus the Goddess spoke

" Old man, as erst in peace, so still thou lov'st  
 The strife of words, but fearful war is nigh  
 Full many a host in love of battle rang'd  
 My eyes have seen, but such a force as this,  
 So mighty and so vast, I ne'er beheld  
 In number as the leaves, or as the sand,  
 Against the city o'er the plain they come  
 Then, Hector, for to thee I chiefly speak,  
 Thus do, thou know'st how various our allies, 990  
 Of different nations and descendant tongues  
 Let each then those command o'er whom he reigns,  
 And his own countrymen in arms array "

She said, and Hector knew the voice divine,  
 And all, dissolv'd the council, flew to arms  
 The gates were open'd wide, forth pour'd the crowd,  
 Both foot and horse, and loud the tumult rose

Before the city stands a lofty mound,  
 In the mid plain, by open space enclos'd,  
 Men call it Biteria, but the Gods  
 The tomb of swift Myriona, muster'd there  
 The Trojans and Allies their troops array'd

940

The mighty Hector of the glancing helm,  
 The son of Priam, led the Trojan host  
 The largest and the bravest band were they,  
 Bold spearmen all, who follow'd him in arms

Anchises valiant son Æneas, led  
 The Dardans, him, and Ida's jutting peaks,  
 Immortal Venus to Anchises bore,  
 A Goddess yielding to a mortal's love

950

With him, well skill'd in war, Archilochus  
 And Acamas, Antenor's gallant sons  
 Who in Zela dwelt at Ida's foot,  
 Of Trojan race, a wealthy tribe, who drank  
 Of dark Ægeus' waters, these were led  
 By Pandarus, Icyon's noble son,  
 Taught by Apollo's self to draw the bow

Who from Adrasto, and Atræus' realm,  
 From Pityra, and the lofty hill

Tersian came, with linen corslets girt,  
 Adrastus and Amphius led, two sons  
 Of Merops of Perceot, deeply vers'd  
 Was he in prophecy, and from the war  
 Would fain have kept his sons, but they, by fate  
 Doom'd to impending death, his caution scorn'd

960

Those who from Præctum and Perceot came,  
 And who in Sestos and Abydos dwelt,  
 And in Arisba fair, those Asius led,  
 The son of Hyrtacus, of heroic chief,  
 Asius the son of Hyrtacus, who came  
 From fair Arisba, borne by fiery steeds  
 Of matchless size and strength, from Seller's stream

970

Hippothous led the bold Pelasgian tribes,  
 Who dwell in rich Larissa's fertile soil,  
 Hippothous and Pylæus, Lethus' sons,  
 The son of Teutamus, Pelasgian chief

The Thracians, by fast flowing Helle's pont  
 Uncompass'd, Acamas and Perōus brave,  
 The spear skill'd Cicones Euphemus led,  
 Son of Troezenus, Ceneus highborn son

980

From distant Ankydon Pyrræus brought  
 The Paon archers from broad Axius' banks,  
 Axius, the brightest stream on earth that flows

The haury strength of great Pyrræus  
 The Paphlagonians led from Eneti  
 (Whence first appear'd the stubborn race of mules),  
 Who in Cytorus and in Sesamum,  
 And round Parthenius waters had their home,  
 Who dwelt in Cromne, and Ægialus,  
 And on the lofty Erythraean rock

990

By Hodrus and Epistrophus were brought  
 From distant Alyce, the wealthy source  
 Of silver ore, the Alzæonian bands

Chromis the Mysians led, and Ennomas,  
 A skilful augur, but his augurs  
 From gloomy death to save him nought avail'd  
 Slain by the son of Peleus, in the stream,  
 Where many another Trojan felt his arm

From far Ascania's lake, with Phœbus join'd,  
 The godlike presence of Ascanius brought  
 The Phrygians, dauntless in the standing fight

1000

From Lydia came Pyrræus' two sons,  
 Born of the lake Gygean. Antiphus,  
 And Mesthles, these Mæonia's forces led,  
 Who dwelt around the foot of Tmolus' hill

In charge of Nestor came the Cætan troop,  
 Of barbarous speech, who in Miletus dwelt,  
 And in the dense entangled forest shade  
 Of Phthura's hill, and on the lofty ridge  
 Of Mycale, and by Meander's stream,

1010

These came with Nestor and Amphimachus,  
 Amphimachus and Nestor, Nomon's sons,  
 With childish folly to the war he came,  
 Laden with store of gold, yet nought avail'd  
 His gold to save him from the doom of death,  
 Slain by the son of Peleus in the stream,  
 And all his wealth Achilles bore away

Sarpedon last, and valiant Glaucus led  
 The Lycian bands, from distant Lycia's shore,  
 Beside the banks of Xanthus' eddying stream

1020

## BOOK III

### ARGUMENT

**THE ARGUMENT.** Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian *Phoebus*. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by *Priam* on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet *Venus* rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

When by their several chiefs the troops were rang'd,  
With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,  
The men of Troy advanc'd, as when the cranes,  
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high  
Their dissonant clamours, while o'er th' ocean stream  
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear  
Battle and death to the Pygmean race

On th' other side the Greeks in silence mov'd,  
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid  
As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops  
Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherd's hane,  
And friendly to the night's thief alone,  
That a stone's throw the range of vision bounds,  
So rose the dust cloud, as in scorded ranks  
With rapid step they mov'd across the plain  
But when th' opposing forces near were met,  
A panther's skin across his shoulders flung,  
Arm'd with his bow and sword, in front of all  
Advanc'd the godlike Paris, in his hand  
He pois'd two brass-tipp'd jav'lines, and defied  
To mortal combat all the chiefs of Greece

When the warlike Menelaus saw  
With haughty strides advancing from the crowd,  
As when a lion, hunger-pinch'd, espies  
Some mighty beast of chase, or antler'd stag,  
Or mountain goat, and with exulting spring  
Strikes down his prey, and on the carcass feeds,  
Unscar'd by baying hounds and eager youths  
So Menelaus saw with fierce delight



That in a strong man's hand, who fashions out  
 Some naval timber, with unbaied edge  
 Cleaves the firm wood, and aids the striker's force,  
 Ev'n so unwearied is thy warlike soul!  
 Yet blame not me for golden Venus' gifts  
 The gifts of Heav'n are not to be despis'd,  
 Which Heav'n may give, but man could not command  
 But if thou wilt that I should dare the fight, 80  
 Bid that the Trojans and the Grecians all  
 Be seated on the ground, and in the midst  
 The warlike Menelaus and myself  
 Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils  
 Of war to combat, and whos'er shall prove  
 The better man in conflict, let him bear  
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home,  
 While ye, the rest in peace and friendship sworn,  
 Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy,  
 And to their native Argos they return, 90  
 For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words—  
 Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear  
 Grasp'd by the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks  
 At him the long hair'd Grecians bent their bows,  
 Prompt to assail with arrows and with stones,  
 But lo! the monarch Agamemnon's voice  
 Was heard, " Hold, Argives, hold! ye sons of Greece,  
 Shoot not! for Hector of the glancing helm  
 Hath, as it seems, some message to impart 100

He said, they held their hands, and silent stood  
 Expectant, till to both thus Hector spoke  
 " Hear now, ye Trojans, and ye well griev'd Greeks,  
 The words of Paris, cause of all this war  
 He asks through me that all the host of Troy  
 And Grecian warriors shall upon the ground  
 Lay down their ght ring arms, while in the midst  
 The warlike Menelaus and himself  
 Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils  
 Of war to combat, and whos'er shall prove 110  
 The better man in conflict, let him bear  
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home.  
 While we, the rest, firm peace and friendship swear "

Thus Hector spoke, the rest in silence heard,  
 But Menelaus, bold in fight, replied

"Hear now my answer, in this quarrel I  
 May claim the chiefest share, and now I hope  
 Trojans and Greeks may see the final close  
 Of all the labours ye so long have borne  
 T' avenge my wrong, at Paris' hand sustain'd 120  
 And of us two whiche'er is doom'd to death,  
 So let him die! the rest, depart in peace  
 Bring then two lambs, one white, the other black,  
 For Tellus and for Sol, we on our part  
 Will bring another, for Saturnian Jove  
 And let the majesty of Priam too  
 Appear, himself to consecrate our oaths,  
 (For reckless are his sons, and void of faith,)  
 That none Jove's oath may dare to violate  
 For young men's spirits are too quickly stirr'd, 130  
 But in the councils check'd by rev'rend age,  
 Able are weigh'd the future and the past,  
 And for all int'rests due provision made."

He said, and Greeks and Trojans gladly heard,  
 In hopes of respite from the weary war  
 They rang'd the cars in ranks, and they themselves  
 Descending doff'd their arms, and laid them down  
 Close each by each, with narrow space between  
 Two heralds to the city Hector sent  
 To bring the lambs, and aged Priam call, 140  
 While Agamemnon to the hollow ships,  
 Their lamb to bring, in haste Talithybons sent  
 He heard, and straight the monarch's voice obey'd

Meantime to white arm'd Helen Iris sped,  
 The heav'nly messenger in form she seem'd  
 Her husband's sister, whom Antenor's son  
 The valiant Heleas had to wife,  
 Laodice, of Priam's daughters all  
 Loveliest of face she in her chamber found  
 Her whom she sought a mighty web she wove, 150  
 Of double woof and brilliant hues, whereon  
 Was interwoven many a toilsome strife  
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks,  
 For her encounter'd at the hand of Mars  
 Beside her Iris stood, and thus she spoke  
 "Come, sister dear, and see the glorious deeds  
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks  
 They who erewhile, impatient for the fight,

Roll'd o'er the plain the woful tide of war,  
 Now silent sat, the storm of battle hush'd,  
 Reeking on their shields, their lances bright  
 Pil'd by their sides—while Paris in the midst,  
 And warlike Menelaus, stand prepar'd  
 With the long spear for thee to fight, thyself  
 The prize of conquest and the victor's wife

150

Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose  
 Fond recollection of her former Lord,  
 Her home, and parents—o'er her head she threw  
 A snowy veil, and shedding tender tears  
 She issu'd forth, not unaccompanied,  
 For with her went fair Æthra—Pittheus' child,  
 And staggy'd Clymene, her maidens twain  
 They quickly at the Sæan gate arriv'd

170

Attending there an aged Priam, sat  
 The Elders of the city—Panthous  
 And Lampus, and Thymeres—Clytus  
 Bold Icetaon—and Ucalegon  
 With sage Antenor—wise in council both  
 All these were gather'd at the Sæan gate,  
 By age exempt from war, but in discourse  
 Abundant, as the cricket, that on hugh  
 From topmost boughs of forest tree sends forth  
 His delicate music, so on Ilium's towers  
 Sat the sage chiefs and councillors of Troy  
 Helen they saw, as to the tower she came  
 And, 'tis no marvel, one to other said

The valiant Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks  
 For beauty such as this should long endure—  
 The toils of war—for goddess-like she seems,  
 And yet—despite her beauty, let her go  
 Nor bring on us—and on our sons—a curse!

190

Thus they—but aged Priam Helen call'd  
 Come here, my child, and sitting by my side  
 From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,  
 His kindred—and thy friends (not thee I blame,  
 But to the Gods I owe this woful war),  
 Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief  
 Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong  
 Others in height surpass him—but not eyes  
 A form so noble never yet beheld  
 Nor so august, he moves—a King indeed!

200

To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair  
 " With rev'rence, dearest father, and with shame  
 I look on thee — oh wuld that I had died  
 That day when hither with thy son I came,  
 And left my husband, friends, and darling child,  
 And all the lov'd companions of my youth  
 That I died not, with grief I pine away  
 But to thy question I will tell thee true,  
 Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 210  
 Wide reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,  
 And valiant warrior, in my husband's name,  
 Lost as I am, I call'd him hither once "

She spoke — th' old man admiring gaz'd, and cried,  
 " Oh blessed Atides, child of happy fate,  
 Favour'd of Heav'n! how many noble Greeks  
 Obey thy rule! In vine clad Phrygia once  
 I saw the hosts of Phrygian warriors wheel  
 Their rapid steeds, and with them, all the bands  
 Of Otreus, and of Mygdon, godlike King, 220  
 Who lay encamp'd beside Sangarius' stream  
 I too with them was number'd, in the day  
 When met them in the field the Amazons,  
 The woman warriors, but their forces all  
 Reach'd not the number of the learn'd Greeks

Ulysses next the old man saw, and ask'd,  
 " Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,  
 In stature less than Atreus' royal son,  
 But broader shoulderd, and of simpler chest  
 His arms are laid upon the fertile plow, 230  
 But he himself is moving through the ranks,  
 Inspecting, like a full fier'd rain, that moves  
 Majestic through a flock of snow-white ewes "

To whom Jove's offspring, Helen, thus replied  
 " The wise Ulysses that, Laertes' son  
 Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet vers'd  
 In ev'ry stratagem, and deep device  
 " O woman, ' then the sage Antenor said,  
 " Of these thy words I can the truth avouch,  
 For hither when on thine account to treat, 240  
 These Menelaus and Ulysses came,  
 I lodg'd them in my house, and lov'd them both  
 And studied well the form and mind of each  
 As they with Trojans mix'd in social guise,

When both were standing, o'er his comrade high  
 With broad-set shoulders Menelaus stood,  
 Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form  
 Then, in the great Assembly, when to all  
 Their public speech and argument they fram'd,  
 In fluent language Menelaus spoke, 250  
 In words though few, yet clear. though young in years,  
 No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech  
 But when the skill'd Ulysses rose to speak,  
 With down-cast visage would he stand, his eyes  
 Bent on the ground, the staff he bore nor back  
 He wav'd, nor forward, but like one untaught  
 He held it motionless, who only saw  
 Would say that he was mad, or void of sense  
 But when his chest its deep-ton'd voice sent forth,  
 With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow, 260  
 No mortal with Ulysses could compare  
 Then little reck'd we of his outward show

At sight of Ajax next th' old man enquir'd,  
 "Who is yon other warrior, brave and strong,  
 Tow'ring o'er all with head and shoulders broad?"  
 To whom, in answer, Helen, hear my fair  
 "Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece,  
 And by his side Idomeneus of Crete  
 Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs  
 The warlike Menelaus welcom'd him 270  
 Oft in our palace, when from Crete he came  
 Now all the other keen-ey'd Greeks I see,  
 Whom once I knew, and now could call by name.  
 But two I miss, two captains of the host,  
 My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,  
 { Castor and Pollux, Castor, horseman bold,  
 { Pollux, unmatch'd in pugdister skill  
 In Lacedæmon have they stay'd behind?  
 Or can it be, in ocean going ships  
 That they have come indeed, but shun to join 280  
 The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame,  
 And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"  
 Thus she, unconscious that in Sparta they,  
 Their native land, beneath the sod were laid  
 Meanwhile the heralds through the city bore  
 The treaty off-rings to the Gods, the lambs,  
 And genial wine, the produce of the soil,

In goat-skin flasks therewith a flagon bright,  
 And cups of gold, Idæus brought, and stood  
 Beside the aged King, as thus he spoke 290  
 ' Son of Laomedon, arise! the chiefs  
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks  
 Call for thy presence on the battle-plain  
 To swear a truce, where Paris in the midst  
 And warlike Menelaus stand prepar'd  
 With the long spear for Helen and the spoils  
 Of war to combat: that whos'er may prove  
 The better man in fight, may bear away  
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home,  
 While we, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn, 300  
 Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy,  
 And to their native Argos they return,  
 For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd "

He said, the old man shudder'd at his words  
 But to his comrades gave command forthwith  
 To yoke his car, and they his word obey'd  
 Priam, ascending, gather'd up the reins,  
 And with Antenor by his side, the team  
 Drove through the Scæan gate their flying steeds  
 But when between th' opposing ranks they came, 310  
 Alighting from the car, they mov'd on foot  
 Between the Trojan and the Grecian hosts  
 Upraise then Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Upraise the sage Ulysses, to the front  
 The heralds brought the off rings to the Gods,  
 And in the Egeon mix'd the wine, and pour'd  
 The hallowing water on the monarchs' hands  
 His dagger then the son of Atreus drew,  
 Suspended, as was wont, beside the hilt  
 Of his great sword, and from the victim's head 320  
 He cut the sacred lock, which to the chiefs  
 Of Troy and Greece the heralds portion'd out  
 Then with uplifted hands he pray'd aloud  
 ' O Father Jove! who rulest from Ida's height,  
 Most great! most glorious! and thou Sun, who seest  
 And hearest all things! Rivers! and thou Earth!  
 And ye, who after death beneath the earth  
 Your vengeance wreak on souls of men forsworn,  
 Be witness ye, and that our covenant guard  
 If Menelaus fall by Paris' hand, 330

Let him retain both Helen and the spoil,  
While in our ships we take our homeward way,  
If Paris be by Menelaus slain,  
Troy shall surrender Helen and the spoil,  
With compensation due to Greece, that so  
A record may to future days remain  
But, Paris slain, if Priam and his sons  
The promis'd compensation shall withhold,  
Then here, my rights in battle to assert,  
Will I remain, till I the end achieve'

340

Thus as he spoke, across the victims' throats  
He drew the pitiless blade, and on the ground  
He laid them gasping, as the stream of life  
Pour'd forth, their vigour by the blade subdued  
Then, from the flagon drawn, from out the cups  
The wine they pour'd, and to th' eternal Gods  
They pray'd, and thus from Trojans and from Greeks  
Arose the joint petition, "Grant, O Jove!  
Most great! most glorious! grant, ye heav'nly pow'rs,  
That whosoever this solemn truce shall break,  
Ev'n as this wine we pour, their hearts' best blood,  
Theirs and their children's, on the earth be pour'd,  
And strangers in subjection take their wives!"

350

Thus they, but Jove, unyielding, heard their pray'r  
The rites perform'd, then aged Priam spoke  
"Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well griev'd Greeks!  
To Ilium's breezy heights I now withdraw,  
For that mine eyes will not endure the sight  
Of warlike Menelaus and my son  
Engag'd in deadly combat, of the two  
Which may be doom'd to death, is only known  
To Jove, and to th' immortal pow'rs of Heav'n"

360

Thus spoke the godlike King, and on the car  
He plac'd the consecrated lambs, himself  
Ascending then, he gather'd up the reins,  
And with Antenor by his side, the two  
To Ilium's walls retrac'd their homeward way

Then Hector, son of Priam, measur'd out,  
With sage Ulysses join'd, th' allotted space,  
Next, in the brass bound helmet cast the lots,  
Which of the two the first should throw the spear  
The crowd, with hands uplifted, to the Gods,  
Trojans and Greeks alike, address'd their pray'r

370

" O Father Jove ' who rul'st from Ida's height,  
Most great ' most glorious ' grant that whoe'er  
On both our armies hath this turned brought  
May undergo the doom of death, and we,  
The rest, firm peace and lasting friendship swear "

Thus they , great Hector of the glancing helm,  
With eyes averted, shook the casque, and forth 380  
Was cast the lot of Paris, on the ground  
The rest lay down by ranks, where near to each  
Were rang'd his active steeds, and glittering arms  
Then o'er his shoulders donn'd his armour bright  
The godlike Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's Lord  
First on his legs the well wrought greaves he fix'd,  
Fasten'd with silver clasps, his ample chest  
A breastplate guarded, by Lacon lent,  
His brother, but which fitted well his form  
'round his shoulders slung his sword he bore, 390  
Brass-bladed, silver-studded, then his shield  
Weighty and strong, and on his firm set head  
A helm he wore, well wrought, with horsehair plume  
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow, his hand  
Grasp'd the firm spear, familiar to his hold  
Prepar'd alike the adverse warrior stood

They, from the crowd apart their armour donn'd,  
Came forth, and each, with eyes of mutual hate,  
Regarded each admiring wonder seiz'd  
The Trojan warriors and the well-great'd Greeks 400  
As in the centre of the measur'd ground  
They stood oppos'd, and pois'd their quivering spears  
First Paris threw his weighty spear, and struck  
Fair in the midst Atreides' buckler round,  
But broke not through, upon the stubborn target  
Was bent the lance's point, then thus to Jove,  
His weapon hurling, Menelaus pray'd  
" Great King, on him who wrought me causeless wrong,  
On Paris, grant that retribution due  
My arms may bring, that men in days to come 410  
May fear their host to injure, and repay  
With treach'rous wile his hospitable cares "

He said, and poised, hurl'd his weighty spear  
Full in the midst it struck the buckler round,  
Right through the buckler pass'd the sturdy spear,  
And through the gorgeous breastplate, and within

Cut through the linen vest, but Paris, back  
 Inching, stoop'd, and shunn'd the doom of death  
 Atrides then his silver studded sword  
 Rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall 420  
 On Paris' helm, but shiv'ring in his hand  
 In countless fragments flew the faithless blade  
 Then thus to Jove, with eyes uplift to Heav'n,  
 Atrides made his moan "O Father Jove!  
 Of all the Gods, the most unfriendly thou!  
 On Paris' head I hop'd for all his crimes  
 To wreak my vengeance due, but in my grasp  
 My faithless sword is shatter'd and my spear  
 Hath hoodless left my hand, nor reach'd my foe"  
 Then onward rushing by the horsehair plume 430  
 He seiz'd his foeman's helm, and wrenching round  
 Dragg'd by main force amid the well greav'd Greeks  
 The broider'd strap, that, pass'd beneath his beard,  
 The helmet held, the warrior's throat compress'd  
 Then had Atrides dragg'd him from the field,  
 And endless fame acquir'd, but Venus, child  
 Of Jove, her fav'rite's peril quickly saw,  
 And broke the throttling strap of tough bull's hide  
 In the broad hand the empty helm remain'd  
 The trophy, by their champion whirl'd around 440  
 The well greav'd Greeks, his eager comrades seiz'd,  
 While he, infuriate, rush'd with murder's aim  
 On Priam's son, but him, the Queen of Love  
 (As Gods can only) from the field convey'd,  
 Wrapt in a misty cloud, and on a couch,  
 Sweet perfumes breathing, gently laid him down,  
 Then went in search of Helen, her she found,  
 Circled with Trojan dames, on Ithum's tow'r  
 Her by her airy robe the Goddess held,  
 And in the likeness of an aged dame 450  
 Who oft for her, in Sparta when she dwelt,  
 Many a fair fleet had wrought, and lov'd her well,  
 Address'd her thus "Come, Helen, to thy house,  
 Come, Paris calls thee, in his chamber he  
 Expects thee, resting on luxurious couch,  
 In costly garb, with manly beauty grac'd  
 Not from the fight of warriors wouldst thou deem  
 He late had come, but for the dance prepar'd,  
 Or resting from the dance's pleasing toil"

She said, and Helen's spirit within her mov'd, 460  
 And when she saw the Goddess' beauteous neck,  
 Her lovely bosom, and her glowing eyes,  
 She gaz'd in wonder, and address'd her thus  
 "Oh why, great Goddess make me thus thy sport?  
 Seekst thou to bear me far away from hence  
 To some fair Phrygian or Mexican town,  
 If there some mortal have thy favour gain'd?  
 Or, for that Menelaus in the field  
 Hath vanquish'd Paris and is willing yet 470  
 That I, his bane, should to his home return  
 Here art thou found, to weave again thy wiles?  
 Go then thyself thy godship abdicate!  
 Renounce Olympus! lavish here on him  
 Thy pity and thy cure! he may perchance  
 Make thee his wife—at least his paramour!  
 But thither go not I! foul shame it were  
 Again to share his bed, the dames of Troy  
 Will for a byword hold me, and e'en now  
 My soul with endless sorrow is possess'd."

To whom in anger heav'nly Venus spoke 480  
 "Incense me not, poor fool! lest I in wrath  
 Desert thee quite, and as I heretofore  
 Have lov'd, so make thee object of my hate,  
 And kindle, 'twixt the Trojans and the Greeks,  
 Such bitter feuds, as both shall wreak on thee."

She said, and trembled Helen, child of Jove  
 She rose in silence, in a snow white veil  
 All glitt'ring, shrouded, by the Goddess led  
 She pass'd, unnotic'd by the Trojan dames  
 But when to Paris' splendid house they came, 490  
 Thronging around her, her attendants gave  
 Their dutious service, through the lofty hall  
 With queenly grace the godlike woman pass'd  
 A seat the laughter-loving Goddess plac'd  
 By Paris' side, there Helen sat, the child  
 Of Jove bearing Jove, with downcast eyes,  
 Yet with sharp words she thus address'd her Lord  
 "Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died  
 Beneath a warrior's arm, whom once I call'd  
 My husband! vainly didst thou boast erewhile 500  
 Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear  
 The warlike Menelaus should subdue!"

Go now again, and challenge to the fight  
 The warlike Menelaus    Be thou ware!  
 I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume  
 With fair-hair'd Menelaus to contend!  
 Soon shouldst thou fall beneath his conqu'ring spear!

    To whom thus Paris    "Wring not thus my soul  
 With keen reproaches    now, with Palis' aid,  
 Hath Menelaus conquer'd, but my day  
 Will come    I too can boast my guardian Gods  
 But turn we now to love, and love's delights,  
 For never did thy beauty so inflame  
 My sense, not when from Lacedæmon first  
 I bore thee in my ocean going ships,  
 And revell'd in thy love on Crana's isle,  
 As now it fills my soul with fond desire"

    He said, and led her to the nuptial couch,  
 Her Lord she follow'd, and while there reclin'd  
 Upon the richly inlaid couch they lay,  
 Alcides, like a lion baffled, rush'd  
 Amid the crowd, if haply he might find  
 The godlike Paris, but not one of all  
 The Trojans and their brave allies could aid  
 The warlike Menelaus in his search  
 Not that, for love, would any one that knew  
 Have screen'd him from his anger, for they all  
 Abhorr'd him as the shade of death    then thus  
 Outspoke great Agamemnon, King of men  
 "Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies!  
 With warlike Menelaus rests, 'tis plain,  
 The prize of vict'ry    then surrender ye  
 The Argive Helen and the spoils of war,  
 With compensation due to Greece, that so  
 A record may to future days remain'

    Thus he, the Greeks, assenting, cheer'd his words

## BOOK IV

### ARGUMENT

IN a council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised. Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to induce some Trojan to a violation of the truce Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having committed him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

On golden pavement, round the board of Jove,  
The Gods were gather'd, Hebe in the midst  
Pour'd the sweet nectar, they, in golden cups,  
Each other pledg'd, as down they look'd on Troy  
Then Jove, with cutting words and taunting tone,  
Began the wrath of Juno to provoke  
"Two Goddesses for Menelaus fight,  
Thou, Juno, Queen of Argos, and with thee  
Minerva, shield of warriors, but we two  
Look idly on, in vain delights absorb'd,  
While laughter-loving Venus, at the side  
Of Paris standing, still averts his fate,  
And rescues, when, as now, expecting death  
To warlike Menelaus we decree,  
Of right, the vict'ry, but console we now  
What may the issue be if we shall light  
Again the flame of war and discord fierce,  
Or the two sides in peace and friendship join  
For me, if thus your gen'ral voice incline,  
Let Priam's city stand, and Helen back  
To warlike Menelaus be restor'd "

19

20

So spake the God, but seated side by side,  
Juno and Pallas glances interchange'd  
Of ill portent for Troy, Pallas indeed  
Sat silent, and, though mov'd with Jove,  
Yet answer'd not a word, but Juno's breast  
Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke

"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
 How wouldst thou render vain, and void of fruit,  
 My weary labour and my horses' toil,  
 To stir the people, and on Priam's self,  
 And Priam's offspring, bring disastrous fate?  
 Do as thou wilt! yet not with our consent."

30

To whom, in wrath, the Cloud-conqueror thus  
 "Revengeful! now have Priam and his sons  
 So deeply injur'd thee, that thus thou seek'st  
 With unabated anger to pursue,  
 Till thou o'erthrow, the strong built walls of Troy?  
 I verily believe that till thou force  
 The gates, and raze the lofty walls, and feed  
 On the raw flesh of Priam and his sons,  
 Thy vengeance never will be satisfied  
 But have thy will lest thus in future times  
 'Twixt me and thee be cause of strife renew'd  
 Yet hear my words and ponder what I say  
 If e'er, in times to come, my will should be  
 Some city to destroy, inhabited  
 By men belov'd of thee, thou shalt not seek  
 To turn aside my wrath, but give it way  
 Spontaneous, yet with most unwilling mind  
 So much I grant thee: for beneath the sun  
 And starry Heav'n, of all the cities fair,  
 By mortal men inhabited, not one  
 Was dearer to my soul than sacred Troy,  
 And Priam's self, and Priam's warrior race  
 For with drink off rings due, and fat of lambs,  
 My altar still hath at their hands been fed,  
 Such honour hath to us been ever paid."

40

50

To whom the stag-eyed Juno thus replied  
 "Three cities are there dearest to my heart,  
 Argos, and Sparta, and the ample streets  
 Of rich Mycenæ, work on them thy will,  
 Destroy them, if thine anger they incur,  
 I will not interpose, nor hinder thee,  
 Mourn them I shall, reluctant see their fall,  
 But not resist, for sovereign is thy will  
 Yet should my labours not be fruitless all,  
 For I too am a God, my blood is thine,  
 Worthily of honour, as the eldest born  
 Of deep-designing Saturn, and thy wife,

60

70

Thane, who o'er all th' Immortals reign'st supreme  
 But yield we each to other, I to thee,  
 And thou to me, the other Gods will all  
 By us be rul'd On Pallas then enjoin  
 That to the battle field of Greece and Troy  
 She haste, and so contrive that Trojans first  
 May break the treaty, and the Greeks assault "

She said the Sire of Gods and men complied,  
 And thus with winged words to Pallas spoke

" Go to the battle field of Greece and Troy 80  
 In haste, and so contrive that Trojans first  
 May break the treaty, and the Greeks assault "

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,  
 And from Olympus heights in haste she sped,  
 Like to a meteor, that, of grave portent  
 To warning armies or sea facing men,  
 The son of deep designing Saturn sends,  
 Bright flashing, scatt'ring fiery sparks around,  
 The blue ey'd Goddess darted down to earth,  
 And lighted in the midst, amazement held 90  
 The Trojan warriors and the well-greav'd Greeks  
 And one to other look'd and said, " What means  
 This sign? Must fearful battle rage again,  
 Or may we hope for gentle peace from Jove,  
 Who to mankind dispenses peace and war? "

Such was the converse Greeks and Trojans held  
 Pallas meanwhile, amid the Trojan host,  
 Clo'd in the likeness of Antenor's son,  
 Laodocus, a spearman stout and brave,  
 Search'd here and there, if haply she might find 100  
 The godlike Pandarus, Lycaon's son,  
 Strong and of courage unreprov'd, she found  
 Standing, by buckler'd warriors bold begirt,  
 Who follow'd him from far Æsepus' stream  
 She stood beside him, and address'd him thus

" Wait thou by me be rul'd, Lycaon's son?  
 For durst thou but at Menelaus shoot.

Thy wing'd arrow, great would be thy fame,  
 And great thy favour with the men of Troy,  
 And most of all with Paris, at his hand 110  
 Thou shalt receive rich guerdon, when he hears  
 That warlike Menelaus, by thy shaft  
 Subdued, is laid upon the fun'ral pyre

Bend then thy bow at Atreus' glorious son,  
Vowing to Phœbus, Lycia's guardian God,  
The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs  
An ample hecatomb when home return'd  
In safety to Zelen's sacred town "

Thus she, and, fast, he listen'd to her words  
Straight he uncus'd his polish'd bow, his spoil 120  
Won from a mountain ibex, which himself,  
In ambush lurking, through the breast had shot,  
True to his aim, as from behind a crag  
He came in sight, prone on the rock he fell,  
With horns of sixteen palms his head was crown'd,  
These deftly wrought a skilful workman's hand,  
And polish'd smooth, and tipp'd the ends with gold  
He bent, and resting on the ground his bow,  
Strung it anew, his faithful comrades held  
Their shields before him, lest the sons of Greece 130  
Should make their onset ere his shaft could reach  
The warlike Menelaus Atreus son

His quiver then withdrawing from its case,  
With care a shaft he chose, ne'er shot before,  
Well-feather'd, messenger of pricks and death,  
The stinging arrow fitted to the string,  
And vow'd to Phœbus, Lycia's guardian God,  
The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs  
An ample hecatomb, when home return'd  
In safety to Zelen's sacred town 140

At once the snew and the notch he drew,  
The snew to his breast, and to the bow  
The iron head, then, when the mighty bow  
Was to a circle stram'd, sharp rang the horn,  
And loud the snew rang'd, as tow'rd the crowd  
With death's speed the eager arrow spring

Nor, Menelaus, was thy safety then  
Uncar'd for of the Gods, Jove's daughter first,  
Pallas before thee stood, and turn'd aside  
The pointed arrow, turn'd it so aside 150

As when a mother from her infant's cheek,  
Wropt in sweet slumbers, brushes off a fly,  
Its course she so directed that it struck

Just where the golden clasps the belt restrain'd,  
And where the breastplate, doubled, check'd its force  
On the close-fitting belt the arrow struck,

Right through the belt of curious workmanship  
 It drove, and through the breastplate richly wrought,  
 And through the coat of mail he wore beneath,  
 The best defence his body to protect 160  
 From hostile jav'ins, that too pierc'd it through,  
 And passing onwards graz'd the hero's flesh  
 Forth issued from the wound the crimson blood  
 Thus haph'ly when the hand of some fair maid,  
 Lydian or Canan, stains with crimson dye  
 The w'ry cheek-piece of a warrior's steed,  
 By many a valiant horseman coveted,  
 As in the house it lies, a monarch's boast,  
 The horse adorning, and the horseman's pride  
 So, Menelaus, then thy graceful thighs, 170  
 And knees, and ankles, with thy blood were dy'd

Great Agamemnon shudder'd as he saw  
 The crimson blood drops issuing from the wound,  
 Shudder'd the warlike Menelaus' self,  
 But when the snow and the arrow head  
 He saw projecting, back his spirit came

Then deeply groaning, Agamemnon spoke,  
 As Menelaus by the hand he held,  
 And with him groan'd his comrades ' Brother dear,  
 Fatal to thee hath been the oath I swore, 180  
 When thou stood'st forth alone for Greece to fight,  
 Wounded by Trojans, who their plighted faith  
 Have trodden under foot, but not in vain  
 Shall be the covenants and the blood of lambs,  
 The absolute pledges, and the hand plight giv'n,  
 In which our trust was plac'd, if not at once,  
 Hereafter Jove shall vindicate their claim,  
 And heav' penalties shall Trojans pay  
 With their own blood, their children's, and their wives'  
 For in my inmost soul full well I know 190  
 The day shall come when this imperial Trov,  
 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,  
 Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown,  
 And Saturn's son himself, high throne'd Jove,  
 Who dwells in Heav'n, shall in their faces flash  
 His eyes dark and dread, this treach'rous deed  
 Avenging, this shall surely come to pass  
 But, Menelaus, deep will be my grief,  
 If thou shouldst perish, meeting thus thy fate

\*  
300

To thirsty Argos should I then return  
By foul disgrace o'erwhelm'd, for, with thy fall,  
The Greeks will mind them of their native land,  
And as a trophy to the sons of Troy  
The Argive Helen leave, thy bones meanwhile  
Shall moulder here beneath a foreign soil,  
Thy work undone, and with insulting scorn  
Some vaunting Trojan, leaping on the tomb  
Of noble Menelaus, thus shall say

'On all his foes may Agamemnon so  
His wrath accomplish, who hath hither led  
Of Greeks a mighty army, all in van,  
And bootless home with empty ships hath gone,  
And valiant Menelaus left behind'

210

Thus when men speak, gape earth, and hide my shame "

To whom the fair hair'd Menelaus thus  
With cheering words: 'Fear not thyself, nor cause  
The troops to fear: the arrow hath not touch'd  
A vital part, the sparkling belt hath first  
Turn'd it aside, the doublet next beneath,  
And coat of mail, the work of arm'er's hands "

220

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus  
'Dear Menelaus, may thy words be true!  
The leech shall tend thy wound, and spread it o'er  
With healing ointments to assuage the pain '

He said, and to the sacred herid call'd  
'Haste thee, Talthybus! summon with all speed  
The son of Æsculapius, matchless leech,  
Machaon, bid him hither haste to see  
The warlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,  
Who by an arrow from some practis'd hand,  
Trojan or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound,  
A cause of boast to them, to us of grief "

230

He said, nor did the herald not obey,  
But through the brave-clad ranks of Greece he pass'd,  
In search of brave Machaon, him he found  
Standing, by buckler'd warriors bold begirt,  
Who follow'd him from Trica's grassy plains  
He stood beside him, and address'd him thus  
'Up, son of Æsculapius! Atreus' son,  
The mighty monarch, summons thee to see  
The warlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,  
Who by an arrow from some practis'd hand,

240

Trojan or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound,  
A cause of boast to them, to us of grief "

Thus he, and not unmov'd Machaon heard  
They through the crowd, and through the wide spread  
host,

Together took their way, but when they came  
Where fair-hair'd Menelaus, wounded, stood,  
Around him in a ring the best of Greece,  
And in the midst the godlike chief himself, 250  
From the close fitting belt the shaft he drew,  
With sharp return of pain, the sparkling belt  
He loosen'd, and the doublet underneath,  
And coat of mail, the work of arm'er's hand  
But when the wound appear'd in sight, where struck  
The stinging arrow, from the clotted blood  
He cleans'd it, and applied with skilful hand  
The healing ointments, which, in friendly guise,  
The learned Chiron to his father gave

While round the valiant Menelaus they 260  
Were thus engag'd, advanc'd the Trojan hosts  
They donn'd their arms, and for the fight prepar'd  
In Agamemnon then no trace was seen  
Of laggard sloth, no shrinking from the fight,  
But full of ardour to the field he rush'd  
He left his horses and brass mounted car  
(The champion horses by Eurymedon,  
The son of Ptolemy, Peiræus' son,

Were held aloof), but with repeated charge  
Still to be near at hand, lest faint with toil 270  
His limbs should fail him in his proud career  
Himself on foot the warmer ranks arriv'd,  
With cheering words addressing whom he found  
With zeal preparing for the battle-field  
" Relax not, valiant friends, your warlike toil,  
For Jove to falsehood ne'er will give his aid,  
And they who first, regardless of their oaths,  
Have broken truce, shall with their flesh themselves  
The vultures feed, while we, their city raz'd,  
Their wives and helpless children bear away " 280

But whom remiss and shrinking from the war  
He found, with keen rebuke he thus assail'd  
" Ye wretched Greeks, your country's foul reproach,  
Have ye no sense of shame? Why stand ye thus

Take timid fawns, that in the chase run down,  
 Stand all bewilder'd, spiritless and tame?  
 So stand ye now, nor dare to face the fight  
 What! will ye wait the Trojans' near approach,  
 Where on the beach, beside the hoar, deep,  
 Our goodly ships are drawn, and see if Jove  
 Will o'er you his protecting hand extend? "

290

As thus the King the serned ranks review'd,  
 He came where thronging round their skilful chief  
 Idomeneus, the warlike bands of Crete  
 Were arming for the fight, Idomeneus,  
 Of courage stubborn as the forest boar,  
 The foremost ranks array'd, Meriones  
 The rearmost squadrons had in charge, with joy  
 The monarch Agamemnon saw, and thus  
 In flatt'ring terms Idomeneus address'd

300

' Idomeneus, above all other Greeks  
 In battle and elsewhere, I honour thee,  
 And in the banquet, where the noblest Greeks  
 In lordly goblets mix the ruddy wine,  
 Though others drink their share, yet by thy side  
 Thy cup, like mine, still new replenish'd stands  
 'To drink at pleasure Up then to the fight,  
 And show thyself the warrior that thou art "

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus  
 " In me Atreides, thou shalt ever find,  
 As at the first I promis'd, comrade true,  
 But go, and stir the other long-hair'd Greeks  
 To speedy battle, since the Trojans now  
 The truce have broken, and defeat and death  
 Must wait on those who have their oaths forsworn "

310

He said, and Agamemnon went his way  
 Rejoicing, through the crowd he pass'd, and came  
 Where stood th' Ajaces, there, in act to arm,  
 Armed a cloud of infantry he found,

(And as a goat-herd from his watch tow'r cing

320

Beholds a cloud advancing o'er the sea,  
 By Zephyr's breath impell'd, as from afar  
 He gazes, black as pitch, it sweeps along  
 O'er the dark ocean's face, and with it brings  
 A hurricane of rain, he, shudd'ring, sees,  
 And drives his flock beneath the shelt'ring cave,  
 So thick and dark, about th' Ajaces sturr'd,

Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths,  
Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield

Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw, 330  
And thus address'd them "Valiant chiefs, to you,  
The leaders of the brass clad Greeks, I give  
(I were needless and unseemly) no commands,  
For well ye understand your troops to rouse  
To deeds of dauntless courage, would to Jove,  
To Pallas and Apollo, that such mind  
As is in you, in all the camp were found,  
Then soon should Priam's lofty city fall,  
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands "

Thus saying, them he left, and onward mov'd 340  
Nestor, the smooth tongu'd Pylian chief, he found  
The troops arraying, and to valiant deeds  
His friends encouraging, stout Pelagon,  
Alastor, Chromios, Hermon, warlike Prince,  
And Bena bold, his people's sure defence  
In the front rank, with chariot and with horse,  
He plac'd the mounted warriors, in the rear,  
Num'rous and brave, a cloud of infantry,  
Compactly mass'd, to stem the tide of war  
Between the two he plac'd th' inferior troops, 350  
That e'en against their will they needs must fight  
The horsemen first he charg'd, and bade them keep  
Their horses well in hand, nor wildly rush  
Amid the tumult "See," he said, "that none,  
In skill or valour over confident,  
Advance before his comrades, nor alone  
Retire, for so your lines were easier forc'd,  
But ranging each beside a hostile car,  
Thrust with your spears, for such the better way,  
By men so disciplin'd, in elder days 360  
Were lofty walls and fenced towers destroy'd "

Thus he, experienc'd in the wars of old,  
Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw,  
And thus address'd him "Would to Heav'n, old man  
That, as thy spirit, such too were thy strength  
And vigour of thy limbs, but now old age,  
The common lot of mortals, weighs thee down,  
Would I could see some others in thy place,  
And thou the vigour of thy youth retain! "

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied 370

' Atreides, I too fain would see restor'd  
 The strength I once possess'd, what time I slew  
 The godlike Ereuthalion, but the Gods  
 On man bestow not all their gifts at once,  
 I then was young, and now am bow'd with age,  
 Yet with the chariots can I still go forth,  
 And aid with sage advice for such the right  
 And privilege of age, to hurl the spear  
 Belongs to younger men, who after me  
 Were born, who boast their vigour unimpair'd "

380

He said, and Agamemnon went his way,  
 Reproving to Menestheus next he came,  
 The son of Peteus, charioteer renown'd,  
 Him found he, circled by th' Athenian bands,  
 The rusers of the war cry, close beside  
 The sage Ulysses stood around him rang'd,  
 Not unrenown'd, the Cepheloman troops  
 The sound of battle had not reach'd their ears,  
 For but of late the Greek and Trojan hosts  
 Were set in motion they expecting stood,  
 Till other Grecian columns should advance,  
 Assail the Trojans and renew the war

390

Atreides saw, and thus, reproachful, spake  
 " O son of Peteus, Heav'n-descended King!  
 And thou too, master of all tricks arts,  
 Why, long now, stand ye thus aloof, and wait  
 For others coming? ye should be the first  
 The hot assault of battle to confront  
 For ye are first my summons to receive,  
 Whene'er the honour'd banquet we prepare  
 And well we like to eat the swiftest meat  
 And at your will, the luscious wine cups drain  
 Now stand ye here and unconcern'd would see  
 Ten columns pass before you to the fight "

420

To whom, with stern regard Ulysses thus  
 " What words have pass'd the burner of the lip,  
 Atreides? how with want of warlike real  
 Canst thou reproach us? when the Greeks again  
 The fires of war shall kindle thou shalt see  
 (If that thou care to see) amid the ranks  
 Of Troy the father of Telemachus  
 In the fore front thy words are empty wind "

430

Atreides smil'd to see him chafe, and thus

Again took up the word "Ulysses sage,  
 Laertes' high born son, not ever-much  
 I give thee blame, or orders, for I know  
 Thy mind to gentle counsels is inclin'd,  
 Thy thoughts are one with mine then come, henceforth  
 Shall all be well, and if a hasty word  
 Have pass'd, Heav'n grant no ill may thence ensue ' 420

Thus saying, than he left, and onward mov'd  
 The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed,  
 Standing he found amid his warlike steeds  
 And well-built cars, beside him, Sthenelus,  
 The son of Capaneus, Atides saw,  
 And thus address'd him with reproachful words  
 "Alas! thou son of Tydeus, wise and bold,  
 Why crouch with fear? why thus appall'd survey  
 The pass of war? not so had Tydeus crouch'd,  
 His hand was ever ready from their foes 430  
 To guard his comrades. so, at least, they say  
 Whose eyes beheld his labours, I myself  
 Nor met him e'er, nor saw, but, by report,  
 Thy father was the foremost man of men  
 A stranger to Mycenæ once he came,  
 With godlike Pelvistes, not at war,  
 But seeking succour for the troops that lay  
 Encamp'd before the sacred walls of Thebes,  
 For reinforcements earnestly they sued,  
 The boon they ask'd was granted them, but Jove 440  
 With unpropitious omens turn'd them back  
 Advancing on their journey, when they reach'd  
 Asopus' grassy banks and rushes deep,  
 The Greeks upon a mission Tydeus sent  
 He went, and many Thebans there he found  
 Feasting in Eteocles' royal hall  
 Amid them all, a stranger and alone,  
 He stood unterrified, and challeng'd all  
 To wrestle with him, and with ease o'erthrew  
 So mighty was the aid that Pallas gave 450  
 Whereat indignant, they, on his return,  
 An ambush set, of fifty chosen youths,  
 Two were their leaders, Haemon's godlike son,  
 Maimon, and Laocophontes, warrior brave,  
 Son of Autophontes, and these too far'd  
 But ill at Tydeus' hand, he slew them all

Men alone, obedient to the Gods,  
He spak, and bade him bear the tidings home.  
Such Tydeus was—though greater in debate,  
His son will never rival him in arms."

300

He said—brave Diomed in silence heard,  
Submissive to the monarch's stern rebuke,  
Then answer'd thus the son of Capaneus:  
'Atreides, speak not falsely—well thou know'st  
The truth, that we our fathers for surprise  
The seven-gated city, Ithaca, we took,  
With smaller force beneath the wall of Mars,  
Trusting to hear *his* signs, and far ring Jove,  
When they by blind, presumptuous folly led,  
Then equal not our fathers' deeds with ours."

470

To whom thus Diomed, with stern regard  
"Father, be silent, hearken to my words.  
I blame not Agamemnon—King of men,  
Who thus to battle stirs the well-greav'd Greeks.  
Great will his glory be if we overcome  
The valiant Trojans, and their city take,  
Great too his loss, if they o'er us prevail.  
Then come, let us too for the fight prepare."

He said, and from the car leap'd down in arms.  
Fierce rang the armour on the warrior's breast,  
That ev'n the stoutest heart might quail with fear.

480

As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves  
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,  
Wave upon wave, first curls the ruffled sea  
With whit'ning crests, anon with thund'ring roar  
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags  
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head  
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray  
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece  
Pour'd, cumberless, to the war, to each the chiefs  
Their orders gave, the rest in silence mov'd  
Nor would we deem that such a mighty mass,  
So passing, could restrain their tongues, in awe  
Of their great captains—far around them flash'd  
The glitt'ring armour they were girt withal.

490

On th' other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks  
That in the court-yard of some wealthy Lord  
In countless numbers stand, at milking time,  
Incessant bleating, as their lambs they bear,

Whose mother gave him birth on Simois' banks,  
 When with her parents down from Ida's heights  
 She drove her flock thence Simoisius nam'd  
 Not destin'd he his parents to repay  
 Their early care, for short his term of life,  
 By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued  
 Him, to the front advancing, in the breast,  
 By the right nipple, Ajax struck, right through, 550  
 From front to back, the brass tip'd spear was driv'n,  
 Out through the shoulder, prone in dust he fell  
 As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,  
 Smooth stemm'd, with boughs up springing tow'rd the  
 head,  
 Which with the bring ave the wheelwright fells,  
 To band the fellows of his well built car  
 Sapless, beside the river, lies the tree,  
 So lay the youthful Simoisius fell'd  
 By godlike Ajax' hand At him in turn,  
 The son of Priam Antiphos encas'd 560  
 In radiant armour, from amid the crowd  
 His jav'lin threw, his mark, indeed, he miss'd,  
 But through the grove Ulisses faithful friend  
 Laertes, he struck, in act to bear away  
 The youthful dead, down on the corpse he fell,  
 And, dying, of the dead relax'd his grasp  
 Pierce anger, at his comrade's slaughter, fill'd  
 Ulysses' breast, in burnish'd armour clad  
 Forward he rush'd, and standing near, around  
 He look'd, and pois'd on high his glittering lance 570  
 Beneath his arm the Trojans back recoil'd,  
 Nor vainly flew the spear, Demotoon,  
 A lustard son of Priam, met the blow  
 He, on a chariot drawn by speedy mares,  
 Came from Ibydos, him Ulysses, fill'd  
 With fury at his lov'd companion's death,  
 Smot on the head, through either temple pass'd  
 The pointed spear, and darkness veil'd his eyes  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang  
 At this the Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self, 580  
 Gave to give ground the Greeks with joyful shouts  
 Seiz'd on the dead, and forward urg'd their course  
 From Ilum's heights Apollo, fill'd with wrath,  
 Look'd down, and to the Trojans shouted loud

So rose their mingled clamours through the camp,      500  
 For not one language nor one speech was there,  
 But many nations call'd from distant lands.  
 These Mars inspir'd and those the blue-ey'd Maid,  
 And Fear and Flight, and Discord unappeas'd,  
 Of blood stain'd Mars the sister and the friend  
 With humble crest at first anon her head,  
 While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies  
 The gage of battle in the midst she threw,  
 Strode through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought  
 When to the midst they came, together rush'd      510  
 Bucklers and lances, and the furious might  
 Of mail clad warriors, bossy shield on shield  
 Clatter'd in conflict loud the clamour rose  
 Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men  
 Slaying and slain the earth ran red with blood  
 As when descending from the mountain's brow,  
 Two wintry torrents from their copious source  
 Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet  
 Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,  
 Their weight of flood on the far mountain's side      520  
 The shepherd hears the roar, so loud arose  
 The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts  
 First rood the foremost ranks Antilochus,  
 A Trojan warrior Echepolus, slew,  
 A crested chief, Thaleus' noble son  
 Beneath his hor-chair plumed helmet's peak  
 The sharp spear struck, deep in his forehead fix'd  
 It pierc'd the bone, then darkness veil'd his eyes,  
 And like a tower amid the press he fell  
 Him Elephenor, brave Abantian chief      530  
 Son of Chalcedon, seizing by the feet  
 Drag'd from beneath the darts, in haste to strip  
 His armour off, but short liv'd was th' attempt,  
 For bold Agenor mark'd him as he drew  
 The corp' and with his brass tipped spear  
 Thrust through his flank, unguarded as he stoop'd,  
 Beside his shield and slack'd his limbs in death  
 The spirit was fled, but heavily o'er him rag'd  
 The host of Greeks and Trojans fierce as wolves  
 Thus fought man struggling hand to hand with man      540  
 Then Ajax Telamon Anthemion's son,  
 A stalwart stripling, Menestus slew

Whose mother gave him birth on Simois' banks,  
 When with her parents down from Ida's heights  
 She drove her flock, thence Simoisius nam'd  
 Not destin'd he his parents to repay  
 Their early care, for short his term of life,  
 By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued  
 Him, to the front advancing, in the breast,  
 By the right nipple, Ajax struck, right through, 550  
 From front to back, the brass tipp'd spear was driv'n,  
 Out through the shoulder, prone in dust he fell  
 As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,  
 Smooth stemm'd, with boughs up springing tow'rd the  
 head  
 Which with the biting axe the wheelwright fells,  
 To bend the felices of his well built car,  
 Sapless, beside the river, lies the tree,  
 So lay the youthful Simoisius fell'd  
 By godlike Ajax' hand At him, in turn,  
 The son of Priam Antiphus encas'd 560  
 In radiant armour, from amid the crowd  
 He jav'lin threw, his mark indeed, he miss'd,  
 But through the groin Ulysses' faithful friend  
 Leucus, he struck, in act to bear away  
 The youthful dead, down on the corpse he fell,  
 And, dying, of the dead relax'd his grasp  
 Fierce anger, at his comrade's slaughter, fill'd  
 Ulysses' breast, in burnish'd armour clad  
 Forward he rush'd, and standing near, around  
 He look'd, and pos'd on high his glittering lance 570  
 Beneath his arm the Trojans back recoil'd,  
 Nor vainly flew the spear, Democoon,  
 A bastard son of Priam, met the blow  
 He, on a chariot drawn by speedy mares,  
 Came from Iliados, him Ulysses, fill'd  
 With fury at his lov'd companion's death,  
 Smote on the head, through either temple pass'd  
 The pointed spear, and darkness veil'd his eyes  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang  
 At this the Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self, 580  
 Gan to give ground the Greeks with joyful shouts  
 Seiz'd on the dead and forc'd urg'd their course  
 From Ilium's heights Apollo, fill'd with wrath,  
 Look'd down, and to the Trojans shouted loud

"Uprouse ye, valiant Trojans! give not way,  
 Before the Greeks, their bodies are not stone,  
 Nor iron, to defy your trenchant swords,  
 And great Achilles, fair hair'd Thetis' son,  
 Fights not, but o'er his anger broods apart."  
 So from the city call'd the heav'nly voice,  
 The Greeks, meanwhile, all glorious Pallas fir'd,  
 Mov'd 'mid the tumult, and the laggards rous'd

590

Then fell Diotes, Amarvneus' son  
 A rugged fragment of a rock had crush'd  
 His ankle and right knee, from Ænon came  
 The Thracian chief who hurl'd it, Petrous, son  
 Of Imbræsus, the tendons both, and bones,  
 The huge mass shatter'd, backward in the dust  
 He fell, both hands extending to his friends,  
 Gasping his life away, then quick up-ran  
 He who the blow had dealt, and with his spear  
 Thrust through him, by the navel, from the wound  
 His bowels gush'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes

600

But he, advancing, through the breast was struck  
 Above the nipple, by th' Ætolian chief,  
 Thoas, and through his lungs the spear was driv'n  
 Thoas approach'd, and from his breast withdrew  
 The sturdy spear, and with his sharp edg'd sword  
 Across his waistband gave the mortal stroke  
 Yet could not touch his arms, for all around  
 The Thracian warriors, with their tufted crowns,  
 Their long spears held before them, him, though stout,  
 And strong, and valiant, kept at bay, perforce  
 He yielded, and thus side by side were laid  
 The two, the Thracian and th' Epean chief,  
 And round them many a valiant soldier lay

610

Then well might he his fav'ring fortune bless  
 Who in that bloody field took part, and pass'd  
 By sword or spear unwounded, by the hand  
 Of Pallas guarded from the weapons' flight,  
 For many a Trojan, many a Greek, that day  
 Prone in the dust, and side by side, were laid

620

## BOOK V

### ARGUMENT

DIOMEDE is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce and wounds first VENUS and then JARS.

SUCH strength and courage then to DIOMEDE,  
The son of TYDEUS, PALLAS gave, as mus'd,  
'Mid all the Greeks, the glory of his name  
Porth from his helm and shield a fiery light  
There flash'd like autumn's star, that brightest shines  
When newly risen from his ocean bath  
So from the warrior's head and shoulders flash'd  
That fiery light, as to the midst he urg'd  
His furious course, where densest masses fought

There was one DARES mid the Trojan host, 10  
The priest of Vulcan, rich of blameless life,  
Two gallant sons he had IDEUS nam'd,  
And PHOEGUS skill'd in all the points of war  
These parted from the throng, the warrior met,  
They on their car, while he on foot advanc'd  
When near they came, first PHOEGUS threw his spear,  
O'er the left shoulder of TYDIDES pass'd  
The erring weapon's point, and miss'd its mark  
His pond'rous spear in turn TYDIDES threw,  
And not in vain—on PHOEGUS' breast it struck, 20  
Full in the midst, and hurl'd him from the car  
IDEUS from the well-wrought chariot sprang,  
And fled, nor durst his brother's corpse defend  
Nor had he so escap'd the doom of death,  
But Vulcan bore him safely from the field,  
In darkness shrouded, that his aged sire  
Might not be wholly of his sons bereav'd  
The car TYDIDES to his comrades gave,  
And bade them to the ships the horses drive

Now when the Trojans DARES' sons beheld, 30  
The one in flight, the other stretch'd in death,  
Their spirits within them quail'd, but PALLAS took

The hand of Mars, and thus address'd the God  
 'I Mars, Mars, thou bane of mortals, blood stain'd Lord,  
 Razer of cities, wherefore leave we not  
 The Greeks and Trojans to contend, and see  
 To which the sire of all will victory give,  
 While we retire and shun the wrath of Jove?

Thus saying, from the battle Mars she led,  
 And plac'd him on Scamander's steepy banks 40

The Greeks drove back the Trojan host, the chiefs  
 Slew each his victim Agamemnon first,  
 The mighty monarch from his chariot hurl'd  
 Hector the sturdy Halizonian chief,  
 Him, as he turn'd, between the shoulder blades  
 The jav'lin struck, and through his chest was driv'n,  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang  
 On Phœstus, Eurus' son, Mæonum chief,  
 Who from the fertile plains of Iarna came,  
 Then sprang Idomeneus, and as he sought 50  
 To mount upon his car, the Cretan King  
 Through his right shoulder drove the pointed spear,  
 He fell the shades of death his eyes o'erspread,  
 And of his arms the followers strip'd his corpse  
 The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew  
 Scamandrius, son of Strophius, sportsman keen,  
 In woodcraft skilful, for his practis'd hand  
 Had by Diana's self been taught to slay  
 Each beast of chase the mountain forest holds  
 But nought avail'd him then the Archer-Queen 60  
 Diana's counsels, nor his boasted art  
 Of distant aim, for as he fled, the lance  
 Of Menelaus, Atreus' warlike son,  
 Refus'd his neck, between the shoulder blades,  
 His flight arresting, through his chest was driv'n  
 Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang

Phœceus by Meriones was slain,  
 Son of Harmonides, whose practis'd hand  
 Knew well to fashion many a work of art,  
 By Pallas highly favour'd, he the ships  
 For Paris built, first origin of ill,  
 Freight'd with evil to the men of Troy,  
 And to himself, who knew not Heav'n's decrees  
 Hurl'd, in his headlong fight, in hot pursuit  
 Meriones o'ertook, and thrust his lance

70

With threefold fury now he sought the way  
As when a hungry lion from o'erleap'd  
The sheepfold, him the guardian of the flock  
Has wounded not disabled, by his wound  
To rage excited, but not forc'd to fly,  
The fold he enters, scares the trembling sheep,  
That, closely huddled each on other press,  
Then pounces on his prey, and leaps the fence  
So pounc'd Tydides on the Trojan host  
Istynous and Hypereon then he slew,  
His people's guardian, through the breast of one  
He drove his spear, and with his mighty sword  
He smote the other on the collar bone,  
The shoulder all rang from the neck and back  
Them left he then to be, of Mars then  
And Polixenes next in hot pursuit

170

Through all her wide spread plains, a truer aim,  
 Then raise to Jove thy hands, and with thy shaft  
 Strike down this chief, whoever he be, that thus  
 Is making fearful havoc in our host,  
 Reliving many a warrior & limbs in death  
 If he be not indeed a God, means'd  
 Against the Trojans for neglected rites,  
 For fearful is the vengeance of a God ' 210

Whom answer'd thus Lycaon's noble son  
 'Æneas, chief and councillor of Troy,  
 Most like in all respects to Lydeus son  
 He seems, his shield I know, and valor'd helm,  
 And horses—whether he himself be God,  
 I cannot tell, but if he be indeed  
 The man I think him, Tydeus' valiant son,  
 He fights not thus without the aid of Heaven, 220  
 But by his side, his shoulders veil'd in cloud,  
 Some God attends his steps, and turns away  
 The shaft that just hath reach'd him, for even now  
 A shaft I shot, which by the breastplate's joint  
 Pierc'd his right shoulder through—full sure I deem'd  
 That shaft had sent him to the shades, and yet  
 It slew him not, 'tis sure some angry God  
 Nor horse have I, nor car on which to mount,  
 But in my sire Lycaon's wealthy house  
 Eleven fair chariots stand, all newly built, 230  
 Each with its cover, by the side of each  
 Two steeds on rye and barley white are fed,  
 And in his well built house, when here I came,  
 Lycaon, aged warrior, urg'd me off,  
 With horses and with chariots high upborne,  
 To lead the Trojans in the stubborn fight,  
 I hearken'd not—'twere better if I had—  
 Yet fear'd I lest my horses, wont to feed  
 In plenty unstinted, by the soldiers' wants  
 Might of their custom'd forage be depriv'd 240  
 I left them there, and hither came on foot,  
 And trusting to my bow—vain trust, it seems,  
 Two chiefs already have I struck, the sons  
 Of Lydeus and of Atreus, with true aim  
 Drawn blood from both, yet but increas'd their rage  
 Sad was the hour when down from where it hung  
 I took my bow, and hasting to the aid

To whom brave Diomed with stern regard  
 "Talk not to me of flight! I heed thee not!  
 It is not in my nature so to fight  
 With skulking artifice and faint retreat,  
 My strength is yet unbroken, I should shame  
 To mount the car, but forward will I go  
 To meet these chiefs encounter, for my soul  
 Pallas forbids the touch of fear to know  
 Nor shall their horses speed procure for both  
 A safe return though one escape my arm  
 This too I say, and bear my words in mind,  
 By Pallas' counsel if my hap should be  
 To slay them both, leave thou my horses here,  
 The reins attaching to the chariot rail,  
 And seize, and from the Trojans to the ships  
 Drive off the horses in Æneas' car,  
 From those descended, which all seeing Jove  
 On Tros, for Ganymede his son, bestow'd  
 With these may none beneath the sun compare  
 Anchises, King of men, the breed obtain'd  
 By cunning, to the horses sending mares  
 Without the knowledge of Laomedon  
 Six colts were thus engender'd four of these  
 In his own stalls he rear'd, the other two  
 Gave to Æneas, fear inspiring chief  
 These could we win, our praise were great indeed  
 Such converse while they held, the twain approach'd,  
 Their horses urg'd to speed, then thus began,  
 To Diomed, Lycaon's noble son  
 "Great son of Tydeus, warrior brave and skill'd  
 My shaft, it seems, has fail'd to reach thy life  
 Try we then now what hap attends my spear"  
 He said, and, poised, hurl'd his ponderous spear,  
 And struck Tydides' shield, right through the shield  
 Drove the keen weapon, and the breastplate reach'd  
 Then shouted loud Lycaon's noble son  
 "Thou hast it through the flank, nor canst thou long  
 Survive the blow, great glory now is mine  
 To whom, unmov'd, the valiant Diomed  
 "Thine arm has fail'd, I am not touch'd, and now  
 I deem we part not hence till one of ye  
 Glut with his blood the insatiate Lord of War  
 He said the spear by Pallas guided, struck

Beside the nostril underneath the eye,  
 Crush'd through the teeth, and cutting through the tongue  
 Beneath the angle of the jaw came forth  
 Down from the ear he fell and loudly ring  
 His glittering arms with the startled startled steeds  
 Sprang furious from his hands the spirit fled  
 Down he up'd Aeneas' spear and shield in hand  
 As worst the Greeks to saved the valiant dead,  
 And like a lion fearless in his strength,  
 Around the corpse he stalk'd this way and thine,  
 His spear and buckler round before him held  
 To all who dar'd approach him threat'ning death  
 With fearful shouts a rocky fragment then  
 Tydides lifted up a mighty mass  
 Which scarce two men could raise as men are now  
 But he unaided lifted it with ease  
 With this he smote Prius near the groin,  
 Where the thigh bone inserted in the hip,  
 Turns in the socket joint the rugged mass  
 The socket crush'd and both the tendons broke  
 And tore away the flesh down on his knees,  
 Yet resting on his hand the hero fell  
 And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread  
 Then had Aeneas, King of men, been slain  
 Had not his mother, Venus child of Jove  
 Who to Anchises where he fed his flocks  
 The hero hute his peril quickly seen  
 Around her son she threw her snowy arms,  
 And with a veil, thick folded, wrapt him round,  
 From hostile spears to guard him, lest some Greek  
 Should pierce his breast, and rob him of his life  
 She from the battle thus her son remov'd,  
 Nor did the son of Capaneus neglect  
 The strict injunction by Tydides given  
 His reins attaching to the chariot rail,  
 Far from the battle din he check'd, and left,  
 His own best steeds, then rushing forward, seiz'd,  
 And from the Trojans tow'rd the camp drove off  
 The sleek skinn'd horses of Aeneas' car  
 There to Deipylus his chosen friend,  
 He gave, of all his comrades best esteem'd,  
 Of soundest judgment, tow'rd the ships to drive  
 Then, his own car remounting seiz'd the reins,

And urg'd with eager haste his fiery steeds,  
 Seeking Tydides, he, meanwhile, press'd on  
 In keen pursuit of Venus, her he knew  
 A weak, unwarlike Goddess, not of those 380  
 That like Bellona fierce, or Pallas, range  
 Rending through the blood stain'd fields of war

Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,  
 And springing forward, with his pointed spear  
 A wound inflicted on her tender hand  
 Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,  
 The sharp spear graz'd her palm below the wrist  
 Forth from the wound th' immortal current flow'd,  
 Pure ichor, life stream of the blessed Gods,  
 They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine, 390  
 And bloodless thence and deathless they become  
 The Goddess shriek'd aloud, and dropp'd her son,  
 But in his arms Apollo bore him off  
 In a thick cloud envelop'd, lest some Greek  
 Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life  
 Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled  
 " Daughter of Jove, from battle fields retire,  
 Enough for thee weak women to delude,  
 If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn  
 Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it nam'd " 400

Thus he, but ill at ease, and sorely pain'd,  
 The Goddess fled her, Iris, swift as wind,  
 Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,  
 Weeping with pain, her fair skin soil'd with blood

Wars on the left hand of the battle field  
 She found, his spear reclining by his side,  
 And, veil'd in cloud, his car and flying steeds  
 Kneeling, her brother she besought to lend  
 The flying steeds, with golden frontlets crown'd  
 ' Dear brother, aid me hence, and lend thy car 410  
 To bear me to Olympus, seat of Gods,  
 Great is the pain I suffer from a wound  
 Receiv'd from Diomed, a mortal man,  
 Who now would dare with Jove himself to fight "

He lent the steeds with golden frontlets crown'd,  
 In deep distress she mounted on the car  
 Beside her Iris stood, and took the reins,  
 And urg'd the couriers, nothing loth, they flew,  
 And soon to high Olympus, seat of Gods,

They came swift Ias there the coursers stay'd, 420  
 Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd  
 Ambrosial forage on her mother's lap,  
 Dione, Venus fell she in her arms  
 Embrac'd, and sooth'd her with her hand, and said  
 "Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wrong'd thee thus,  
 My child, as guilty of some open shame?"

Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen  
 "The haughty son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
 Hath wounded me, because my dearest son,  
 Æneas, from the field I bore away 430  
 No more 'twixt Greeks and Trojans is the fight,  
 But with the Gods themselves the Greeks contend  
 To whom Dione, heav'nly Goddess, thus  
 "Have patience, dearest child, though much affront'd,  
 Restrain thine anger we, in Heav'n who dwell,  
 Have much to bear from mortals, and ourselves  
 Too oft upon each other's suff'rings lay  
 Mars had his suff'rings, by Æleus' sons,  
 Otus and Ephialtes, strongly bound,  
 He thirteen months in brazen fetters lay 440  
 And there had pun'd away the God of War,  
 Insatiate Mars, had not their step mother,  
 The beauteous Eriboea, sought the aid  
 Of Hermes, he by stealth releas'd the God,  
 Sore worn and wasted by his galling chains  
 Juno too suffer'd, when Amphitryon's son  
 Through her right breast a three-barb'd arrow sent  
 Dire, and unheard of, were the pangs she bore  
 Great Pluto's self the stinging arrow felt.  
 When that same son of ægis-bearing Jove 450  
 Assail'd him in the very gates of hell,  
 And wrought him keenest anguish, pierc'd with pain  
 To high Olympus, to the courts of Jove,  
 Groaning, he came, the bitter shaft remain'd  
 Deep in his shoulder fix'd, and griev'd his soul  
 But soon with soothing ointments Pæon's hand  
 (For death on him was pow'rless) heal'd the wound.  
 Accurs'd was he, of daring over bold,  
 Reckless of evil deeds, who with his bow  
 Assail'd the Gods who on Olympus dwell 460  
 The blue-ey'd Pallas, well I know, has urg'd  
 Tydides to assail thee, fool and blind!"

Unknowing he how short his term of life  
 (Who fights against the Gods! for him no child  
 'Upon his knees shall hsp a father's name,  
 Safe from the war and battle field return'd  
 Brave as he is, let Diomed beware  
 He meet not with a mightier than himself  
 Then fair *Ægiale*, *Adrastus* child,  
 The noble wife of valiant *Diomed*, 470  
 Shall long, with lamentations loud, disturb  
 The slumbers of her house, and vainly mourn  
 Her youthful Lord, the bravest of the Greeks "

She said, and wip'd the ichor from the wound,  
 The hand was heal'd, the grievous pains allay'd  
 But *Juno* and *Minerva*, looking on,  
 With words of bitter mock'ry *Saturn's* son  
 Provok'd and thus the blue ey'd Goddess spoke  
 "O Father! may I speak without offence?  
*Venus*, it seems, has sought to lead astray 480  
 Some Grecian woman, and persnade to join  
 Those *Trojans*, whom she holds in high esteem,  
 And as her hand the gentle dame caress'd,  
 A golden clasp has scratch'd her slender arm "

Thus she and smil'd the Sire of Gods and men,  
 He call'd the golden *Venus* to his side,  
 And, "Not to thee, my child," he said, "belong  
 The deeds of war, do thou bestow thy care  
 On deeds of love, and tender marriage ties,  
 But leave to *Mars* and *Pallas* feats of arms " 490

Such converse while they held, brave *Diomed*  
 Again assaul'd *Æneas*, well he knew  
*Apollo's* guardian hand around him thrown,  
 Yet by the God undaunted, on he press'd  
 To slay *Æneas*, and his arms obtain  
 Thrice was his onset made, with murd'rous aim,  
 And thrice *Apollo* struck his glittering shield,  
 But when, with godlike force, he sought to make  
 His fourth attempt the *Far* destroyer spoke  
 In terms of awful menace "He advis'd, 500  
*Tydidies*, and retire, nor as a God  
 Thyself esteem, since not alike the race  
 Of Gods immortal and of earth born men "

He said, and *Diomed* a little way  
 Before the *Far* destroyer's wrath retir'd

Apollo then Aeneas bore away  
 Far from the tumult, and in Pergamus,  
 Where stood his sacred shrine, bestow'd him safe  
 Latona there, and Dian, Archer Queen,  
 In the great temple's innermost recess, 310  
 Gave to his wounds their cure, and sooth'd his pride  
 Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow  
 A phantom form prepar'd, the counterpart  
 Of great Aeneas, and alike in arms  
 Around the form, of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 Loud was the din of battle fiercer the strikes  
 That fell on rounded shield or tough bull's hide,  
 And lighter target, before each warrior's breast  
 Then thus Apollo to the God of War  
 "Mars! Mars! thou bane of mortals, blood stain'd Lord,  
 Razer of cities, wert not well thyself 320  
 To interpose and from the battle field  
 Withdraw this chief, Tydides' such his pride,  
 He now would dare with Jove himself to fight  
 Venus, of late, he wounded in the wrist,  
 And like a God, but now confronted me"  
 He said, and sat on Ithum's topmost height  
 While Mars, in likeness of the Thracian chief,  
 Swift Acamas, amid the Trojan ruins  
 Mov'd to and fro, and urg'd them to the fight 330  
 To Priam's Heaven descended sons he call'd,  
 "Ye sons of Priam, Heaven descended King,  
 How long will ye behold your people slain?  
 Till to your very doors the war be brought?  
 Aeneas, noble soul'd Anchises' son,  
 In like esteem with Hector held, is down,  
 On to his aid! our gallant comrades save!"  
 He said, his words fresh courage gave to all  
 Then thus Sarpedon, in reproachful tone,  
 Address'd the godlike Hector "Where is now,  
 Hector, the spirit that heretofore was thine? 340  
 'Twas once thy boast that ev'n without allies  
 Thyself, thy brethren, and thy house, alone  
 The city could defend for all of these  
 Thy lack in vain, and see not one, they sit,  
 As curs around a lion, cower and crouch  
 We, strangers and allies, maintain the fight  
 I to your aid, from lands afar remote,

From Lycia came, by Xanthus eddying stream,  
 There left a cherish'd wife, and infant son, 550  
 And rich possessions which might envy move,  
 Yet I my troops encourage, and myself  
 Have play'd my part, though nought have I to lose,  
 Nought that the Greeks could drive or bear away,  
 But thou stand'st idly by, nor budd'st the rest  
 Maintain their ground, and guard their wives and homes  
 Beware lest ye, as in the meshes caught  
 Of some wide sweeping net, become the prey  
 And booty of your foes, who soon shall lay  
 Your prosp'rous city level with the dust 560  
 By day and night should this thy thoughts engage,  
 With constant prayer to all thy brave allies  
 Firmly to stand, and wipe this shame away "

He said, and Hector felt the biting speech,  
 Down from his car he leap'd, and through the ranks,  
 Two jav'lins brandishing, he pass'd, to arms  
 Exhorting all, and rais'd his battle cry  
 The tide was turn'd, again they fac'd the Greeks  
 In serried ranks the Greeks, undaunted, stood  
 As when the wind from off a threshing floor, 570  
 Where men are winnowing, blows the chaff away,  
 When yellow Ceres with the breeze divides  
 The corn and chaff, which lies in whirling heaps,  
 So thick the Greeks were whiten'd o'er with dust,  
 Which to the brazen vault of Heav'n arose  
 Beneath the horses' feet, that with the crowd  
 Were mingled by their drivers turn'd to flight  
 Unwearied still, they bore the brunt, but Mars  
 The Trojans succouring the battle field  
 Veil'd in thick clouds, from ev'ry quarter brought 580  
 Thus he of Phœbus of the golden sword  
 Obey'd th' injunction, bidding him arouse  
 The courage of the Trojans, when he saw  
 Pallas approaching to support the Greeks  
 Then from the wealthy shrine Apollo's self  
 Æneas brought, and vigour fresh infus'd  
 Amid his comrades once again he stood,  
 They joy'd to see him yet alive, and sound,  
 And full of vigour, yet no question ask'd  
 No time for question then, amid the toils 590  
 Impos'd by Phœbus of the silver bow,

And blood stain'd Mars, and Discord unappeas'd  
 Meanwhile Ulysses, and th' Ajaces both,  
 And Diomed, with courage for the fight  
 The Grecian force inspir'd, they undowny'd  
 Shrank not before the Trojans' rush and charge,  
 In masses firm they stood, as when the clouds  
 Are gather'd round the misty mountain top  
 By Saturn's son, in breathless calm, while sleep  
 The force of Boreas and the stormy winds,  
 That with their breath the shadowy clouds disperse,  
 So stood the Greeks, nor shunn'd the Trojans' charge  
 Through all the army Agamemnon pass'd,  
 And cried ' Brave comrades, quit ye now like men,  
 Bear a stout heart, and in the stubborn fight,  
 Let each to other mutual succour give,  
 By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall,  
 In timid flight nor time nor safety lies '

600

Thus he and straight his jav'lin threw, and struck  
 A man of mark, Eneas faithful friend,  
 Deacon, the son of Pergasus,  
 By Troy, as ever foremost in the field,  
 In equal honour held with Priam's sons  
 His shield the monarch Agamemnon struck,  
 The shield's defence was vain, the spear pass'd through  
 Beneath the belt, and in his groin was lodg'd,  
 'Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour ring

610

On th' other side, Aeneas slew two chiefs,  
 The bravest of the Greeks, Oenobius  
 And Crethon, sons of Diocles, who dwelt  
 In thriving Phœcia rich in substance he,  
 And from the mighty River Alpheus trac'd  
 His high descent, who through the Pylæan land  
 His copious waters pours, to him was born  
 Oenobius, of numerous tribes the chief,  
 To him succeeded valiant Diocles,  
 To whom were born twin sons, Oenobius  
 And Crethon, skill'd in ev'ry point of war  
 They, in the vigour of their youth, to Troy  
 Had sail'd amid the dark ribb'd ships of Greece,  
 Of Alpheus' was the quarrel to uphold,  
 But o'er them both the shades of death were spread  
 As two young lions, by their tawny dam  
 Nurs'd in the mountain forest's deep recess,

620

630

On rocks and herds their youthful mry pour,  
 With noise to the sheepfolds, till themselves  
 Succumb, o'ermaster'd by the arm of man.  
 So fell these two beneath Æneas' hand,  
 And like two torty pines in death they lay

The warlike Menelaus saw their fall  
 With pitying eye and through the foremost ranks  
 With brandish'd spear advanced, by Mars unpepp'd,  
 Who hop'd his death on great Æneas' hand  
 His Nestor's son Anticlus, beheld,  
 And hasten'd to his aid for much he fear'd  
 Lost in detail the monarch, and his dear  
 Deprive them of their warlike labour's fruit

They two with force combin'd of hand and spear,  
 Press'd on with rage to the fight. Anticlus

His status keeping close beside the King

Before the two combat'g, Æneas war'd,  
 Bo'd warmer as he was to hold his ground.

The slain they drew within the Grecian lines,  
 Plac'd in their comrades' hands, and turning back  
 Among the foremost mingled in the fray.

Then, brave as Mars, Polydamas they slow,

The madd'rd Paphlagonians' warlike chief,

With Menelaus, hand to hand engag'd,

Pierc'd with a spear-thrust through the collar-bone

While, with a pond'rous stone, Anticlus

Fell on the elbow smote Agamemnon's son.

Mydon, his comrade, in aid in arms

His fiery sword, to fight, down from his hands

Fell to the ground the airy-mounted reins

On rash'd Anticlus, and with his sword

Across the temples smote him, gasping, he

Upon his neck and shoulders from the car

Prick'd backward, and (for there the sand was deep)

Awile stood balanc'd, till the horses' feet

Dark'd him upon the ground, Anticlus,

The horses tearing drove them to the ships

Hector beauteous arm'd the ranks, and rush'd,

Like the strong, to th' encounter at his beck:

Follow'd the thronging bands of Troy, by Mars

And fierce Bellona led: she by the hand

Wild Uperus held, while Mars a giant spear

Brandish'd aloft and stalking on before,

640

650

660

670

Now following after Hector, urg'd them on  
 Quail'd at the sight the valiant Diomed  
 ' As when a man, long journeying o'er the plain,  
 All unprepar'd, stands sudden on the brink  
 Of a swift stream, down rushing to the sea,  
 Boiling with foam, and back recoils, so then  
 Recov'rd Tydides, and address'd the crowd  
 " O friends, we marvel at the mighty display'd  
 By Hector, spearman skill'd and warrior bold,  
 But still some guardian God his steps attends,  
 And shields from danger, now beside him stands,  
 In likeness of a mortal, Mars himself  
 Then turning still your faces to your foes,  
 Retire, nor venture with the Gods to fight "

He said, the Trojans now were close at hand,  
 And mounted now upon a single car,  
 Two chiefs, Menestheus and Anchialus,  
 Well skill'd in war by Hector's hand were slain

With pitying eyes great Ajax Telamon  
 Beheld their fall advancing close he threw  
 His glitt'ring spear, the son of Selagus  
 It struck, Amphius, who in Parnus dwelt,  
 In land and substance rich by evil fate  
 Impell'd, to Priam's house he brought his end  
 Below the belt the spear of Ajax struck,  
 And in his groin the point was buried deep,  
 Thund'ring he fell, then forward Ajax sprang  
 To seize the spoils of war, but fast and fierce  
 The Trojans show'd their weapons bright and keen,  
 And many a lance the mighty shield receiv'd  
 Ajax, his foot firm planted on the slain,  
 Withdrew the brazen spear, yet could not strip  
 His armour off, so galling flew the shafts,  
 And much he fear'd the foes might beat him in,  
 Who closely press'd upon him, many and brave,  
 And, valiant as he was, and tall, and strong,  
 Still drove him backward, he pertorec retir'd

Thus labour'd they amid the stubborn fight  
 Then evil fate induc'd Tlepolemus,  
 Valiant and strong, the son of Hercules,  
 Heav'n-born Sarpedon to confront in fight  
 When near they came, of cloud compelling Jove  
 Grandson and son, Tlepolemus began

Sarpedon, Lycian chief, what brings thee here,  
Trembling and crouching, all unbid d' a war?  
Falsest man speak: no noble thee the son  
Of eagle-bearing Jove, so far art thou  
Remach their mark: no claim d' in older day  
That ro' al' lineage such my father was,  
Of courage resolute, of lion heart  
Was but sea-lupe, and with a scanty band,  
The forces by Laomedon withheld  
Avenging, no o'erthrew this city, Troy,  
And made her streets a desert, but the soul  
Is poor: the troops are wading fast away  
Nor deem I that the Trojans will in thee  
(Even were thy valour more) and Lycians aid  
The r'eward find: but I acquit'd by my hand,  
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

750

To whom the Lycian chief, Sarpedon, thus

Tlepolernus, the sacred wells of Tro,

Thy cure avertew, be solly of one man,

Laomedon, vna with injurious words

760

His noble service recompens'd, nor gave

The promis'd awards, for when he came from far

For thee, I deem thou now shalt meet the doom

Here, at my hand, or there my spear shall win

Renov' for me, thy soul to Hades send

Thus as Sarpedon spoke, Tlepolernus

Uprais'd his athen spear, from both their hands

The ponderous weapons simultaneous flew

Full in the throat Tlepolernus receiv'd

Sarpedon's spear, right through the neck it pass'd, 770

And o'er his eyes the shades of death were spread

On nether side his spear Sarpedon struck

On the left thigh, the eager weapon pass'd

Right through the flesh, and in the bone was fix'd,

The stroke of death no rather turn'd aside

Sarpedon from the field his comrades bore,

By pain o'erpow'r'd, as at the spear they tugg'd,

Nor had the all the weapons so withstood,

Which baffled all their efforts on the car

To place him: thus they labour'd but in vain

780

The Greeks too from the battle field convey'd

The slain Tlepolernus, Ulixes saw,

Patient of pain, but deeply mov'd at heart,

And with conflicting thoughts his breast was torn,  
 If first he should pursue the Thunder's son,  
 Or deal destruction on the Lycian host  
 [But fate had not decreed the valiant son  
 Of Jove to fall beneath Ulysses' hand,  
 So on the Lycians Pallas turn'd his wrath  
 Alastor then, and Coeranus he slew,  
 Chromus, Alcander, Halus, Prytanis,  
 Noemon, nor had ended then the list  
 Of Lycian warriors by Ulysses slain,  
 But Hector of the glancing helm beheld,  
 Through the front ranks he rush'd, with burnish'd crest  
 Replendent, flashing terror on the Greeks,  
 With joy Sarpedon saw his near approach,  
 And with imploring tones address'd him thus

770

' Hector thou son of Priam, leave me not  
 A victim to the Greeks but lend thine aid

780

Thus in your city let me and my days  
 For not to me is giv'n again to see  
 My native land, or safe returning home,  
 To glad my sorrowing wife and infant child "

Thus he but Hector, answer'ing not a word,  
 Press'd on in silence, hasting to pursue  
 The Greeks, and pour destruction on their host

Beneath the oak of ages bearing Jove  
 His faithful comrades laid Sarpedon down,  
 And from his thigh the valiant Pelagon,  
 His lov'd companion, drew the whelming spear  
 He swoon'd, and giddy mists o'erspread his eyes  
 But soon reviv'd, as on his forehead blew,  
 While yet he gasp'd for breath, the cooling breeze

790

By Mars and Hector of the brazen helm  
 The Greeks hard press'd yet fled not to their ships,  
 Not yet sustain'd the fight, but back retir'd  
 Soon as they learn'd the presence of the God  
 Say then who first, who last, the prowess felt  
 Of Hector, Priam's son, and ruid chief Mars?

800

The godlike Teuchus first, Orestes next,  
 Bold character, th' Achaean sprang in shield'd,  
 Trechus, Eumelus, and Helenus,  
 The son of Cénops, and Orestes, girt  
 With sparkling girdle, he in Ilyia dwelt,  
 The careful Lord of boundless wealth, beards

Cepheus marshy banks, Berotia's chiefs  
 Around him dwelt on fat and fertile soil  
 Juno, the white-arm'd Queen who sat thron'd o'  
 The Greeks destroying in the stubborn fight, 810  
 To Pallas thus her ring'd words address'd  
 'O Heaven! brave child of eagle-bearing Jove,  
 Vain was our word to Menelaus giv'n,  
 That he the well built walls of Troy should raze,  
 And safe return, if un restrain'd we leave  
 Ferocious Mars to urge his mad career

Come then, let us too mingle in the fray'  
 She said, and Pallas blue-eyed Maid, complac'd  
 Offspring of Saturn, Juno, hearth-nib Queen,  
 Herself th' immortal steeds caparion'd, 820  
 Adorn'd with golden frontlets to the car  
 Hebe the curling wheels of brass attach'd,  
 Eight-spok'd, that on an iron axle turn'd,  
 The felloes were of gold, and fitted round  
 With brazen tires, a marvel to behold,  
 The nave were silver, rounded ev'ry way  
 The chariot board on gold and silver bands  
 Was hung, and round it ran a double rail  
 The pole was all of silver, at the end  
 A golden yoke, with golden yoke-bands fair 830  
 And Juno, all on fire to join the fray,  
 Beneath the yoke the flying couriers led

Pallas, the child of eagle-bearing Jove  
 Within her father's unresol'd dropp'd her veil,  
 Of airy texture, work of her own hands,  
 The coursers donn'd of cloud-compelling Jove,  
 And soon accounted for the bloody fray  
 Her tassell'd eagle round her shoulders met  
 She thrav, with Terror circled all around,  
 And on its race were figur'd deeds of arms, 840  
 And Strife, and Courage high, and panic Rout,  
 There too a Gorgon's head, of monstrous size,  
 Frown'd terrible, portent of angry Jove  
 And on her head a golden helm she plac'd,  
 Four crested, double-peak'd, whose ample verge  
 A hundred cities champions might suffice  
 Her nery car she mount'd in her hand  
 A spear she bore long, weighty, tough, wherewith  
 The mighty daughter of a mighty sire

Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues. 850

Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds,  
Northwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide  
Spontaneous open'd guarded by the Hours,  
Who Heav'n and high Olympus have on charge  
To roll aside, or drive the veil of cloud  
Through these th' excited horses held their way  
They found the son of Saturn, from the Gods  
Sitting apart, upon the highest crest  
Of many ridg'd Olympus, there arriv'd,  
The white arm'd Goddess Juno stay'd her steeds, 860  
And thus address'd the Sov'reign Lord of Heav'n

O Father Jove! canst thou behold unmov'd  
The violence of Mars? how many Greeks,  
Reckless and uncontroll'd, he hath destroy'd,  
To me a source of bitter grief—meanwhile  
Venus and Phœbus of the silver bow  
Look on, well pleas'd who sent this madman forth,  
To whom both law and justice are unknown  
Say, Father Jove, shall I thine anger move,  
If with disgrace I drive him from the field? ' 870

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
'Go, send against him Pallas, she I know,  
Hath oft inflicted on him grievous pain

He said the white arm'd Queen with joy obey'd  
She urg'd her horses, nothing loth they flew  
Midway between the earth and starry Heav'n  
Far as his sight extends, who from on high  
Looks from his watch tower o'er the dark blue sea,  
So far it o'ere the neighing horses bound  
But when to Troy they came, beside the streams 880  
Where Simois and Scamander's waters meet,  
The white arm'd Goddess stay'd her flying steeds,  
Loos'd from the cur and veil'd in densest cloud  
For them, at bidding of the river God,  
Ambrosial forage grew the Goddesses—  
Swift as the wild wood pigeon's rapid flight,  
Sped to the battle field to aid the Greeks  
But when they reach'd the thickest of the fray,  
Where throng'd around the might of Diomed  
The bravest and the best, as lions surge, 890  
Or forest boars the mightiest of their kind,  
There stood the white arm'd Queen and call'd aloud,

In form of Stentor, of the brazen voice,  
 Whose shout was as the shout of fifty men  
 'Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards! brave alone  
 In outward semblance, while Achilles yet  
 Went forth to battle, from the Dardan gates  
 The Trojans never ventur'd to advance,  
 So dreaded they his pond'rous spear, but now  
 Far from the walls, beside your ships, they fight" 900

She said her words their drooping courage rous'd  
 Meanwhile the blue ey'd Pallas went in haste  
 In search of Tydeus' son, beside his car  
 She found the King, in act to cool the wound  
 Inflicted by the shaft of Pandarus  
 Beneath his shield's broad belt the clogging sweat  
 Oppress'd him, and his arm was faint with toil,  
 The belt was luted up, and from the wound  
 He wip'd the clotted blood beside the car  
 The Goddess stood, and touch'd the yoke, and said. 910

"Little like Tydeus' self is Tydeus' son  
 Low was his stature, but his spirit was high  
 And ev'n when I from combat rashly wag'd  
 Would fain have kept him back, what time in Thebes  
 He found himself, an envoy and alone,  
 Without support, among the Thebans all,  
 I counsell'd him in peace to share the feast  
 But by his own impetuous courage led,  
 He challeng'd all the Thebans to contend  
 With him in wrestling, and o'erthrew them all 920  
 With ease, so mighty was the aid I gave  
 Thee now I stand beside, and guard from harm,  
 And bud thee bulwark with the Trojans fight  
 But, if the labours of the battle-field  
 O'ertask thy limbs, or heartless fear restrain,  
 No issue then of valiant Tydeus' loins"

Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed  
 'I know thee, Goddess, who thou art, the child  
 Of ægis-bearing Jove to thee my mind  
 I freely speak, nor aught will I conceal 930  
 Nor hear thee say, nor hear thee say  
 Restrain me, but I bear thy words in mind,  
 With other of th' Immortals not to fight  
 But should Jove's daughter, Venus, dare the fray,  
 At her I need not shun to throw my spear

As if nine thousand or ten thousand men  
Should simultaneous raise their battle-cry  
Trojans and Greeks alike in terror heard, 980

Trembling, so fearful was the cry of Mars,  
As black with clouds appears the darken'd air,  
When after heat the blast'ring winds arise,  
So Mars to valiant Diomed appear'd,  
As in thick clouds he took his heav'nward flight  
With speed he came to great Olympus' heights,  
Th' abode of Gods, and sitting by the throne  
Of Saturn's son, with anguish torn, he show'd  
The immortal stream that trickled from the wound, 990  
And thus to Jove his piteous words address'd

' O Father Jove canst thou behold unmov'd  
These acts of violence? the greatest ills  
We Gods endure, we ead to other owe  
Who still in human quarrels interpose  
Of thee we all complain, thy senseless child  
Is ever on some evil deed intent

The other Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
Are all to thee obedient and submissive,  
But thy pernicious daughter, nor by word 1000  
Nor deed dost thou restrain, who now excites  
Th' o'erbearing son of Teucus, Diomed,  
Upon th' immortal Gods to vent his rage  
Venus of late he wounded in the wrist,  
And, as a God, but now encounter'd me  
Barely I 'scap'd by swiftness of my feet,  
Ere, 'mid a ghastly heap of corpses slain,  
In anguish had I lain, and, if alive,  
Yet liv'd disabled by his weapon's stroke "

Whom answer'd thus the Cloud-compeller, Jove, 1010  
With look indignant ' Come no more to me,  
Thou wav'ring runccoat, with thy whining pray'rs  
Of all the Gods who on Olympus dwell  
I hate thee most, for thou delight'st in nought  
But strife and war, thou hast inherited  
Thy mother, Juno's, proud, unbending mood,  
Whom I can scarce control, and thou methinks  
To her suggestions on st thy present plight  
Yet since thou art my offspring, and to me  
Thy mother be it thee, I must not permit 1020  
That thou shouldst long be doom'd to suffer pain,

## BOOK VI

### ARGUMENT

THE battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy and recommends it to Hertha to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva, she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to bid at Paris and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache and Paris having armed himself in the meantime comes up with Hector at the close of it when they walk from the gate to ether.

THE Gods had left the field, and o'er the plain  
Hither and thither surg'd the tide of war,  
As couch'd th' opposing chiefs their brass upp'd spears,  
Midway 'twixt Simois and Scamander's streams

First through the Trojan phalanx broke his way  
The son of Telamon, the prop of Greece,  
The mighty Ajax, on his friends the light  
Of triumph shedding, as Eusebius' son  
He smote, the noblest of the Thracian bands.  
Valiant and strong, the gallant Acamas 15  
Full in the front, beneath the plumed helm,  
The sharp spear struck, and crashing through the bone,  
The warrior's eyes were clos'd in endless night.

Next valiant Diomed Arvylus slew,  
The son of Teuthraes, who had his home  
In fair Arisba, rich in substance he,  
And lov'd of all, for, dwelling near the road,  
He op'd to all his hospitable gate,  
But none of all he entertain'd was there  
To ward aside the bitter doom of death 20  
There fell they both, he and his charioteer,  
Calesus, who athwart the battle field  
His chariot drove, one fate o'ertook them both

Then Drius and Opheltius of their arms  
Euryalus despoil'd, his hot pursuit  
Æsepus next, and Pedaneus assai'd,  
Brothers, whom Abarbarea, Naiad nymph,

To bold Eucolion bore, Eucolion, son  
Of great Laomedon, his eldest born,  
Though bastard he upon the mountain side,  
On which his flocks he tended, met the nymph,  
And of their secret loves twin sons were born,  
Whom now at once Euryalus of strength  
And life depriv'd, and of their armour stripp'd

30

By Polypestes' hand, in battle strong,  
Was slain Astyalus, Pirdates fell  
Chief of Percote, by Ulysses' spear,  
And Teucer godlike Arcton slew  
Antiochus, the son of Nestor, smote  
With gleaming lance Ablerus, Elatus  
By Agamemnon, King of men, was slain,  
Who dwelt by Satnæa widely flowing stream,  
Upon the lofty heights of Pedæus  
By Lestus was Phylarcus in flight  
O'erthrown Eurypylus Melanthus shew

40

Then Menelaus, good in battle, took  
Adrastus captive, for his horses, scar'd  
And rushing wildly o'er the plain, amid  
The tangled tamarisk scrub his chariot broke,  
Snapping the pole, they with the flying crowd  
Held city-ward their course, he from the car  
Hurl'd headlong, prostrate lay beside the wheel,  
Prone on his face in dust, and at his side,  
Poising his mighty spear, Atreides stood  
Adrastus clasp'd his knees, and suppliant cried,  
" Spare me, great son of Atreus! for my life  
Accept a price, my wealthy father's house  
A goodly store contains of brass, and gold,  
And well wrought iron, and of these he four  
Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear  
That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd "

50

60

His words to pity mov'd the victor's breast,  
Then had he bade his followers to the ships  
The captive bear, but running up in haste,  
Thus Agamemnon cried in stern rebuke,

" Soft hearted Menelaus, why of life  
So tender? Hath thy house receiv'd indeed  
Nothing but benefits at Trojan hands?  
Of that abhorred race, let not a man  
Escape the deadly vengeance of our arms,

70

So she have pity on the Trojan state,  
 Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away  
 The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,  
 The Minister of Terror, bravest he,  
 In my esteem, of all the Grecian chiefs,  
 For not Achilles' self, the prince of men,  
 Though Goddess-born, such dread inspir'd, so fierce 120  
 His rage, and with his prowess none may vie "

He said, nor uncomplying, Hector heard  
 His brother's counsel, from his ear he leap'd  
 In arms upon the plain, and brandish'd high  
 His jav'line keen, and moving to and fro  
 The troops encourag'd, and restor'd the fight  
 Rallying they turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks  
 These ceas'd from slaughter, and in turn gave way,  
 Deeming that from the stars Heav'n some God  
 Had to the rescue come, so fierce they turn'd 130  
 Then to the Trojans Hector call'd aloud

" Ye valiant Trojans, and renown'd Allies,  
 Quit you like men, remember now, brave friends,  
 Your wonted valour I to them go  
 To bid our wives and reverend Elders raise  
 To Heav'n their pray'rs, with vows of hecatombs "

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm  
 Turn'd to depart, and as he mov'd along,  
 The black bull's hide his neck and ankles smote,  
 The outer circle of his bossy shield 140

Then Tydeus' son, and Glaucus, in the midst,  
 Son of Hippolochus, stood forth to fight,  
 But when they near were met, to Glaucus first  
 The shant Diomed his speech address'd

" Who art thou, boldest man of mortal birth?  
 For in the glorious conflict heretofore  
 I ne'er have seen thee but in daring now  
 Thou far surpassest all, who hast not fear'd  
 To face my spear, of most unhappy sire  
 The children they, who my encounter meet 150  
 But it from Heav'n thou com'st, and art indeed  
 A God, I fight not with the heavenly powers  
 Not long did Deïas son, Laertus' beave,  
 Survive, who dar'd th' Immortals to defy  
 He, 'mid their frantic orgies, in the groves  
 Of lovely Nyssa, put to shameful rout

The youthful Bacchus' nurses, they, in fear,  
 Dropp'd each her thyrsus, scatter'd by the hand  
 Of fierce Lycurgus, with an ox goad arm'd  
 Bacchus himself beneath the ocean wave  
 In terror plung'd, and, trembling, refuge found  
 In Thetis' bosom from a mortal's threats  
 The Gods indignant saw, and Saturn's son  
 Smote him with blindness, nor surviv'd he long,  
 Hated alike by all th' immortal Gods  
 I dare not then the blessed Gods oppose,  
 But be thou mortal, and the fruits of earth  
 Thy food, approach, and quickly meet thy doom."

160

To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied  
 "Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquire?"

170

The race of man is as the race of leaves  
 Of leaves, one generation by the wind  
 Is scatter'd on the earth, another soon  
 In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light  
 So with our race, these flourish, those decay  
 But if thou wouldst in truth enquire and learn  
 The race I spring from, not unknown of men,  
 There is a city, in the deep recess  
 Of pastoral Argos, Ephyre by name  
 There Sisyphus of old his dwelling had,  
 Of mortal men the craftiest, Sisyphus,  
 The son of Æolus, to him was born  
 Glaucus, and Glaucus in his turn begot  
 Bellerophon, on whom the Gods bestow'd  
 The gifts of beauty and of manly grace  
 But Proetus sought his death, and, mightier far,  
 From all the coasts of Argos drove him forth,  
 To Proetus subjected by Jove's decree  
 For him the monarch's wife, Antea, nurs'd  
 A madd'ning passion, and to guilty love  
 Would fain have tempted him, but fail'd to move  
 The upright soul of chaste Bellerophon  
 With lying words she then address'd the King  
 'Die, Proetus, thou, or slay Bellerophon,  
 Who basely sought my honour to assail'  
 The King with anger listen'd to her words,  
 Slay him he would not, that his soul abhorc'd,  
 But to the father of his wife, the King  
 Of Lycia, sent him forth, with tokens charg'd

180

190

Of cure import, on fold'd tablets trac'd, 200  
 Pours ung the monarch's mind, to work his death  
 To Lycia, guarded by the Gods, he went,  
 But when he came to Lycia, and the stream,  
 Of Xanthus, there with hospitable rites  
 The King of wide-spread Lycia welcom'd him  
 Nine days he feasted him, nine even slew,  
 But with the tenth return of rosy morn  
 He question'd him and for the tokens ask'd  
 He from his son in law, from Priamus, bore 210  
 The tokens' fatal import understood,  
 He bade him first the dread Chamaera slay,  
 A monster, sent from Heav'n, not human born,  
 With head of lion, and a serpent's tail,  
 And body of a goat, and from her mouth  
 There issued flames of fiercely burning fire  
 Yet her, confiding in the Gods, he slew  
 Next with the valiant Solymus he fought,  
 The fiercest fight that e'er he undertook  
 Thurdly, the women warriors he o'erthrew,  
 The Amazons, from whom returning home, 220  
 The King another stratagem devis'd,  
 For, choosing out the best of Lycia's sons,  
 He set an ambush, they return'd not home,  
 For all by brave Bellerophon were slain  
 But, by his valour when the King perceiv'd  
 His heav'nly birth, he entertain'd him well,  
 Gave him his daughter, and with her the half  
 Of all his royal honours he bestow'd  
 A portion too the Lycians meted out,  
 Fertile in corn and wine, of all the state 230  
 The choicest land, to be his heritage  
 Three children there to brave Bellerophon  
 Were born Isander, and Hippolochus,  
 Laodamia last, belov'd of Jove,  
 The Lord of counsel, and to him she bore  
 Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helm  
 Bellerophon at length the wrath incur'd  
 Of all the Gods, and to th' Alean plain  
 Alone he wander'd, there he wore away  
 His soul, and shunn'd the busy haunts of men 240  
 Insatiate Mars his son Isander slew  
 In battle with the valiant Solymus

His daughter perish'd by Diana's wrath  
 I from Hippolochus my birth derive  
 To Troy he sent me, and enjoin'd me oft  
 To aim at highest honours, and surpass  
 My comrades all no on my father's name  
 Discreet bring who held the foremost place  
 In Ephyre, and Lycia's wide domain  
 Such is my race, and such the blood I boast

230

He said and Dione's rejoicing heard  
 His spear he plac'd in the fruitful ground,  
 And taun'd with friendly words the chief address'd

By ancient ties of friendship are we bound  
 For godlike Ceneus in his house receiv'd  
 For twenty days the brave Bellerophon,  
 They made a gift of friendship interchang'd  
 A belt, with crimson glowing, Ceneus gave  
 Bellerophon a double cup of gold,  
 Which in my house I left when here I came

260

Of Teuclius no remembrance I retain,  
 For yet a child he left me, when he fell  
 With his Achæans at the gate of Thebes  
 So I in Argos am thy friendly host,  
 Thou mine in Lycia, when I thither come  
 Then shun we, ev'n amid the thickest fight,  
 Each other's lance, enough there are for me  
 Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,  
 As Heav'n may aid me, and my speed of foot,  
 And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,  
 It so indeed thou canst, but let us now  
 Our armour interchange, that these may know  
 What friendly bonds of old our houses join'd  
 Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car  
 Clasp'd hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith  
 Then Glaukus of his judgment Jove depriv'd,  
 His armour interchanging, gold for brass,  
 A hundred oxen's worth for that of nine

270

Meanwhile, when Hector reach'd the oak beside  
 The Scaean gate, around him throng'd the wives  
 Of Troy, and daughters, anxious to enquire  
 The fate of children, brothers, husband, friends,  
 He to the Gods exhort'd all to pray,  
 For deep the sorrow that o'er many hung  
 But when to Priam's splendid house he came,

280

With polish'd corridors adorn'd—within  
 Were fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,  
 Plac'd each by other, there the fifty sons  
 Of Priam with their wedded wives repos'd,  
 On th' other side, within the court were built 290  
 Twelve chambers, near the roof, of polish'd stone,  
 Plac'd each by other, there the sons in law  
 Of Priam with their spouses chaste repos'd,  
 To meet him there his tender mother came,  
 And with her led the young Laodice,  
 Fairest of all her daughters, clasping then  
 His hand, she thus address'd him "Why, my son,  
 Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?  
 Are Trojans by those hateful sons of Greece,  
 Fighting around the city, sorely press'd? 300  
 And com'st thou, by thy spirit mov'd, to raise,  
 Oe Ilium's heights, thy hands in prayer to Jove?  
 But tarry till I bring the luscious wine,  
 That first to Jove, and to th' Immortals all,  
 Thou mayst thine off'ring pour, then with the draught  
 Thyself thou mayst refresh, for great the strength  
 Which gen'rous wine imparts to men who toil,  
 As thou hast toil'd, thy comrades to protect "

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
 "No, not for me, mine honour'd mother, pour 310  
 The luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs,  
 And make me all my wonted prowess lose  
 The ruddy wine I dare not pour to Jove  
 With hands unwash'd, nor to the cloud girt son  
 Of Saturn may the voice of prayer ascend  
 From one with blood bespatter'd and defil'd  
 Thou, with the elder women, seek the shrine  
 Of Pallas, bring your gifts, and on the knees  
 Of fair-hair'd Pallas place the fairest robe  
 In all the house, the amplest, best esteem'd, 320  
 And at her altar vow to sacrifice  
 Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad,  
 So she have pity on the Trojan state,  
 Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away  
 The fery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,  
 The Minister of Terror, to the shrine  
 Of Pallas thou, to Paris I, to call  
 If haply he will hear, would that the earth

Would gape and swallow him' for great the curse  
That Jove through him hath brought on men of Troy, 330  
On noble Priam, and on Priam's sons.

Could I but know that he were in his grave,  
Methinks my sorrow I could half forget "

He said she, to the house returning, sent  
Th' attendants through the city, to collect  
The train of aged suppliants, she meanwhile  
Her fragrant chamber sought, wherein were stor'd  
Rich garments, by Sidonian women work'd,  
Whom godlike Paris had from Sidon brought,  
Sailing the broad sea o'er, the selfsame path 340  
By which the high born Helen he convey'd  
On the-e, the richest in embroidery,  
The amplest, and the brightest, as a star  
Refulgent, plac'd with care beneath the rest,  
The Queen her offering bore to Pallas' shrine  
She went, and with her many an ancient dame  
But when the shrine they reach'd on Ilum's height,  
Theano, fair of face, the gates unlock'd,  
Daughter of Cisseus, sage Antenor's wife,  
By Trojan's nam'd at Pallas' shrine to serve 350  
They with deep moans to Pallas rais'd their hands,  
But fair Theano took the robe, and plac'd  
On Pallas' knees, and to the heav'nly Maid,  
Daughter of Jove, she thus address'd her pray'r  
" Guardian of cities, Pallas, awful Queen,  
Goddess of Goddesses, break thou the spear  
Of Tides' son, and grant that he himself  
Prostrate before the Scæan gates may fall,  
So at thine altar will we sacrifice

Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad, 360  
If thou have pity on the state of Troy,  
The wives of Trojans, and their helpless babes "

Thus she, but Pallas answer'd not her pray'r  
While thus they call'd upon the heav'nly Maid,  
Hector to Paris' mansion bent his way,  
A noble structure, which himself had built  
Aided by all the best artificers  
Who in the fertile realm of Troy were known,  
With chambers, hall, and court, on Ilum's height,  
Near to where Priam's self and Hector dwell 370  
There enter'd Hector, well belov'd of Jove,

And in his hand his pond'rous spear he bore,  
 Twelve cubits long, bright flash'd the weapon's point  
 Of polish'd brass, with circling hoop of gold  
 There in his chamber found he whom he sought,  
 About his armour busied, polishing  
 His shield, his breastplate, and his bended bow  
 While Argive Helen, mid her maidens plac'd,  
 The skilful labours of their hands o'erlook'd  
 To him thus Hector with reproachful words,

380

Thou dost not well thine anger to indulge,  
 In battle round the city's lofty wall  
 The people fast are falling, thou the cause  
 That fiercely thus around the city burns  
 The flame of war and battle, and thyself  
 Wouldest others blame, who from the fight should shrink  
 Up, ere the town be wrapp'd in hostile fires

To whom in answer godlike Paris thus

Hector, I own not causeless thy rebuke,  
 Yet will I speak, hear thou and understand,  
 'Twas less from anger with the Trojan host,  
 And fierce resentment that I here remain'd,  
 Than that I sought my sorrow to indulge,  
 Yet hath my wife, ev' now, with soothing words  
 Urg'd me to join the battle: so I own,

390

Twere best, and Victory changes oft her side  
 Then stay, while I my armour don, or thou  
 Go first: I, following, will o'ertake thee soon

He said: but Hector of the glancing helm  
 Made answer none, then thus with gentle tones

400

Helen accosted him: Dear brother mine,  
 (Of me degraded, sorrow-bringing, vile!)  
 Oh that the day my mother gave me birth  
 Some storm had on the mountains cast me forth!  
 Or that the many-dashing ocean's waves  
 Had swept me off, ere all this woe were wrought!  
 Yet if these evils were of Heaven's ord'ning  
 Would that a better man had call'd me wife,  
 A sounder judge of honour and disgrace

For he, thou know'st no firmness hath of mind,  
 Nor ever will, a want he well may rue  
 But come thou in, and rest thee here a while,  
 Dear brother, on this couch: for travail sore  
 Encompasseth thy soul, by me unpos'd,

410

Degraded as I am, and Paris' guilt,  
On whom this burthen Heav'n hath laid, that shame  
On both our names through years to come shall rest'

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
"Though lind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not  
To sit or rest, I cannot yield to thee 420  
Far to the succour of our friends I haste,  
Who feel my loss, and sorely need my aid  
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,  
That he may find me still within the walls  
For I too homeward go, to see once more  
My household, and my wife, and infant child  
For whether I may e'er again return,  
I know not or if Heav'n have so decreed,  
That I this day by Grecian hands should fall"

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm 430  
Turn'd to depart, with rapid step he reach'd  
His own well furnish'd house but found not there  
His white arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache  
She with her infant child and maid the while  
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,  
On Ilum's topmost tower but when her Lord  
Found not within the house his peerless wife,  
Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spoke  
"Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way  
Your mistress went, the fair Andromache, 440  
Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives?  
Or to the temple where the fair hair'd dames  
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name?"

To whom the matron of his house replied  
"Hector, if truly we must answer thee,  
Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives,  
Nor to the temple where the fair hair'd dames  
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name,  
But to the height of Ilum's topmost tow'r  
Andromache is gone, since tidings came 450  
The Trojan force was overmatch'd, and great  
The Grecian strength, whereat, like one distract,  
She hurried to the walls, and with her took,  
Born in the nurse's arms, her infant child"

So spoke the ancient dame and Hector straight  
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd  
But when at last the mighty city's length

Was travers'd, and the Scæan gates were reach'd  
 Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste  
 Running to meet him came his piteous wife, 460  
 Ecton's daughter, fair Andromache,  
 Lelion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,  
 Thebes, at the foot of Pliacos' wooded heights  
 His child to Hector of the brazen helm  
 Was giv'n in marriage she it was who now  
 Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,  
 Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,  
 Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star,  
 Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest 470  
 Astyanax, in honour of his sire,  
 The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy  
 Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd  
 But at his side Andromache, in tears,  
 Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd  
 "Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy door  
 Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,  
 Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon  
 For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd  
 Assault and slay for me, 'twere better far,  
 Of thee bereft, to be beneath the sod, 480  
 Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,  
 But endless grief, to me nor sore is left,  
 Nor honour'd mother, fell Achilles' hand  
 My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms  
 The populous city of Cilicia raz'd,  
 The lofty gated Thebes, he slew indeed,  
 But stripp'd him not, he reverenc'd the dead,  
 And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,  
 A mound erected, and the mountain nymphs,  
 The progeny of æg's bearing Jove, 490  
 Planted around his tomb a grove of elms  
 There were ev'n brethren in my father's house,  
 All in one day they fell, amid their herds  
 And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand  
 My mother, Queen of Pliacos' wooded height,  
 Brought with the captives here he soon releas'd  
 For costly ransom, but by Diis's shafts  
 She, in her father's house, was stricken down  
 But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,  
 Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love! 500

Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,  
 Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife  
 A hapless widow, by the fig-tree here  
 Array thy troops, for here the city wall,  
 Easiest of access, most invites assault  
 Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,  
 The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,  
 Th' Atreidæ both, and Tydeus' warlike son,  
 Or by the prompting of some Heav'n taught seer,  
 Or by their own advent'rous courage led " 510

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
 " Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these  
 My heart has ne'er been wrung, but I should blush  
 To face the men and long rob'd dames of Troy,  
 If, like a coward, I could shun the fight  
 Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth  
 So far forget, whose boast it still has been  
 In the fore-front of battle to be found,  
 Charg'd with my father's glory and mine own  
 Yet in my inmost soul too well I know, 520  
 The day must come when this our sacred Troy,  
 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,  
 Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.  
 But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,  
 Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,  
 Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,  
 By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,  
 So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,  
 Thy days of freedom lost, and led away  
 A weeping captive by some brass clad Greek, 530  
 Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,  
 Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw  
 From Hyperæa's or Messæa's fount,  
 Heart wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd  
 Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,  
 ' Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought  
 On plains of Troy, was Ilum's bravest chief'  
 Thus may they speak, and thus thy grief renew  
 For loss of him, who might have been thy shield  
 To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour 540  
 Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd  
 To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away! "

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms

To take his child, but back the infant shrink,  
 Crying, and sought his nurse's sheltering breast,  
 Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,  
 That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest  
 Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow  
 Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,  
 All glitt'ring on the ground, then kiss'd his child, 550  
 And danc'd him in his arms, then thus to Jove  
 And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r  
 " Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son  
 May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,  
 For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King,  
 That men may say, ' This youth surpasses far  
 His father,' when they see him from the fight,  
 From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war  
 Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart! "

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd 560  
 his child, she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,  
 smiling through tears, with eyes of pitying love  
 Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus  
 address'd her — ' Dearest, wring not thus my heart!  
 or till my day of destiny is come,

no man may take my life, and when it comes,  
 for brave nor coward can escape that day  
 But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,  
 The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids  
 Their sever'd tasks, and leave to men of Troy 570  
 And, chief of all to me, the toils of war! "

Thus as he spoke, his horsehair plumed helm  
 Great Hector took, and homeward turn'd his wife  
 With falt'ring steps, and shedding scalding tears  
 Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well built house,  
 Her maidens press'd around her, and in all  
 Arose at once the sympathetic grief  
 For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,  
 Deeming he never would again return,  
 Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd 580

Nor linger'd Paris in his lofty halls,  
 But donn'd his armour, glitt'ring o'er with brass,  
 And through the city pass'd with bounding steps  
 As some proud steed, at well fill'd manger fed,  
 His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain,  
 And revels in the widely flowing stream

To bathe his sides, then to ung high his head,  
 While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,  
 Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,  
 To the wide pastures of the meads he flies, 590  
 So Paris, Priam's son from Ilium's height,  
 His bright arms flashing like the gorgeous sun,  
 Hasten'd, with boastful mien, and rapid step  
 Hector he found, as from the spot he turn'd  
 Where with his wife he late had converse held,  
 Whom thus the godlike Paris first address'd  
 ' Too long, good brother, art thou here detain'd,  
 Impatient for the fight, by my delay,  
 Nor have I timely, as thou hadst me, come ' 600  
 To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
 ' My gallant brother, none who think aught  
 Can cavil at thy prowess in the field,  
 For thou art very valiant, but thy will  
 Is weak and sluggish, and it grieves my heart,  
 When from the Trojans, who in thy behalf  
 Such labours undergo, I hear thy name  
 Coupled with foul reproach! But go we now!  
 Henceforth shall all be well, if Jove permit  
 That from our shores we chase th' invading Greeks,  
 And to the ever living Gods of Heav'n 610  
 In peaceful homes our free libations pour "



Give to the Greeks? since pitiless thou see'st  
 The Trojans slaughter'd? Be advis'd by me,  
 For so 'twere better, cause we for to day  
 The rage of battle and of war to cease,  
 To-morrow morn shall see the fight renew'd,  
 Until the close of Ilium's destiny,  
 For so ye Goddesses have wrought your will,  
 That this fair city should in ruin fall "

40

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess thus replied  
 " So be it, Archer King, with like intent  
 I from Olympus came but say, what means  
 Wilt thou devise to bid the conflict cease? "

To whom Apollo, royal son of Jove  
 " The might of valiant Hector let us move  
 To challenge to the combat, man to man,  
 Some Grecian warrior, while the brass clad Greeks  
 Their champion urge the challenge to accept,  
 And godlike Hector meet in single fight "

50

He said, nor did Minerva not assent,  
 But Helenus, the son of Priam, knew  
 The secret counsel by the Gods devis'd,  
 And drawing near to Hector, thus he spoke  
 " Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove  
 In council hearken to a brother's words.  
 Bid that the Greeks and Trojans all sit down,  
 And thou defy the boldest of the Greeks  
 With thee in single combat to contend,  
 By revelation from th' eternal Gods,  
 I know that here thou shalt not meet thy fate "

60

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words,  
 Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear  
 Grasp'd in the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks  
 With one accord they sat, on th' other side  
 Atreides bade the well-greav'd Greeks sit down,  
 While, in the likeness of two vultures, sat  
 On the tall oak of ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Pallas, and Phœbus of the silver bow,  
 With heroes' deeds delighted, dense around  
 Bostled the ranks, with shield, and helm, and spear  
 As when the west wind freshly blows, and brings  
 A dark'ning ripple o'er the ocean waves,  
 Ev'n so appear'd upon the plain the ranks  
 Of Greeks and Trojans, standing in the midst,

70

Thus to both armies noble Hector spoke:

"Hear, all ye Trojans, and ye well greiv'd Greeks,  
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul  
It hath not pleas'd high thron'd Saturnian Jove  
To ratify our truce, who both afflicts 80  
With labours hard, till either ye shall take  
Our well fenc'd city, or yourselves to us  
Succumb beside your ocean going ships  
Here have ye all the chiefest men of Greece,  
Of all, let him who dares with me to fight,  
Stand forth, and godlike Hector's might confront  
And this I say, and call to witness Jove,  
If with the sharp edg'd spear he vanquish me,  
He shall strip off, and to the hollow ships  
In triumph bear my armour, but my corpse 90  
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy  
May deck with honours due my funeral pyre  
But, by Apollo's grace should I prevail,  
I will his arms strip off and bear to Troy,  
And in Apollo's temple hang on high,  
But to the ships his corpse I will restore,  
That so the long hair'd Greeks with solemn rites  
May bury him, and to his mem'ry raise  
By the broad Hellespont a lofty tomb,  
And men in days to come shall say, who urge 100  
Their full oar'd bark across the dark-blue sea,  
'Lo there a warrior's tomb of days gone by,  
A mighty chief, whom glorious Hector slew.'  
Thus shall they say, and thus my fame shall live."

Thus Hector spoke, they all in silence heard,  
Sham'd to refuse, but fearful to accept  
At length in anger Menelaus rose,  
Groaning in spirit, and with bitter words  
Reproach'd them "Shame, ye braggart cowards, shame!  
Women of Greece! I cannot call you men!" 110  
"Twere foul disgrace indeed, and scorn on scorn,  
If Hector's challenge none of all the Greeks  
Should dare accept, to dust and water turn  
All ye who here inglorious, heartless sit!  
I will myself confront him, for success,  
Th' immortal Gods above the issues hold."

Thus as he spoke, he donn'd his dazzling arms.  
Then, Menelaus, had thine end approach'd

By Hector's hands, so much the stronger he,  
 Had not the King withheld thee and restrain'd 120  
 Great Agamemnon's self, wide ruling King,  
 Seizing his hand, address'd him thus by name  
 "What! Heav'n born Menelaus, art thou mad?  
 Becomes thee not such talk, curb thy wrath,  
 Though vex'd, nor think with Hector to contend,  
 Thy better far, inspiring dread in all  
 From his encounter in the glorious fight,  
 Superior far to thee, Achilles shrinks,  
 But thou amid thy comrades ranks retire,  
 Some other champion will the Greeks provide, 130  
 And, fearless as he is, and of the fight  
 Imbued, yet will Hector, should he scape  
 Unwounded from the deadly battle strife,  
 Be fain methinks, to rest his weary limbs."

He said, and with judicious counsel sway'd  
 His brother's mind, he yielded to his words,  
 And gladly his attendants doff'd his arms

Then Nestor rose, and thus address'd the Greeks  
 'Alas, alas! what shame is this for Greece!  
 What grief would fill the aged Peleus' soul, 140  
 Sage chief in council, of the Myrmidons  
 Leader approv'd, who often in his house  
 Would question me, and lov'd from me to hear  
 Of all the Greeks the race and pedigree,  
 Could he but learn how Hector cow'd them all!  
 He to the Gods with hands uprais'd would pray  
 His soul might from his body be divorc'd,  
 And sink beneath the earth! Oh would to Jove,  
 To Pallas and Apollo, such were now 150  
 My vigorous youth, as when beside the banks  
 Of swiftly flowing Celadon, the men  
 Of Pylus with th' Arcadian spearmen fought,  
 By Phœbe's walls, around Iardanus streams  
 Then from the ranks, in likeness as a God,  
 Advanc'd their champion, Ereuthalion bold  
 The arms of Atreus he wore  
 Or godlike Arethous, whom men  
 And richly-girdled women had surnam'd  
 The Macebearer, for not with sword or bow  
 He went to fight, but with an iron mace 160  
 Broke through the squadrons when Lycurgus slew,

By stealth, not brav'ry, in a narrow way,  
 Where nought avail'd his iron mace from death  
 To save him, for Lycurgus, with his spear,  
 Preventing, thrust him through the midst, he fell  
 Prostrate, and from his breast the victor strapp'd  
 His armour off, the gift of brass clad Mars,  
 And in the tug of war he wore it oft,  
 But when Lycurgus felt th' approach of age,  
 He to his faithful follower and friend, 170  
 To Ereuthalion gave it, therewith arm'd,  
 He now to combat challeng'd all the chiefs  
 None dar'd accept, for fear had fall'n on all,  
 'Then I with dauntless spirit his might oppos'd,  
 The youngest of them all, with him I fought,  
 And Pallas gave the victory to my arm  
 Him there I slew, the tallest, strongest man,  
 For many another there beside him lay  
 Would that my youth and strength were now the same,  
 Then soon should Hector of the glancing helm 180  
 A willing champion find, but ye, of Greece  
 The foremost men, with Hector fear to fight."

The old man spoke reproachful, at his words  
 Up rose nine warriors far before the rest,  
 The monarch Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Next Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,  
 The two Ajaces, cloth'd with courage high,  
 Idomeneus, and of Idomeneus  
 The faithful follower, brave Meriones,  
 Fyand in fight to blood stain'd Mars, with these 190  
 Eurypylus, Euamón's noble son,  
 Thoas, Andramon's son, Ulysses last  
 These all with Hector offer'd to contend  
 Then thus again Gerenian Nestor spoke  
 "Shake then the lot, on whomsoever it fall,  
 Great profit shall he bring to Grecian arms,  
 Great glory to himself, if he escape  
 Unwounded from the deadly battle strife"  
 He said each mark'd his sev'ral lot, and all  
 Together threw in Agamemnon's helm 200  
 The crowd, with hands uplifted, pray'd the Gods,  
 And looking heav'nward, said, "Grant, Father Jove,  
 The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son,  
 Or on Mycenæ's wealthy King may fall."

Thus, they then aged Nestor shook the helm,  
 And forth, according to their wish, was thrown  
 The lot of Ajax, then from left to right  
 A herald shov'd to all the chiefs of Greece,  
 In turn, the tokens, then who knew it not,  
 Declam'd it all, but when to him that came 210  
 Who mark'd, and threw it in Atrides' helm,  
 The noble Ajax, he his hand put forth,  
 And standing near he seiz'd it, straight he knev'  
 The token, and rejoic'd, before his feet  
 He threw it down upon the ground, and said,  
 "O friends, the lot is mine, great is my joy,  
 And hope o'er godlike Hector to prevail  
 But no, while I my warlike armour don,  
 Pray ye to Saturn's royal son, apart  
 In silence, that the Trojans hear ye not, 220  
 Or ev'n aloud, for nought have we to fear  
 No man against my will can make me fly,  
 Be greater force or skill, nor will, I hope,  
 My inexperience in the field disgrace  
 The teaching of my native Salamis."

Thus he, and they to Saturn's royal son  
 Address'd their prayers, and looking heav'nward, said  
 'O Father Jove, who rulest on Ida's height'  
 Most great! most glorious! grant that Ajax now  
 May gain the victory, and immortal praise, 230  
 Or if my love and pity Hector claim,  
 Give equal power and equal praise to both."

Ajax mean while in dazzling brass was clad,  
 And when his armour all was duly don'd,  
 Forward he mov'd, as when gigantic Mars  
 Leads nations forth to war, whom Saturn's son  
 In life-destroying conflict hath involv'd,  
 So mov'd the giant Ajax, prop of Greece,  
 With sternly smiling mien, with haughty stride  
 He trod the plain, and pois'd his pond'rous spear 240  
 The Greeks, rejoicing, on their champion gaz'd  
 The Trojans' limbs beneath them shook with fear,  
 Even Hector's heart beat quicker in his breast,  
 Yet quail he must not now, nor back retreat  
 'Mid his comrades—he, the challenger!  
 Ajax approach'd, before him, as a tower  
 His mighty shield he bore, ev'n fold, brass-bound,

The work of Tychus, best artificer  
That wrought in leather, he in Hyla dwelt  
Of sev'n fold hides the pond'rous shield was wrought 250  
Of lusty bulls, the eighth was glitt'ring brass  
Thus by the son of Telamon was borne  
Before his breast, to Hector close he came,  
And thus with words of haughty menace spoke

" Hector, I now shall teach thee, man to man,  
The mettle of the chiefs we yet possess,  
Although Achilles of the lion heart,  
Mighty in battle, be not with us still,  
He by his ocean going ships indeed 260  
Against Atrides nurses still his wrath,  
Yet are there those who dare encounter thee,  
And not a few, then now begin the fight "

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
" Ajax, brave leader, son of Telamon,  
Deal not with me as with a feeble child,  
Or woman, ign'rant of the ways of war,  
Of war and carnage every point I know,  
And well I know to wield, now right, now left,  
The tough bull's hide that forms my stubborn target 270  
Well know I too my fiery steeds to urge,  
And raise the war cry in the standing fight  
But not in secret ambush would I watch,  
To strike, by stealth, a noble foe like thee,  
But slay thee, if I may, in open fight "

He said, and, poised, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,  
The brazen cov'ring of the shield it struck,  
The outward fold, the eighth, above the sev'n  
Of tough bull's hide, through six it drove its way  
With stubborn force, but in the sev'nth was slay'd 280  
Then Ajax hurl'd in turn his pond'rous spear,  
And struck the circle true of Hector's shield  
Right through the glitt'ring shield the stout spear pass'd,  
And through the well wrought breastplate drove its way,  
And, underneath, the linen vest it tore,  
But Hector, stooping, shunn'd the stroke of death  
Withdrawing then their weapons, each on each  
They fell, like lions fierce, or rusk'd bears,  
In strength the mightiest of the forest beasts  
Then Hector fairly on the centre struck  
The stubborn shield, yet drove not through the spear,

For the stout brass the blunted point repell'd 291  
 But Ajax, with a forward bound, the shield  
 Of Hector pierc'd, right through the weapon pass'd,  
 Arrested with rude shock the warrior's course,  
 And graz'd his neck, that spouted forth the blood  
 Yet did not Hector of the glancing helm  
 Flinch from the contest stooping to the ground,  
 With his broad hand a ponderous stone he seiz'd,  
 That lay upon the plain dark jagg'd and huge,  
 And hurl'd against the set a fold shield, and struck 300  
 Full on the central boss loud rang the brass  
 Then Ajax rus'd a weightier mass of rock  
 And sent it whirling, giving to his arm  
 Unmeasur'd impulse, with a millstone's weight  
 It crush'd the buckler, Hector's knees gave way,  
 Backward he stagger'd, yet upon his shield  
 Sustain'd, till Phœbus rais'd him to his feet  
 Now had they hand to hand with swords engag'd,  
 Had not the messengers of Gods and men,  
 The heralds, interpos'd, the one for Troy, 310  
 The other umpire for the brass clad Greeks,  
 Talthylus and Idæus, well approv'd  
 Between the chiefs they held their wands, and thus  
 Idæus both with prudent speech address'd  
 "No more, brave youths! no longer wage the fight  
 To cloud compelling Jove ye both are dear,  
 Both valiant spearmen, that, we all have seen  
 Night is at hand, behoves us yield to night"  
 Whom answer'd thus the son of Telamon  
 "Idæus, bid that Hector speak those words 320  
 He challeng'd all our chiefs, let him begin  
 If he be willing, I shall not refuse"  
 To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
 "Ajax, since God hath giv'n thee size, and strength,  
 And skill, and with the spear, of all the Greeks  
 None is thine equal, cease we for to day  
 The fight, hereafter we may meet, and Heaven  
 Decide our cause, and one with victory crown  
 Night is at hand, behoves us yield to night  
 So by the ships shalt thou rejoice the Greeks, 330  
 And most of all, thy comrades and thy friends,  
 And so shall I, in Priam's royal town,  
 Rejoice the men of Troy, and long rob'd dames,

Who shall with grateful pray to the temples throng  
 But make we now an interchange of gifts,  
 That both the Trojans and the Greeks may say,  
 'On mortal quarrel did those warriors meet,  
 Yet parted thence in friendly bonds conjoin'd'

Thus said, a silver studded sword he gave,  
 With scabbard and with well cut belt complete  
 Ajax a girdle rich with crimson dye.

Thus parted, Ajax to the Grecian camp  
 And Hector to the ranks of Troy return'd  
 Great was the joy when him they saw approach  
 Alive and safe escap'd from Ajax' might  
 And arm invincible and toward the town  
 They led him back beyond their hope preserv'd,  
 While to strikes tent the well gear'd Greeks  
 Led Ajax glowing in his triumph gain'd

But when to Agamemnon's tents they came  
 The king of men to Saturn's royal son  
 A bullock slew a milk of five years old  
 The carcass then they flay'd and cutting up  
 Sever'd the joints then lying on the spits  
 Roasted with care and from the fire withdrew  
 Their labours ended and the feast prepar'd,  
 They shar'd the social meal nor lack'd there ought  
 To Ajax then the chorus continuous length  
 As honour's meed the mighty monarch gave

The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
 The aged Nestor first his mind disclos'd,  
 He who, before, the sagest counsel gave,  
 Now thus with prudent speech began, and said  
 'Atreides, and ye other chiefs of Greece,  
 Since many a long hair'd Greek hath fall'n in fight  
 Whose blood, beside Scanander's flowing stream,  
 Fierce Mars has shed, while to the viewless shades  
 Their spirits are gone, behoves thee with the morn  
 The warfare of the Greeks to intermit

Then we, with oxen and with mules, the dead  
 From all the plain will draw, and, from the ships  
 A little space remov'd, will burn with fire  
 That we, returning to our native land,  
 May to their children bear our comrades' bones  
 Then will we go and on the plain erect  
 Around the pyre one common mound for all,

Then quickly build before it lofty towers  
 To screen both ships and men, and in the towers  
 Make ample portals with well fitting gates,  
 That through the midst a certain way may pass  
 And a deep trench round it dig, to guard  
 Both men and chariots best on our defence.  
 The haughty Trojans should not hardly press.

380

He said, and all the kings his words approv'd  
 Meanwhile, on Ilion's height, at Priam's gate,  
 The Trojan chiefs a troubled council held,  
 Which opening thus the sage Antenor spoke.

Hear now ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,  
 The words I speak the promptings of my soul  
 Back to the sons of Atreus let us give

390

The Argive Helen, and the goods she brought  
 For now in breach of plighted faith we fight  
 Nor can I hope, unless to me you yield

Ye listen, that success will crown our arms.

Thus having said, he sat, and next arose  
 The godlike Paris, fair haired Helen's Lord,  
 Who thus with winged words the chiefs address'd

' Hostile to me, Antenor, is thy speech,  
 Thy better judgment better counsel knows,  
 But if in earnest such is thine advice,

400

Thee of thy senses have the Gods benight  
 Now, Trojans, hear my answer. I reject  
 The counsel, nor the woman will restore,  
 But for the goods, whatever I hither brought  
 To Troy from Argos I am well content  
 To give them all and others add beside.

Thus said, he sat, and aged Priam next,

A God in council, Dardan's son, arose,  
 Who thus with prudent speech began, and said

410

' Hear now, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,  
 The words I speak, the promptings of my soul  
 Now through the city take your wonted meal,  
 Look to your watch, let each man keep his guard  
 To-morrow shall Idæus to the ships

Of Greece, to both the sons of Atreus, bear  
 The words of Paris cause of all this war  
 And ask besides, if from the deadly strife  
 Such truce they will accord us as may serve  
 To burn the dead hereafter we may fight

For fuel come, and some to bring the dead  
 The Greeks too from their well mann'd ships went forth.  
 For fuel come, and some to bring the dead  
 The sun was newly glancing on the earth,  
 From out the ocean's smoothly flowing depths  
 Climbing the Heav'ns, when on the plain they met  
 Hard was it then to recognise the dead,  
 But when the gory dust was wash'd away, 470  
 Shedding hot tears, they plac'd them on the wains  
 Nor loud lament, by Priam's high command,  
 Was heard, in silence they, with grief suppress'd,  
 Heap'd up their dead upon the fun'ral pyre,  
 Then burnt with fire and back return'd to Troy  
 The well-greav'd Greeks, they too, with grief suppress'd,  
 Heap'd up their dead upon the fun'ral pyre,  
 Then burnt with fire, and to the ships return'd

But ere 'twas morn, while daylight strove with night,  
 About the pyre a chosen band of Greeks 480  
 Had kept their vigil, and around it rais'd  
 Upon the plain one common mound for all,  
 And built in front a wall, with lofty tow'rs  
 To screen both ships and men, and in the tow'rs  
 Made ample portals with well fitting gates,  
 That through the midst a carriage-way might pass  
 Then dug a trench around it, deep and wide,  
 And in the trench a palisade they fix'd

Thus labour'd through the night the long hair'd Greeks  
 The Gods, assembled in the courts of Jove, 490  
 With wonder view'd the mighty work, and thus  
 Neptune, Earth-shaking King, his speech began  
 'O Father Jove, in all the wide-spread earth  
 Shall men be found, in counsel and design  
 To rival us Immortals? see'st thou not  
 How round their ships the long hair'd Greeks have built  
 A lofty wall, and dug a trench around,  
 Nor to the Gods have paid their offerings due?  
 Wide as the light extends shall be the fame  
 Of this great work, and men shall lightly deem 500  
 Of that which I and Phœbus jointly rais'd,  
 With toil and pain, for great Læomedon

To whom in wrath the Cloud compeller thus  
 Neptune, Earth-shaking King, what words are these?  
 This bold design to others of the Gods,

Of feebler hands and poor less great than those  
 Might cause alarm but far as light extends,  
 Of this great work to that shall be the time  
 When with their ships the long hair'd Greeks shall take  
 Their homeward voyage to their native land, 310  
 This wall shall by the waves be broken through,  
 And sink, a shipless ruin in the sea.  
 O'er the wide shore again the sands shall spread,  
 And all the boasted work of Greece o'erwhelm'd.

Amid themselves such converse held the Gods  
 The sun was set the Grecian work was done  
 They slew, and shar'd by tents, the evening meal  
 From Lemnos' isle a numerous fleet had come  
 Freight'd with wine and by Euneus sent,  
 Whom fair Hysipyrie to Jason bore 320  
 For Atreus' sons apart from all the rest,  
 Of wine the son of Jason had despatch'd  
 A thousand measures all the other Greeks  
 Hasten'd to purchase some with brass, and some  
 With gleaming iron other some with hides  
 Cattle or slaves and joyous wax'd the feast  
 All night the long hair'd Greeks their revels held,  
 And so in Troy the Trojans and Allies  
 But through the night his anger Jove express'd  
 With awful thund'ring pale they turn'd with fear 330  
 To earth the wine was from the goblets shed,  
 Nor dar'd they drink until libations due  
 Had first been pour'd to Saturn's mighty son  
 Then lay they down, and sought the boon of sleep

## BOOK VIII

### ARGUMENT

Jove calls a council in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes drives him. In the career of Diomedes they both begin to engage Hector whose chariot is slain by Diomedes. Jove then again interposes by his thunders and the whole Grecian host discomfited is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes with others at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sails. Tence performs great exploits but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians but are stopped by Jupiter who remands them to Ida and in severe words tells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night and prepares his host to an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

Now morn, in saffron robe, the earth o'er spread,  
And Jove, the lightning's Lord, of all the Gods  
A council held upon the highest peak.

Of many ridg'd Olympus, he himself

Address'd them, they his speech attentive heard

'Hear, all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,

The words I speak, the promptings of my soul

Let none among you, male or female dare

To interrupt my speech, but all attend,

That on these matters I may soon conclude

10

If, from the rest apart, one God I find

Presuming or to Trojans or to Greeks

To give his aid, with ignominious stripes

Bac'd to Olympus shall that God be driv'n,

Or to the gloom of Tartarus profound,

Far off, the lowest abyss beneath the earth,

With gates of iron, and with floor of brass,

Beneath the shades as far as earth from Heaven

There will I hurl him, and ye all shall know

20

In strength how greatly I surpass you all

Make trial if ye will, that all may know

A golden cord let down from Heaven, and all,

Both Gods and Goddesses, your strength apply  
 Yet would ye fail to drag from Heaven to earth,  
 Strive as ye may, your mighty master, Jove,  
 But if I choose to make my power be known,  
 The earth itself, and ocean, I could raise,  
 And binding round Olympus ridge the cord,  
 Leave them suspended so in middle air  
 So far supreme my power o'er Gods and men ' 30

He said, and they, confounded by his words,  
 In silence sat, so sternly did he speak.  
 At length the blue-eyed Goddess Pallas said  
 O Father, Son of Saturn King of Kings,  
 Will do we know thy power invincible  
 Yet deeply grieve we for the warlike Greeks,  
 Condemn'd to hopeless ruin, from the fight  
 Since such is thy command we stand aloof,  
 But yet some saving counsel may we give,  
 Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite 40

To whom the Cloud-compeller smiling thus  
 Be of good cheer my child unwillingly  
 I speak, yet will not thwart thee of thy wish ' 5  
 He said, and straight the brazen-footed steeds,  
 Of swiftest flight with manes of flowing gold,  
 He harness'd to his chariot all in gold  
 Himself array'd, the golden lash he grasp'd,  
 Of curious work, and mounting on his car,  
 Urg'd the fleet coursers nothing loth they flew  
 Midway betwixt the earth and starry heaven 50  
 To Ida's spring abounding hill he came  
 And to the crest of Gargæus, wild nurse  
 Of mountain beasts, a sacred plot was there,  
 Whereon his incense-honour'd altar stood  
 There stay'd his steeds the Sire of Gods and men,  
 Loos'd from the car and veil'd with clouds around,  
 Then on the topmost ridge he sat, in pride  
 Of conscious strength and looking down, survey'd  
 The Trojan city, and the ships of Greece

Meantime, the long-haired Greeks throughout their  
 tents, 60  
 With food recruited arm'd them for the fight,  
 On the other side the Trojans don'd their arms,  
 In numbers fewer, but with stern resolve,  
 By hard necessity constrain'd, to strive,

For wives and children, in the stubborn fight  
 The gates all open'd wide, torn pour'd the crowd  
 Of horse and foot and loud the clamour rose  
 When in the midst they met together rush'd  
 Bucklers and lances, and the furious might  
 Of mail-clad warriors, busy shield on shield  
 Clatter'd in conflict, loud the clamour rose 70  
 Then rose too mingled shouts and groans at once  
 Slaves and slain, the earth ran red with blood  
 While yet 'twas morn, and wax'd the youthful day,  
 Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
 On either side, but when the sun had reach'd  
 The middle Heaven, th' Eternal Father hung  
 His golden scales aloft and plac'd in each  
 The fatal death lot for the sons of Troy  
 The one the other for the brass-clad Greeks 80  
 Then held them by the midst, down sank the lot  
 Of Greece down to the ground, while high aloft  
 Mounted the Trojan scale and rose to Heaven<sup>1</sup>  
 Then loud he bade the volleying thunder peal  
 From Ida's heights, and mad the Grecian ranks  
 He hurl'd his flashing lightning, at the sight  
 Amaz'd they stood, and pale with terror shook  
 Then not Idomeneus, nor Atreus son,  
 The mighty Agamemnon, kept their ground,  
 Nor either Ajax, ministers of Mars 90  
 Geranian Nestor, aged prop of Greece,  
 Alone remain'd, and he against his will,  
 His hor'e sore wounded by an arrow shot  
 By godlike Paris, fair hair'd Helen's Lord  
 Just on the crown, where close behind the head  
 First springs the mane, the deadliest spot of all,  
 The arrow struck him, madden'd with the pain  
 He rear'd, then plunging forward with the shaft  
 Fix'd in his brain, and rolling in the dust,  
 The other stood in dire confusion threw 100  
 And while old Nestor with his sword cover'd

<sup>1</sup> See also Book xxi. l. 43.

Alford in the corresponding passage at the close of the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* reverses the sign and represents the scale of the vanquished as 'lying up' and 'looking the beam.'

The Fates look'd up and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft nor move but fled  
 Murr'ring and with him led th' leaders of night

To cut the reins, and free the struggling horse,  
 Amid the rout down came the flying steeds  
 Of Hector, guided by no timid hand,  
 By Hector's self, then had the old man paid  
 The forfeit of his life, but, good at need,  
 The valiant Diomed his peril saw,  
 And loudly shouting, on Ulysses call'd

"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,  
 Why fliest thou coward like, behind thy back 110  
 Thy shafts at random pouring on the crowd?

Thus as thou fliest, perchance some foeman's lance  
 May pierce thy back, but stay, and here with me  
 From this fierce warrior guard the good old man "

He said, but stout Ulysses heard him not,  
 And to the ships pursued his hurried way  
 But in the front, Tydides, though alone,  
 Reman'd undaunted, by old Nestor's car  
 He stood, and thus the aged chief address'd 120  
 "Old man, these youthful warriors press thee sore,

Thy vigour spent, and with the weight of years  
 Oppress'd, and helpless too thy character,  
 And slow thy horses, mount my car, and prove  
 With me the mettle of the Trojan steeds,  
 How swift they wheel, or in pursuit or flight,  
 The prize which I from great Æneas won  
 Leave to th' attendants these, while mine we launch  
 Against the Trojan host, that Hector's self  
 May know how strong my hand can hurl the spear "

He said, and Nestor his advice obey'd 130

The two attendants valiant Schenckius,  
 And good Eurymedon his horses took  
 While on Tydides' car they mounted both  
 The aged Nestor took the glitt'ring reins,  
 And urg'd the horses, Hector soon they met

As on he came, his spear Tydides threw,  
 Yet struck not Hector, but his charoteer,  
 Who held the reins, the brave Thebeus' son,  
 Eumpeus, through the breast transfix'd,  
 Beside the nipple, from the car he fell, 140

The startled horse, swerving at the sound,  
 And from his limbs the vital spirit fled  
 Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief,  
 Yet him though griev'd, perforce he left to seek

A charoteer, nor wanted long his steed  
 A guiding hand, for Acneptolemus,  
 Brave son of Iphitus, he quickly found,  
 And bade him mount his swiftly flying car,  
 And to his hands the glittering reins transferr'd

Then fearful ruin had been wrought, and deeds untold  
 Achiev'd, and like a flock of lambs,  
 The adverse hosts been coop'd beneath the walls,  
 Had not the Sire of Gods and men beheld,  
 And with an a'vul' peal of thunders hurl'd  
 His vivid lightning down the fiery bol.

Before Tydides' chariot plough'd the ground  
 Pierc'd flash'd the sulph'rous flame, and whirling round  
 Bentsh the yoke th' a'righted hur as quail'd

From Nestor's hand escap'd the glittering reins,  
 And, trembling, thus to Diomed he spoke

' Turn we to flight, Tydides, see'st thou not,  
 That Jove from us his aiding hand withhold's?

Thus does so Hector Saturn's son decree,  
 The mead of victory, on some future day,  
 It so he will the triumph may be ours,  
 For man, how brave so'er, cannot o'errule  
 The will of Jove, so much the mightier be '

Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed

Truth, old man, and wisely dost thou speak,  
 But thus the bitter grief that wrings my soul  
 Some day, amid the councillors of Troy  
 Hector may say, Before my presence fear'd  
 Tydides sought the shelter of the ships.

Thus even he boasts, gape ear'n, and hides my shame!'

To whom Ge'ntian Nestor thus replied

" G'eat son of Tydides, oh what words are these!  
 Should Hector brand thee with a coward's name,  
 No credence could he gain from Trojan men,  
 Or Dardan, or from Trojan warriors wives,  
 Who's husbands in the dust his hand hath laid "

He said, and 'mid the gen'ral rout, in flight  
 He turn'd his horses, on the flying crowd,  
 With shouts of triumph, Hector at their head,  
 The men of Troy their murderous weapons show'r'd  
 Loud shouted Hector on the glancing helm

' Tydides, hereto ore the warr of Greece,  
 Have sold thee so much honour, plac'd on high

At banquets, and with lib'ral portions grac'd,  
 And flowing cups but thou, from this day forth,  
 Shalt be their scorn! a woman's soul is thine! 190  
*Out on thee, lighten'd girl! thou ne'er shalt scale*  
 Our Trojan tow'rs, and see me hastily fly,  
 Nor in thy ships our women bear away  
 E'er such thy boast, my hand shall work thy doom."

Thus he, and greatly was Tydides mov'd  
 To turn his horses, and confront his foe  
 Thrice thus he doubted, thrice, at Jove's command,  
 From Ida's height the thunder peal'd, in sign  
 Of vict'ry swaying to the Trojan side  
 Then to the Trojans Hector call'd aloud 200  
 "Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardians, fam'd  
 In close encounter, quit ye now like men,  
 Put forth your wanted valour, for I know  
 That in his secret counsels Jove designs  
*Glory to me, disaster to the Greeks*  
 Fools, in those wretched walls that put their trust,  
 Scarce worthy notice hopeless to withstand  
 My onset, and the trench that they have dug,  
 Our horses easily can overleap,  
 And when I reach the ships, be mindful ye, 210  
 To have at hand the fire, wherewith the ships  
 We may destroy, while they themselves shall tall  
 An easy prey, bewilder'd by the smoke."

He said and thus with cheering words address'd  
 His horses "Xanthus, and, Podargus, thou,  
 Ethon and Lampus, now repay the care  
 On you bestow'd by fair Andromache,  
 Ecton's royal daughter, bear in mind  
 How she with ample store of provender  
 Your mangers still supplied, before ev'n I, 220  
 Her husband, from her hands the wine cup took  
 Put forth your speed, that we may make our prize  
 Of Nestor's shield, whose praise extends to Heav'n,  
 Its handles, and itself, of solid gold,  
 And from the shoulders of Tydides strip  
 His gorgeous breastplate, work of Vulcan's hand  
 These could we take, methinks this very night  
 Would see the Greeks embarking on their ships."

Such was his pray'r, but Juno on her throne  
 Trembled with rage, till great Olympus quak'd,

And thus to Neptune, mighty God, she spoke  
 ' O thou of boundless might, Earth shaking God,  
 See'st thou unmov'd the ruin of the Greeks?  
 Yet they in Æge and in Helles,  
 With grateful offerings rich thine altars crown,  
 Then grieve we them the vict'ry, if we all  
 Who favour Greece, together should combine  
 To put to flight the Trojans, and restrain  
 All seeing Jove, he might be left alone,  
 On Ida's summit to digest his wrath ' 240

To whom, in anger, Neptune thus replied  
 " O Juno, rash of speech, what words are these!  
 I dare not counsel that we all should join  
 'Gainst Saturn's son, so much the stronger he "

Thus they, conversing, all the space meanwhile  
 Enclos'd between the trench, and tow'r, and ships,  
 Was closely throng'd with steeds and buckler'd men,  
 By noble Hector, brave as Mars, and led  
 By Jove to vict'ry, coop'd in narrow space,  
 Who now had burnt with fire the Grecian ships, 250  
 But Juno bade Atreides haste to rouse  
 Their fainting courage, through the camp he pass'd,  
 On his broad hand a purple robe he bore,  
 And stood upon Ulysses' lofty ship,  
 The midmost, whence to shout to either side,  
 Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon,  
 Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,  
 Considering in their strength, had moor'd their ships

Thence to the Greeks he shouted, loud and clear  
 ' Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards, brave alone 260  
 In outward semblance! where are now the vaunts  
 Which once (so highly of ourselves we deem'd)  
 Ye made, vain glorious braggarts as ye were,  
 In Lemnos' isle, when, feasting on the flesh  
 Of straight horn'd oxen, and your flowing cups  
 Crowning with ruddy wine, not one of you,  
 But for a hundred Trojans in the field,  
 Or for two hundred, deem'd himself a match  
 Now quail ye all before a single man,  
 Hector, who soon will wrap our ships in fire 270  
 O Father Jove! what sov'reign e'er hast thou  
 So deep afflicted, of such glory robb'd?  
 Yet never, on this disastrous voyage bent,

Have I unheeded pass'd thine altar by,  
 The choicest off'rings burning still on each,  
 In hopes to raise the well built walls of Troy  
 Yet to this pray'r at least thine ear incline,  
 Grant that this coast in safety we may leave,  
 Nor be by Trojans utterly subdued '—

He said, and Jove, with pity, saw his tears,  
 And, with a sign, his people's safety vouch'd  
 He sent an eagle, bird of swiftest flight,  
 That in his talons bore a wild deer's fawn  
 The fawn he dropp'd beside the holy shrine,  
 Where to the Lord of divination, Jove,  
 The Greeks were wont their solemn rites to pay  
 The sign from Heav'n they knew, with courage fresh  
 Assail'd the Trojans, and the fight renew'd  
 Then none of all the many Greeks might boast  
 That he before Tydides drove his car  
 Across the ditch, and mingled in the fight  
 His was the hand that first a crested chief,  
 The son of Phradmon, Agelaus, struck  
 He turn'd his car for flight, but as he turn'd,  
 The lance of Diomed, behind his neck,  
 Between the shoulders, through his chest was driv'n,  
 Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang

Next to Tydides, Agamemnon came,  
 And Menelaus, Atreus' godlike sons,  
 Th' Ajaxes both, in dauntless courage cloth'd,  
 Idomeneus, with whom Meriones,  
 His faithful comrade, terrible as Mars,  
 Eurypylos, Eumen's noble son,  
 The ninth was Teucer, who, with bended bow,  
 Befund the shield of Ajax Telamon  
 Took shelter, Ajax o'er him held his shield,  
 Thence look'd he round, and aim'd amid the crowd,  
 And as he saw each Trojan, wounded, fall,  
 Struck by his shafts, to Ajax close he press'd,  
 As to its mother's shelt'ring arms a child,  
 Conceal'd and safe beneath the ample target

Say then, who first of all the Trojans fell  
 By Teucer's arrows slain? Orulochus,  
 And Ophelestes, Dactor, Ormenus,  
 And godlike Lycophaentes Chromus,  
 And Amopaeon, Polydamon's son,

And valiant Melanippus all of these,  
 Each after other, Teucer laid in dust  
 Him Agamemnon, with his well string'd bow  
 Thinning the Trojan ranks, with joy beheld. 320  
 And, standing at his side, address'd him thus  
 "Teucer, good comrade, son of Telamon,  
 Shoot ever thus, if thou wouldst be the light  
 And glory of the Greeks, and of thy sure,  
 Who nurs'd thine infancy, and in his house  
 Maintain'd, though bastard born, thy fame on him,  
 Though distant far, fresh gl'ry shall reflect  
 Thus too I say, and will make good my word  
 If by the grace of eagle-bearing Jove,  
 And Pallas, Ilium's well built walls we rare, 330  
 A gift of honour, second but to mine,  
 I in thy hands will place, a tripod bright,  
 Or, with their car and harness, two brave steeds,  
 Or a fair woman who thy bed may share."

To whom in answer valiant Teucer thus  
 "Most mighty son of Atreus, why excite  
 Who lacks not zeal? To th' utmost of my pow'r  
 Have I unceasing, since we came to Troy,  
 Watch'd for each chance to wing a deadly shaft  
 Eight barb'd arrows have I shot e'en now, 340  
 And in a warrior each has found its mark  
 That savage hound alone defeats my aim."

At Hector, as he spoke, another shaft  
 He shot, ambitious of so great a prize  
 He miss'd his aim, but Priam's noble son  
 Gorgythion, through the breast his arrow struck,  
 Whom in cloaks wedlock Castianeia, fair  
 As heav'nly Goddess, in Æsme bore  
 Down sank his head, as in a garden sink  
 A ripen'd poppy chang'd with vernal rains, 350  
 So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight  
 At Hector yet another arrow shot  
 Teucer, ambitious of so great a prize,  
 Yet this too miss'd, by Phœbus turn'd aside,  
 But Archeptolemus, the charoteer  
 Of Hector, onward hurrying, through the breast  
 It struck, beside the navel, from the car  
 He fell, and the startled horses swerv'd,  
 And as he fell the vital spirit fled

Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief,  
Yet him, though griev'd at heart, perforce he left,  
And to Cebiones, his brother, call'd,  
Then near at hand, the horses' reins to take,  
He heard, and straight obey'd, then Hector leap'd  
Down from his glittering chariot to the ground,  
His fearful war cry shouting, in his hand  
A ponderous stone he carried, and, intent  
To strike him down, at Teucer straight he rush'd  
He from his quiver chose a shaft in haste,  
And fitted to the cord, but as he drew 360  
The arrow, Hector of the glancing helm  
Hurl'd the huge mass of rock, which Teucer struck  
Near to the shoulder, where the collar bone  
Joins neck and breast, the spot most opportune,  
And broke the tendon paraly'd, his arm  
Dropp'd helpless by his side upon his knees  
He fell and from his hand let fall the bow  
Not careless Ajax saw his brother's fall,  
But o'er him spread in haste his covering shield  
Two faithful friends Mecisteus, Echeus son, 365  
And brave Alastor, from the press withdrew,  
And bore him, deeply groaning to the ships  
Then Jove again the Trojan courage fir'd,  
And backward to the ditch they forc'd the Greeks  
Proud of his prowess, Hector led them on,  
And as a bound that, fleet of foot, overtakes  
Or bear or lion, object of his chase,

Can we, ev'n now, in this their sorest need,  
 Refuse the Greeks our aid, by one subdued,  
 One single man, of pride unbearable,  
 Hector, the son of Priam, who e'en now  
 Hath caus'd them endless grief?" To whom again  
 The blue ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus replied  
 "I too would fain behold him robb'd of life,  
 In his own country slain by Grecian hands, 410  
 But that my sire, by ill advice misled,  
 Rages in wrath, still thwarting all my plans,  
 Forgetting now how oft his son I sav'd,  
 Sore wearied with the toils Eurystheus gave  
 Oft would his tears ascend to Heav'n, and oft  
 From Heav'n would Jove despatch me to his aid,  
 But if I then had known what now I know,  
 When to the narrow gates of Pluto's realm  
 He sent him forth to bring from Erebus  
 Its guardian dog, he never had return'd 420  
 In safety from the marge of Styx profound  
 He holds me now in hatred, and his ear  
 To Thetis lends, who kiss'd his knees, and touch'd  
 His beard, and pray'd him to avenge her son  
 Achilles, yet the time shall come when I  
 Shall be once more his own dear blue ey'd Maid  
 But haste thee now, prepare for us thy car,  
 While to the house of eggs bearing Jove  
 I go, and don my armour for the fight.  
 To prove if Hector of the glancing helm, 430  
 The son of Priam, will unmov'd behold  
 Us two advancing o'er the pass of war,  
 Or if the flesh of Trojans, slain by Greeks,  
 Shall sate the maw of rav'ning dogs and birds."

She said the white arm'd Queen her wool obey'd  
 Juno, great Goddess, royal Saturn's child,  
 The horses brought, with golden frontlets crown'd,  
 While Pallas, child of eggs-bearing Jove,  
 Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil  
 Of airy texture, work of her own hands, 440  
 The cuirass donn'd of cloud compelling Jove,  
 And stood accoutred for the bloody fray  
 The fiery car she mounted, in her hand  
 A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough, wherewith  
 The mighty daughter of a mighty sire

Sweeps down the ranks of those her wrath pursues  
 Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds,  
 Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide  
 Spontaneous open'd, guarded by the Hours,  
 Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge, 450  
 To roll aside or close the veil of cloud,  
 Through these th' excited horses held their way

From Ida's heights the son of Saturn saw,  
 And, fill'd with wrath, the heav'nly messenger,  
 The golden-winged Iris, thus bespoke  
 "Haste thee, swift Iris, turn them back, and warn  
 That farther they advance not 'tis not meet  
 That they and I in war should be oppos'd  
 This too I say, and will make good my words

Their flying horses I will lame, themselves 460  
 Dash from their car, and break their chariot wheels,  
 And ten revolving years heal not the wound  
 Whom strikes my lightning so shall Pallas learn  
 What 'tis against her father to contend  
 Juno less moves my wonder and my wrath,  
 For she is ever wont my schemes to thwart "

Thus he from Ida to Olympus' height  
 The storm swift Iris on her errand sped  
 At many-ringed Olympus' outer gate  
 She met the Goddesses, and stay'd their course, 470  
 And thus convey'd the sov'reign will of Jove

"Whither away? what madness fills your breasts?  
 To give the Greeks your succour, Jove forbids,  
 And thus he threatens, and will make it good  
 Your flying horses he will lame, yourselves  
 Dash from the car, and break your chariot-wheels,  
 And ten revolving years heal not the wounds  
 His lightning makes so, Pallas, shalt thou learn  
 What 'tis against thy father to contend

Juno less moves his wonder and his wrath, 480  
 For she is ever wont his schemes to thwart,  
 But over bold and void of shame art thou,  
 It against Jove thou dare to lit thy spear "

Thus as she spoke, swift Iris disappear'd  
 Then Juno thus to Pallas spoke "No more,  
 Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, can we  
 For mortal men his sov'reign will resist,  
 Live they or die, as each man's fate may be,

While he, 'twixt Greeks and Trojans as 'tis meet,  
His own designs accomplish'd, decides " 490

She said, and backward turn'd her horses' heads  
The horses from the car the Hours unyok'd,  
And safely tether'd in the heav'nly stall,  
The car they rear'd against the inner wall,  
That brightly polish'd shone, the Goddesses  
Them elves meanwhile, amid th' Immortals all,  
With sorrowing hearts on golden seats reclin'd

Ere long, on swiftly rolling chariot borne,  
Jove to Olympus, to th' abode of Gods,  
From Ida's height return'd th' Earth shaking God, 500  
Neptune, unyok'd his steeds, and on the stand  
Secur'd the car, and spread the cov'ring o'er  
Then on his golden throne all-seeing Jove  
Sat down, beneath his feet Olympus shook.  
Juno and Pallas only sat aloof,

No word they utter'd, no enquiry made  
Jove knew their thoughts, and thus address'd them both  
" Pallas and Juno, wherefore sit ye thus  
In angry silence? In the glorious fight  
No lengthen'd toil have ye sustain'd, to slay 510

The Trojans, objects of your butt'rest hate  
Not all the Gods that on Olympus dwell  
Could turn me from my purpose, such my might,  
And such the pow'r of my restless hand,  
But ye were struck with terror ere ye saw  
The battle-field, and fearful deeds of war  
But this I say, and bear it in your minds,  
Had I my lightning launch'd, and from your car  
Had hurl'd ye down, ye ne'er had reach'd again  
Olympus' height, th' immortal Gods' abode " 520

So spake the God, but, seated side by side,  
Juno and Pallas glances interchange'd  
Of ill portent for Troy, Pallas indeed  
Sat silent, and, though only wroth with Jove,  
Yet answer'd not a word, but Juno's breast  
Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke  
" What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
Well do we know thy pow'r invincible,  
Yet deeply grieve we for the warlike Greeks,  
Condemn'd to hopeless ruin from the fight, 530  
Since such is thy command, we stand aloof,

But yet some saving counsel may we give,  
Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite "

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
" Yet greater slaughter, stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n,  
To-morrow shalt thou see, if so thou list,  
Wrought on the warrior Greeks by Saturn's son,  
For Hector's proud career shall not be check'd  
Until the wrath of Pelus' godlike son  
Beside the ships be kindled, in the day  
When round Patroclus' corpse, in narrow space,  
Ev'n by the vessels' sterns, the war shall rage  
Such is the voice of destiny for thee,  
I reck not of thy wrath, nor should I care  
Though thou wert thrust beneath the lowest deep  
Of earth and ocean, where Iapetus  
And Saturn lie, uncheer'd by ray of sun  
Or breath of air, in Tartarus profound  
Though there thou wert to banishment consign'd,  
I should not heed, but thy reproaches hear  
Unmov'd, for viler thing is none than thou "

540

550

He said, but white-arm'd Juv'n answer'd not  
The sun, now sunk beneath the ocean wave,  
Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night  
The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline,  
But on the Greeks the shades of darkness fell  
Thrice welcome, object of their earnest prayers

The noble Hector then to council call'd  
The Trojan leaders, from the ships apart  
He led them, by the eddy'ng river's side,  
To a clear space of ground, from corpses free  
They from their cars dismounting, to the words  
Of godlike Hector listen'd, in his hand  
His massive spear he held, twelve cubits long,  
Whose glitt'ring point flash'd bright, with hoop of gold  
Encircled round, on this he leant, and said,  
' Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,  
I hop'd that to the breezy heights of Troy  
We might ere now in triumph have return'd,  
The Grecian ships and all the Greeks destroy'd,  
But night hath come too soon, and sav'd awhile  
The Grecian army and their stranded ships  
Then yield we to the night, prepare the meal,  
Unyoke your horses, and before them place

560

570

Their needful storage, from the city bring  
 Oxen and sheep, the luscious wine provide;  
 Bring bread from out our houses, and collect  
 Good store of fuel, that the livelong night,  
 Ev'n till the dawn of day, may broadly blaze  
 Our numerous watchfires, and illumine the Heav'n's, 580  
 Lest, ev'n by night, the long hair'd Greeks should seek  
 O'er the broad bosom of the sea to fly,  
 That so not unassail'd they may embark,  
 Nor undisturb'd, but haply some may bear,  
 Ev'n to their homes, the mem'ry of a wound  
 Receiv'd from spear or arrow, as on board  
 They leap'd in haste, and others too may fear  
 To tempt with hostile arms the pow'r of Troy  
 Then let the sacred herald's voice proclaim  
 Throughout the city, that the stripling youths 590  
 And near-need'd sires allot themselves  
 In sev'ral watches to the Heav'n's built tow'rs,  
 Charge too the women, in their homes each,  
 To kindle blazing fires, let careful watch  
 Be set, lest, in the absence of the men,  
 The town by secret ambush be surpris'd  
 Such, valiant Trojans, is th' advice I give,  
 And what to-night your wisdom shall approve  
 Will I, at morn, before the Trojans speak.  
 Hopeful, to Jove I pray, and all the Gods, 600  
 To chase from hence these fate-inflicted hounds,  
 By fate sent hither on their dark ribb'd ships  
 Now keep we through the night our watchful guard,  
 And with the early dawn, equipp'd in arms,  
 Upon their fleet our angry battle pour  
 Then shall I know if Tydus' valiant son  
 Back from the ships shall drive me to the walls,  
 Or I, triumphant, bear his bloody spoils  
 To-morrow morn his courage will decide,  
 If he indeed my onset will await. 610  
 But ere to-morrow's sun be high in Heav'n,  
 He, 'mid the totemen, if I augur right,  
 Wounded and bleeding in the dust shall lie,  
 And many a comrade round him Would to Heav'n  
 I were as sure to be from age and death  
 Exempt, and held in honour as a God,  
 Phœbus, or Pallas, as I am assur'd

The coming day is fraught with ill to Greece  
Thus Hector spoke the Trojans shouted loud  
Then from the yoke the sweating steeds they loosed 620  
And tether'd each beside their sev'ral cars  
Next from the city speedily they brought  
Oxen and sheep the luscious wine procur'd  
Brought bread from out their houses and good store  
Of fuel gather'd wafted from the plain  
The winds to Heaven the savory odours bore  
Full of proud hopes upon the pass of war  
All night they camp'd and frequent blaz'd their fires  
As when in Heaven around the glitt'ring moon  
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air 630  
And ev'ry crag and ev'ry jutting peak  
Stands boldly forth and ev'ry forest glade  
E'en to the gates of Heaven is open'd wide  
The boundless sky shines each particular star  
Distinct joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart  
So bright so thickly scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Before the walls of Troy between the ships  
And Xanthus stream the Trojan watchfires blaz'd  
A thousand fires burnt brightly and round each  
Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glare 640  
With store of provender before them laid  
Barley and rye the tether'd horses stood  
Beside the cars and waited for the morn

## BOOK IX

### ARGUMENT

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phoenix and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They excite him, commend us but without effect. Phoenix remains with Achilles. Ulysses and Ajax return.

THUS LEPA their watch the Trojans, but the Greeks  
Dire Panic held companion of chill Fear,  
Their bravest struck with grief unbearable  
As when two stormy winds ruffle the sea,  
Boreas and Zephyr, from the hills of Thrace  
With sudden gust descending, the dark waves  
Rear high their angry crests, and toss on shore  
Masses of tangled weed, such stormy grief  
The breast of ev'ry Grecian warrior rent

Atides, heart-struck, wander'd to and fro, 10  
And to the clear-voic'd heralds gave command  
To call, but not with proclamation loud,  
Each sev'ral man to council, he himself  
Spar'd not his labour, mixing with the chiefs  
Sadly they sat in council, Atreus' son,  
Weeping, arose, as some dark water'd fount  
Pours o'er a craggy steep its gloomy stream,  
Then with deep groans th' assembled Greeks address'd  
'O friends! the chiefs and councillors of Greece, 20  
Grievous, and all unlook'd for, is the blow  
Which Jove hath dealt me, by his promise led  
I hop'd to raze the strong built walls of Troy,  
And home return in safety, but it seems  
He falsifies his word and bids me now  
Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,  
Dishonour'd, and with grievous loss of men  
Such now appears th' o'er ruling sov'reign will  
Of Saturn's son, who oft hath sunk the heads  
Of many a lofty city in the dust  
And yet will sink, for mighty is his hand 30  
Hear then my counsel let us all agree

Home to direct our course, since here in vain  
We strive to take the well built walls of Troy "

The monarch spoke, they all in silence heard  
In speechless sorrow long they sat at length  
Rose valiant Diomed, and thus he spoke  
" Atrides, I thy folly must confront,  
As is my right, in council, thou, O King!  
Be not offended once, among the Greeks  
Thou held'st my prowess light, and with the name 40  
Of coward branded me, how justly so  
Is known to all the Greeks, both young and old  
On thee the deep-designing Saturn's son  
In dill ring measure hath his gifts bestow'd  
A throne he gives thee, higher far than all,  
But valour, noblest boon of Heaven, denies  
How canst thou hope the sons of Greece shall prove  
Such heartless dastards as thy words suppose?  
If homeward to return thy mind be fix'd,  
Depart, the way is open, and the ships, 50  
Which from Mycenæ follow'd thee in crowds,  
Are close at hand, and ready to be launch'd  
Yet will the other long hair'd Greeks remain  
Till Priam's city fall nay, though the rest  
Betake them to their ships, and sail for home,  
Yet I and Sthenelus, we two, will fight  
Till Troy be ours, for Heaven is on our side "

Thus he, the sons of Greece, with loud applause,  
The speech of valiant Diomed confirm'd

Then aged Nestor rose, and thus began 60  
Tydides, eminent thou art in war,  
And in the council thy compeers in age  
Must yield to thee, thy present words, no Greek  
Can censure, or gain say, and yet the end  
Thou hast not reach'd, and object of debate  
But thou art young, and for thine age mightst be  
My latest born, yet dost thou to the Kings  
Sage counsel give, and well in season speak  
But now will I, that am thine elder far,  
Go fully through the whole, and none my words 70  
May disregard, not even Atrides' self  
Religious, social, and domestic ties  
Alike he violates, who willingly  
Would court the horrors of internal strife

But yield we now to th' influence of night  
 Prepare the meal; and let the sev'ral guards  
 Be posted by the ditch, without the wall  
 This duty on the younger men I lay  
 Then, Agamemnon, thou thy part perform,  
 For thou art King supreme, the Elders all, 80  
 As meet and seemly, to the feast invite  
 Thy tents are full of wine, which Grecian ships  
 O'er the wide sea bring day by day from Thrace,  
 Nor lack'st thou aught thy guests to entertain,  
 And many own thy sway, when all are met,  
 His counsel take, who gives the best advice,  
 Great need we have of counsel wise and good,  
 When close beside our ships the hostile fires  
 Are burning who can this unmov'd behold?  
 This night our rum or our safety sees " 90

He said, and they, assenting, heard his speech  
 Forth with their followers went th' appointed guards,  
 The princely Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,  
 Ascalaphus, and bold Ialmenus,  
 Two valiant sons of Mars, Menones,  
 And Aphareus, and brave Deipyrus,  
 And godlike Lycomedes, Croon's son  
 Sev'n were the leaders, and with each went forth  
 A hundred gallant youths, with lances arm'd  
 Between the ditch and wall they took their post, 100  
 There lit their fires, and there the meal prepar'd

Then for th' assembled Elders in his tent  
 An ample banquet Agamemnon spread,  
 They on the viands, set before them, fell  
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
 The aged Nestor first his mind disclos'd,  
 He who, before, the sagest counsel gave,  
 Now thus with prudent words began, and said  
 " Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
 With thee, Atides, my discourse shall end, 110  
 With thee begin o'er many nations thou  
 Hold'st sov'reign sway, since Jove to thee hath giv'n  
 The sceptre, and the high prerogative,  
 To be thy people's judge and counsellor,  
 'Tis thine to speak the word, 'tis thine to hear  
 And to determine, when some other chief  
 Suggestions offers in the gen'ral cause

What counsel shall prevail, depends on thee  
 Yet will I say what seems to me the best  
 Sounder opinion none can hold than this, 120  
 Which I maintain, and ever have maintain'd,  
 Ev'n from the day when thou, great King, didst bear  
 The fair Briseis from Achilles' tent  
 Despite his anger—not by my advice  
 I fain would have dissuaded thee, but thou,  
 Following the dictates of thy wrathful pride,  
 Didst to our bravest wrong, dishon'ring him  
 Whom ev'n th' Immortals honour'd, for his prize  
 Thou took'st and still retain'st, but let us now  
 Consider, if ev'n yet, with costly gifts 130  
 And soothing words, we may his wrath appease "

*To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus*  
 " Father, too truly thou recall'st my fault  
 I err'd, nor will deny it, as a host  
 Is he whom Jove in honour holds, as now  
 Achilles hon'ring, he confounds the Greeks,  
 But if I err'd, by evil impulse led,  
 Fain would I now conciliate him, and pay  
 An ample penalty, before you all  
 I pledge myself rich presents to bestow 140  
 Sev'n tripods will I give, untouch'd by fire,  
 Of gold, ten talents, twenty caldrons bright,  
 Twelve pow'rtul horses, on the course renown'd,  
 Who by their speed have many prizes won  
 Not empty-handed could that man be deem'd,  
 Nor poor in gold, who but so much possess'd  
 As by those horses has for me been won  
 Sev'n women too, well shal'd in household cares,  
 Lesbians, whom I selected for myself,  
 That day he captur'd Lesbos' goodly isle, 150  
 In beauty far surpassing all their sex  
 These will I give, and with them will I send  
 The fair Briseis, her whom from his tent  
 I bore away, and add a solemn oath,  
 I ne'er approach'd her bed, nor held with her  
 Such intercourse as man with woman holds  
*All these shall now be his but if the Gods*  
 Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,  
 Of gold and brass, when we divide the spoil,  
 With countless heaps he shall a vessel fraught, 160

And twenty captives he himself shall choose,  
 All only less than Argive Helen fair  
 And if it be our fate to see again  
 The teeming soul of Argos, he shall be  
 My son by marriage, and in honour held  
 As is Orestes, who, my only son,  
 Is rear'd at home in luxury and ease  
 Three daughters fair I have, Chrysothemis,  
 Iphianassa, and Laodice,  
 Of these, whiche'er he will, to Pelus' house,  
 No portion ask'd for, he shall take to wife,  
 And with her will I add such wedding gifts,  
 As never man before to daughter gave  
 Sev'n prosp'rous towns besides, Cardamyle,  
 And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains,  
 And Phœæ, and Anthëa's pastures deep,  
 Epœa fair, and vine clad Pedasus,  
 All by the sea, by sandy Pylos' bounds  
 The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,  
 And, as a God, shall honour him with gifts,  
 And to his sceptre ample tribute pay  
 This will I do, so he his wrath remit  
 Then let him yield (Pluto alone remains  
 Unbending and inexorable, and thence  
 Of all the Gods is most abhorr'd of men),  
 To me submitting, as in royal pow'r  
 Superior far, and more advanc'd in age "

170

180

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied  
 ' Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Atreides, not unworthy are the gifts,  
 Which to Achilles thou design'st to send  
 Then to the tent of Pelus' son in haste  
 Let us our chosen messengers despatch  
 Whom I shall choose, let them consent to go  
 Then first of all let Phœnix lead the way,  
 Belov'd of Jove, the mighty Ajax next  
 With them, Ulysses sage, and let them take,  
 Of heralds, Hodrus and Eurybates  
 Bring now the hallowing water for our hands,  
 And bid be silent, while to Saturn's son,  
 That he have mercy, we address our pray'r "

190

200

He said, and well his counsel pleas'd them all,  
 The heralds pour'd the water on their hands,

The youths, attending, crown'd the bowls with wine,  
 And in due order serv'd the cups to all  
 Then, their libations made, when each with wine  
 Had satisfied his soul, from out the tent  
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, they pass'd,  
 And many a caution aged Nestor gave,  
 With rapid glance to each, Ulysses chief,  
 How best to soften Pelous' matchless son

210

Beside the many dashing ocean's shore  
 They mov'd along, and many a pray'r address'd  
 To Neptune, Ocean's Earth surrounding God,  
 That he to gentle counsels would incline  
 The haughty soul of great Achilles  
 When to the ships and tents they came, where lay  
 The warlike Myrmidons, their chief they found  
 His spirit soothing with a sweet-ton'd lyre,  
 Of curious work, with silver band adorn'd,  
 Part of the spoil he took, when he destroy'd  
 Eetion's wealthy town, on this he play'd,  
 Soothing his soul, and sung of warriors' deeds  
 Before the chief, in silence and alone

220

Patroclus sat, upon Achilles fix'd  
 His eyes, awaiting till the song should cease  
 The envoys forward stepp'd, Ulysses first,  
 And stood before him, from his couch, amaz'd,  
 And holding still his lyre, Achilles sprang,  
 Leaving the seat whereon they found him plac'd,  
 And at their entrance rose Patroclus too  
 Waving his hand, Achilles, swift of foot,  
 Address'd them "Welcome, friends! as friends ye come  
 Some great occasion surely to my tent  
 Hath brought the men who are, of all the Greeks,  
 Despite my anger, dearest to my heart"

230

Thus as he spoke, he led them in, and plac'd  
 On couches spread with purple carpets o'er,  
 Then thus address'd Patroclus at his side  
 "Son of Menoetius, set upon the board

240

A larger bowl, and stronger mix the wine,  
 And serve a cup to each beneath my roof  
 This night my greatest friends I entertain"  
 He said, Patroclus his commands obey'd,  
 And in the fire-light plac'd an ample tray,  
 And on it laid of goat's flesh and of sheep's

A saddle each, and with them, rich in fat,  
 A chine of well-fed hog, Automedon  
 Held fast, while great Achilles curv'd the joints.  
 The meat, prepar'd, he fix'd upon the spits 150  
 Patroclus kindled then a blazing fire  
 And when the fire burnt hotly, and the flame  
 Subsided, spread the glowing embers out,  
 And hung the spits above, then sprinkled o'er  
 The meat with salt, and lifted from the stand  
 The viands cook'd and plac'd upon the board,  
 From baskets fair Patroclus portion'd out  
 The bread to each, the meat Achilles shar'd  
 Facing the sage Ulysses, sat the host  
 On th' other side the tent, and bade his friend, 260  
 Patroclus, give the Gods their honours due  
 He in the fire the wonted off'rings burnt  
 They on the viands set before them fell  
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
 Ajax to Phoenix sign'd Ulysses saw  
 The sign, and rising, fill'd a cup with wine,  
 And pledg'd Achilles thus "To thee I drink,  
 Achilles' nobly is thy table spread,  
 As heretofore in Agamemnon's tent,  
 So now in thine, abundant is the feast 270  
 But not the pleasures of the banquet now  
 We have in hand impending o'er our arms  
 Grave cause of fear, illustrious chief, we see,  
 Grave doubts, to save, or see destroy'd our ships,  
 If thou, great warrior, put not forth thy might  
 For close bende the ships and wall are camp'd  
 The haughty Trojans and renown'd allies  
 Their watchfires frequent burn throughout the camp,  
 And loud their boast, that nought shall stay their hands,  
 Until our dark ribb'd ships be made their prey 280  
 Jove too for them, with fav'ring augury  
 Sends forth his lightning, boastful of his strength,  
 And firmly trusting in the aid of Jove,  
 Hector, restless, rages, nought he fears  
 Or God or man, with martial fury fir'd  
 He prays, impatient, for th' approach of morn,  
 Then, breaking through the lofty sterns, resolv'd  
 To the devouring flames to give the ships,  
 And slay the crews, bewilder'd in the smoke

And much my mind magnifies me, lest the Gods  
 His threats fulfil, and we be fated here  
 To perish, far from Argos' grassy plains  
 Up then! if in their last extremity  
 Thy spirit inclines, though late, to save the Greeks  
 Sore press'd by Trojan arms—lest thou thyself  
 Hereafter feel remorse, the evil done  
 Is past all cure, then thou reflect but times  
 How from the Greeks to ward the day of doom  
 Dear friend, remember now thy father's words,  
 The aged Pelens when to Atreus' son  
 He sent thee forth from Phthia, how he said,  
 ' My son, the boon of strength, if so they will,  
 Juno or Pallas have the power to give,  
 But thou thyself thy haughty spirit must curb,  
 For better far is gentle courtesy  
 And cease from angry strife, that so the Greeks  
 The more may honour thee, both young and old.'  
 Such were the words thine aged father spoke,  
 Which thou hast now forgotten, yet, even now,  
 Pause for awhile, and let thine anger cool,  
 And noble gifts, so thou thy wrath remit,  
 From Agamemnon shalt thou bear away  
 Listen to me, while I recount the gifts  
 Which in his tent he pledg'd him to bestow  
 Sev'n tripods promis'd he, untouch'd by fire  
 Of gold, ten talents, twenty caldrons bright.  
 Twelve powerful horses, in the course renown'd,  
 Who by their speed have many prizes won  
 Not empty handed could that man be deem'd,  
 Nor poor in gold, who but so much possess'd  
 As by those horses has for him been won  
 Sev'n women too, well skill'd in household cares,  
 Lesbians, whom he selected for himself,  
 That day thou captur'dst Lesbos' goodly isle,  
 In beauty far surpassing all their sex  
 These will he give, and with them will he send  
 The fair Briseis, her whom from thy tent  
 He bore away, and add a solemn oath,  
 He ne'er approach'd her bed, nor held with her  
 Such intercourse as man with woman holds  
 All these shall now be thine—but if the Gods  
 Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,

Of gold and brass, when we divide the spoil,  
 With countless heaps a vessel shalt thou freight,  
 And twenty captives thou thyself shalt choose,  
 All only less than Argive Helen fair  
 And if it be our fate to see again  
 The teeming soil of Argos, thou mayst be  
 His son by marriage, and in honour held  
 As is Orestes, who, his only son, 340  
 Is rear'd at home in luxury and ease  
 Three daughters fair are his, Chrysothemus,  
 Iphianassa, and Laodice,  
 Of these whiche'er thou wilt, to Pelcus' house,  
 No portion ask'd for, thou shalt take to wife,  
 And with her will he add such wedding gifts,  
 As never man before to daughter gave  
 Sev'n prosp'rous towns besides, Cardamyle,  
 And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains,  
 And Phœæ, and Anthessa's pastures deep, 350  
 Æpeia fair, and vine clad Pedasus,  
 All by the sea, by sandy Pylus' bounds  
 The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,  
 And, as a God, will honour thee with gifts,  
 And to thy sceptre ample tribute pay  
 All these he gives, so thou thy wrath remit  
 But if thou hold Atreides in such hate,  
 Him and his gifts, yet let thy pity rest  
 On all the other Greeks, thus sore bested,  
 By whom thou shalt be honour'd as a God 360  
 For great the triumph that thou now mayst gain,  
 Ev'n Hector's self is now within thy reach,  
 For he is near at hand, and in his pride  
 And martial fury deems that none, of all  
 Our ships contain, can rival him in arms "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot  
 " Heav'n born Ulysses, sage in council, son  
 Of great Laertes, I must frankly speak  
 My mind at once, my fix'd resolve declare  
 That from henceforth I may not by the Greeks 370  
 By this man and by that, be importun'd  
 Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors,  
 Whose outward words his inmost thoughts conceal  
 Hear then what seems to me the wisest course  
 On me nor Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

Not others shall prevail, since nought is gain'd  
 By toil unceasing in the battle field  
 Who nobly fight, but share with those who skulk,  
 Like honours gain the coward and the brave,  
 Alike the idlers and the active die 380  
 And nought it profits me, though day by day  
 In constant toil I set my life at stake,  
 But as a bird, though ill she fare herself,  
 Brings to her callow brood the food she takes,  
 So I through many a sleepless night have lain,  
 And many a bloody day have labour'd through,  
 Engag'd in battle on your wives' behalf  
 Twelve cities have I taken with my ships,  
 Eleven more by land, on Trojan soil 390  
 From all of these abundant stores of wealth  
 I took, and all to Agamemnon gave,  
 He, safe on board his ships, my spoils receiv'd,  
 A few divided, but the most retain'd  
 To other chiefs and Kings he meted out  
 Their sev'ral portions, and they hold them still,  
 From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,  
 He bore away, and keeps my cherish'd wife,  
 Well! let him keep her, solace of his bed!  
 But say then, why do Greeks with Trojans fight? 400  
 Why hath Atreides brought this mighty host  
 To Troy, if not in fair-hair'd Helen's cause?  
 Of mortals are there none that love their wives,  
 Save Atreus' sons alone? or do not all,  
 Who boast the praise of sense and virtue, love  
 And cherish each his own? as her I lov'd  
 Ev'n from my soul, though captive of my spear  
 Now, since he once hath robb'd me, and deceiv'd,  
 Let him not seek my aid, I know him now,  
 And am not to be won, let him devise, 410  
 With thee, Ulysses, and the other Kings,  
 How best from hostile fires to save his ships  
 He hath completed many mighty works  
 Without my aid, hath built a lofty wall,  
 And dug a trench around it, wide and deep,  
 And in the trench hath fix'd a palisade,  
 Nor so the warrior slayer Hector's might  
 Can keep in check, while I was in the field,  
 Not far without the walls would Hector range

His line of battle, nor beyond the Oak  
 And Scæan gates would venture, there indeed 420  
 He once presum'd to meet me, hand to hand,  
 And from my onset narrowly escap'd  
 But as with Hector now no more I fight,  
 To-morrow morn, my off'rings made to Jove,  
 And all the Gods, and freighted well my ships,  
 And launch'd upon the main, thyself shall see,  
 If that thou care to see, my vessels spread  
 O'er the broad bosom of the Hellespont,  
 My lusty crews plying the vig'rous oar,  
 And if th' Earth-shaker send a fav'ring breeze, 430  
 Three days will bear us home to Phthia's shore  
 There did I leave abundant store of wealth,  
 When hitherward I took my luckless way,  
 Thither from hence I bear, of ruddy gold,  
 And brass, and women fair, and iron hoar  
 The share assign'd me, but my chiefest prize  
 'The monarch Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 Himself who gave, with insult takes away  
 To him then speak aloud the words I send, 440  
 That all may know his crimes, if yet he hope  
 Some other Greek by treach'rous wiles to cheat,  
 Cloth'd as he is in shamelessness' my glance,  
 All brazen as he is, he dare not meet  
 I share no more his counsels, nor his acts;  
 He hath deceiv'd me once, and wrong'd, again  
 He shall not cozen me! Of him, enough!  
 I pass him by, whom Jove hath robb'd of sense  
 His gifts I loathe, and spurn, himself I hold  
 At a hair's worth, and would he proffer me  
 Tenfold or twentyfold of all he has, 450  
 Or ever may be his, or all the gold  
 Sent to Orchomenos or royal Thebes,  
 Egyptian, treasure-house of countless wealth,  
 Who boasts her hundred gates, through each of which  
 With horse and car two hundred warriors march  
 Nay, were his gifts in number as the sand,  
 Or dust upon the plain, yet ne'er will I  
 By Agamemnon be prevail'd upon,  
 Till I have paid him back my heart's offence  
 Nor e'er of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 460  
 Will I a daughter wed, not were she fair

As golden Venus, and in works renown'd  
 As Pallas, blue-ey'd Maid, yet her ev'n so  
 I wed not, let him choose some other Greek,  
 Some sitting match, of nobler blood than mine  
 But should the Gods in safety bring me home,  
 At Pelcus' hands I may receive a wife,  
 And Greece can boast of many a lovely maid,  
 In Hellas or in Phthia, daughters fair  
 Of chiefs who hold their native fortresses  
 Of these, at will, a wife I may select  
 And oft-times hath my warlike soul inclin'd  
 To take a wedded wife, a sitting bride,  
 And aged Pelcus' wealth in peace enjoy  
 For not the stores which Troy, they say, contain'd  
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece,  
 Nor all the treasures which Apollo's shrine,  
 The Archer God, in rock built Pythos holds,  
 May weigh with life, of oxen and of sheep  
 Successful forays may good store provide,  
 And tripods may be gain'd, and noble steeds  
 But when the breath of man hath pass'd his lips,  
 Not strength nor toay can the loss repair.  
 I by my Goddess mother have been warn'd,  
 The silver-footed Tictis, that o'er me  
 A double chance of destiny impends  
 If here remaining, round the walls of Troy  
 I wage the war, I ne'er shall see my home,  
 But then undying glory shall be mine  
 If I return, and see my native land,  
 My glory all is gone, but length of life  
 Shall then be mine, and death be long deferr'd  
 If others ask'd my counsel, I should say,  
 'Homeward direct your course, of lofty Troy  
 Ye see not yet the end, all seeing Jove  
 O'er her extends his hand, on him relying  
 Her people all with confidence are fill'd'  
 Go then, my answer to the chiefs of Greece  
 Speak boldly—such the privilege of age—  
 Bid that some better counsel they devise  
 To save their ships and men, their present scheme,  
 My anger unappeas'd, avails them nought  
 But Phoenix here shall stay, and sleep to night,  
 And with the morrow he with me shall sail

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And seek our native land, if so he will,  
For not by force will I remove him hence."

He said, they all, confounded by his words,  
In silence heard, so sternly did he speak,  
At length, in tears, the aged Phoenix spoke.  
For greatly fear'd he for the ships of Greece: 510

"If, great Achilles, on returning home  
Thy mind is set, nor canst thou be induc'd  
To save the ships from fire, so fierce thy wrath,  
How then, dear boy, can I remain behind,  
Alone? whom with thee aged Pelus sent,  
That day when he in Agamemnon's cause  
From Phthia sent thee, inexperienced yet  
In all the duties of confederate war,  
And sage debate, on which attends renown. 520

Me then he sent, instructor of thy youth,  
To prompt thy language, and thine arts to guide  
So not from thee, dear boy, can I consent  
To part, though *Heav'n should undertake my age*  
To wipe away, and vigorous youth restore,  
Such as I boasted, when from Greece I fled  
Before my angry sire, Amyntor, son  
Of Ormeus, a fair-hair'd concubine  
Cause of the quarrel, her my father lov'd,  
And by her love estrang'd, despis'd his wife,  
My mother; oft she pray'd me to seduce, 530  
To vex th' old man, my father's concubine,  
I yielded, he, suspecting, on my head

A curse invol'd and on the Furies call'd  
His curse to witness, that upon his knees  
No child, by me begotten, e'er should sit.  
His curse the Gods have heard, and ratified,  
Th' infernal King, and awful Proserpine  
Then would I fain have slain him with the sword,  
Had not some God my rising fury quell'd,  
And set before my mind the public voice, 540  
The odium I should have to bear 'mid Greeks,  
If branded with the name of parricide

But longer in my angry father's house  
To dwell, my spirit brook'd not, though my friends  
And kinsmen all besought me to remain,  
And many a goodly sheep and many a steer  
They slew, and many swine, with fat o'erlaid,

They sing'd, and roasted o'er the burning coals,  
 And drank in many a cup the old man's wine.  
 Nine nights they kept me in continual watch,  
 By turns relieving guards. The fires meanwhile  
 Burnt constant one beneath the porch that fac'd  
 The well fence'd court, one in the vestibule  
 Before my chamber door. The tenth dark night  
 My chamber's closely fitting doors I broke,  
 And lightly vaulted o'er the court yard fence,  
 By guards alike and servant maids unmark'd  
 Alone I fled through all the breadth of Greece,  
 Until at length to Phthia's fruitful soil,  
 Mother of flocks, to Peleus' realm I came,  
 Who kindly welcom'd me and with such love  
 As to his only son, his well belov'd,  
 A father shows, his generous gifts bestow'd  
 He gave me wealth, he gave me ample rule,  
 And on the bounds of Phthia bade me dwell,  
 And o'er the Dolopes hold sov'reign sway.  
 Thee too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
 Such as thou art I made thee, from my soul  
 I lov'd thee, nor wouldst thou with others go  
 Or to the meal, or in the house be fed,  
 Till on my knee thou sittest, and by my hand  
 Thy food were cut, the cup were tender'd thee,  
 And often, in thy childish helplessness,  
 The bosom of my dress with wine was drench'd  
 Such care I had of thee, such pains I took,  
 Remembering that by Heaven's decree, no son  
 Of mine I e'er might see, then thee I made,  
 Achilles, rival of the Gods, my son,  
 That thou mightst be the guardian of mine age  
 But thou, Achilles, curb thy noble rage,  
 A heart implacable becom'st thee not  
 The Gods themselves, in virtue, honour, strength,  
 Excelling thee, may yet be mollified,  
 For they, when mortals have transgress'd, or fail'd  
 To do aright, by sacrifice and pray'r,  
 Libations and burnt-off'rings, may be sooth'd  
 Pray'rs are the daughters of immortal Jove,  
 But halt, and wrinkled, and of feeble sight,  
 They plod in Ate's track, while Ate, strong  
 And swift of foot, outstrips their lagging pace,

And, dealing woe to man, o'er all the earth  
 Before them flies: they, following, heal her wounds  
 Him who with honour welcomes their approach,  
 They greatly aid, and hear him when he prays,  
 But who rejects, and sternly casts them off,  
 To Saturn's son they go, and make their pray'r  
 That Ate follow him and claim her dues  
 Then to the daughters of immortal Jove,  
 Do thou, Achilles, show the like respect,  
 That many another brave man's heart hath sway'd 600  
 If to thy tent no gifts Atreides brought,  
 With promises of more, but still retain'd  
 His vehement enmity, I could not ask  
 That thou thy cherish'd anger shouldst discard,  
 And aid the Greeks, how great so e'er their need  
 But now large off'ring hath he giv'n, and more  
 Hath promis'd, and, of all the Greeks, hath sent  
 To pray thine aid, the men thou lov'st the best  
 Discredit not their mission, nor their words  
 Till now, I grant thee, none could blame thy wrath 610  
 In praise of men in ancient days renown'd,  
 Thus have we heard, that how-so e'er might rage  
 Their hostile feuds, their anger might be still  
 By gifts averted, and by words appeas'd  
 One case I hear in mind, in tunes long past,  
 And not in later days, and here, 'mid friends,  
 How all occur'd, will I at length recite  
 Time was, that with Atreus's warlike hands  
 Round Calydon the Acarnanians fought  
 With mutual slaughter these to save the town, 620  
 The Acarnanians burning to destroy  
 This curse of war the golden-thron'd Queen  
 Diana sent, in anger that from her  
 Ceneus the first fruits of his field withheld  
 The other Gods their hecatombs receiv'd,  
 Diana's shrine alone no off'ring deck'd,  
 Neglected, or o'erlook'd, the sin was great,  
 And in her wrath the arrow darting Queen  
 A savage wild boar sent, with gleaming tusks,  
 Which, Ceneus' vineyard haunting, wrought him harm  
 There laid he prostrate many a stately tree, 631  
 With root and branch, with blossom and with fruit  
 Him Meleager, son of Ceneus, slew,

With youths and dogs from all the neighbouring towns  
 Collected, smaller force had not avail'd,  
 So huge he was, so fierce, and many a youth  
 Had by his tusks been laid upon the hear  
 A fierce contention then the Goddess rais'd,  
 For the boar's head and bristly hide, between  
 The Acarnanian and th' Ætolian bands  
 While warlike Meleager kept the field,  
 So long the Acarnanians far'd but ill,  
 Nor dar'd, despite the numbers of their host,  
 Maintain their ground before the city walls  
 When he to anger yielded, which sometimes  
 Swells in the bosom ev'n of wisest men,  
 Incens'd against his mother, he withdrew  
 To Cleopatra fair his wedded wife,  
 (Marpessa her, Egeus' daughter, bore  
 To Idas, strongest man of all who then  
 Were living, who against Apollo's self  
 For the neat footed maiden bent his bow  
 Her parents call'd the child Aleyon,  
 In memory of the tears her mother shed,  
 Rival of Aleyon's melancholy fate,  
 When by far darting Phoebus forc'd away)  
 With her, returning from the field, he nurs'd  
 His wrath, resenting thus his mother's curse,  
 Althæa, she her brother's death bore hard,  
 And pray'd to Heav'n above, and with her hands  
 Beating the solid earth, the nether powers,  
 Pluto and awful Proserpine, implor'd,  
 Down on her knees, her bosom wet with tears,  
 Death on her son invoking, from the depths  
 Of Erebus Erinyes heard her pray'r,  
 Gloom haunting Goddess, dark and stern of heart  
 Soon round the gates the din of battle rose  
 The tow'rs by storm assaulted, then his aid  
 Th' Ætolian Elders and the sacred priests  
 With promises of great reward implor'd  
 A fruitful plot they bade him set apart,  
 The richest land in lovely Calydon,  
 Of fifty acres half for vineyard meet,  
 And half of fertile plain, for tillage choic'd  
 Upon the threshold of his lofty rooms  
 Old Centus stood, and at the portals clos'd

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He knock'd in vain, a suppliant to his son  
 His sisters and his brother join'd their pray'rs,  
 But sterner his rejection of their suit,  
 The friends he valued most, and lov'd the best, 680  
 Yet they too fail'd his fix'd resolve to shake,  
 Till to his very doors the war had reach'd,  
 The foe upon the tow'rs, the town in flames  
 Then Melenger's beauteous wife, at length,  
 In tears, beseeching him, the thousand ills  
 Recall'd, which on a captur'd town attend,  
 The slaughter'd men, the city burnt with fire,  
 The helpless children and deep bosom'd dames  
 A prey to strangers List'ning to the tale,  
 His spirit was rous'd within him, and again 690  
 He took the field, and donn'd his glittering arms  
 Thus did his act from doom th' Ætolians save  
 Spontaneous, yet he gain'd not, thought he saw'd,  
 The rich reward they once were pledg'd to give  
 But be not thou like him, nor let thy God  
 Turn thitherward thy thoughts, our ships on fire,  
 Thine aid will less be priz'd, come, take the gifts,  
 And as a God be honour'd by the Greeks  
 If thou hereafter, unsolicited,  
 The battle join, the Greeks thou mayst protect, 700  
 But not an equal share of honour gain "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot  
 " Phoenix, my second father, rev'rend sire,  
 Such honours move me not, my honour comes  
 From Jove, whose will it is that I should here  
 Remain beside the ships, while I retain  
 Breath in my lungs and vigour in my limbs  
 Thus too I say, and bear it in thy mind  
 Disturb me not with weeping and complaints,  
 To do Atreides grace, if him thou love, 710  
 My love for thee perchance may turn to hate  
 My friend should honour him who honours me  
 But come with me, and of my kingdom half,  
 And equal honours shalt thou share with me  
 These shall our message bear, stay thou the while,  
 And on soft couch repose, to-morrow morn  
 Will we determine or to sail or stay "

He said, and with his eyebrows gave a sign  
 In silence to Patroclus, to prepare

Prepare a bed for Phoenix, they obey'd,  
 And quickly laid the bed with fleeces warm,  
 And rugs, and linen light and fine o'erspread  
 There slept th' old man, and waited for the morn  
 Within the tent's recess Achilles slept,  
 And by his side, from Lesbos captive brought,  
 Daughter of Phorbas, Diomedes fair  
 On th' other side Patroclus lay, with him  
 The graceful Iphis, whom, when Scyros' isle  
 He captur'd, and Enyes rock built lost,  
 Achilles to his lov'd companion gave

770

When to Atreides tent the envoys came,  
 The chiefs, uprising, pledg'd them one by one  
 In golden goblets, then their tidings ask'd  
 First Agamemnon, King of men, enquir'd  
 ' Tell me, renown'd Ulysses, pride of Greece,  
 What says he will he save our ships from fire,  
 Or still, in wrathful mood, withhold his aid? "

780

To whom again Ulysses, stout of heart  
 " Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
 His anger is not quench'd, but fiercer still  
 It glows, thy gifts and thee alike he spurns,  
 He bids thee with the other chiefs concert  
 The means thy people and thy ships to save,  
 And menaces himself at early dawn  
 To launch his well trimm'd vessels on the main  
 Nay more, he counsels others, so he says,  
 Homeward to turn, since here of lofty Troy  
 We see not yet the end, all seeing Jove  
 O'er her extends his hand, on him relying,  
 Her people all with confidence are fill'd  
 Such was his language, here before you stand  
 Ajax and both the heralds, sage, grave men,  
 Who with me went, and will confirm my words  
 Old Phoenix left we there, so will'd the chief,  
 That with the morrow he with him may sail,  
 And seek their native land, if so he will,  
 For not by force will he remove him hence "

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Ulysses thus, they all in silence heard,  
 Amaz'd, so stern the message that he bore  
 Long time in silence sat the chiefs of Greece  
 Outspoke at length the valiant Diomed  
 ' Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,

Would that thou ne'er hadst stoop'd with costly guns  
To sue for aid from Peltus' matchless son,  
For he before was over proud, and now  
Thine offers will have tenfold swell'd his pride  
But leave we him, according to his will, 810  
To go or stay he then will join the fight,  
When his own spirit shall prompt, or Heav'n inspire  
But hear ye all, and do as I advise  
Refresh'd with food and wine (for therein lie  
Both strength and courage), turn we to our rest,  
And when the rosy finger'd morn appears,  
Thyself among the foremost, with bold hearts,  
Before our ships both horse and foot army."

He said, and all the chiefs with loud applause  
His speech confirm'd, then, due libations pour'd, 820  
Each to his sev'ral tent they all withdrew,  
Then laid them down, and sought the boon of sleep

## BOOK X

### ARGUMENT

**Dionaea and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus**

In night long slumbers lay the other chiefs  
 Of all the Greeks, by gentle sleep subdued,  
 But not on Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 By various cares oppress'd, sweet slumber fall  
 As when from Jove, the fair hair'd Juno's Lord,  
 Flashes the lightning, bringing in its train  
 Tempestuous storm of mingled rain and hail  
 Or snow, by winter sprinkled o'er the fields,  
 Or opening wide the rav'nous jaws of war,  
 So Agamemnon from his inmost heart  
 Pour'd forth in groans his multitudinous grief,  
 His spirit within him sinking On the plain  
 He look'd, and there, alarm'd, the watchfires saw,  
 Which, far advanc'd before the walls of Troy,  
 Blaze'd numberless, and thence of pipes and flutes  
 He heard the sound, and busy hum of men  
 Upon the ships he look'd, and men of Greece,  
 And by the roots his hair in handfuls tore  
 To Jove on high, deep groan'd his mighty heart  
 Thus as he mus'd, the wisest course appear'd,  
 With Nestor, son of Nelaus, to confer,  
 If they some scheme in council might devise  
 To ward destruction from the Grecian host  
 He rose, and o'er his body drew his vest,  
 And underneath his well turn'd feet he bound  
 His sandals fast, then o'er his shoulders thriv,  
 Do v'n reaching to his feet, a lion's skin,  
 Tawny and vast, then grasp'd his pond'rous spear  
 On Menelaus weigh'd an equal dread,  
 Nor on his eyes that night had slumber sat,  
 Lest all betail the Greeks, who, in his cause,  
 Crossing the wat'ry waste, had come to Troy,  
 And bold defiance to the Trojans giv'n

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Round his broad chest a panther's skin he threw;  
 Then on his head his brazen helmet plac'd,  
 And in his brawny hand a lance he bore  
 To meet his brother went he forth, of Greece  
 The mighty monarch, as a God rever'd  
 Him by the ship he found, in act to arm,  
 And welcome was his presence to the King 40

Then valiant Menelaus first began  
 "Why thus in arms, good brother? seek'st thou one  
 The Trojan camp to spy? I greatly fear  
 That none will undertake the task, alone  
 To spy the movements of the hostile camp  
 In the dark night, stout hearted he must be"

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus  
 "Great need, my noble brother, have we both  
 Of sagest counsels, if we hope the Greeks  
 And Grecian ships from ruin to preserve, 50  
 Since turn'd against us is the mind of Jove  
 To Hector's offerings most his soul inclines.  
 For never have I seen, or heard men tell,  
 How in one day one man has wrought such loss  
 As Hector, dear to Jove, yet not the son  
 Of God or Goddess, on the Greeks has wrought  
 Such deeds hath he achiev'd, such havoc made,  
 As we shall long in bitter memory keep  
 Haste thou amid the ships, and hither bring 60  
 Idomeneus and Ajax, I the while  
 Will Nestor rouse, and urge that he with us  
 The outposts visit, and instruct the guard  
 To him they best will listen, for his son  
 Commands the watch, with him Meriones,  
 The follower of the King Idomeneus  
 To them by preference hath this charge been given"

He said, and Menelaus answer'd thus  
 "What wouldst thou have me do then? here remain  
 With them, and wait thy coming, or to them  
 Thy message give, and follow in thy steps? 70

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men  
 "Remain thou here, lest haply we might fail  
 To meet, for in the camp are many paths  
 But thou, where'er thou go'st, each several man  
 Address, and ask to rise, to each his name  
 And patronymic giving, pay to each

All due respect, nor bear thee haughtily,  
We too must bear our load of toil, on whom  
This deep humiliation Jove hath laid "

His brother thus with counsels wise dismiss'd, So  
The King to aged Nestor took his way  
Him by his tent and dark ribb'd ship he found  
On a soft couch, beside him lay his arms,  
His shield, two lances, and a glittering helm  
There lay the rich-wrought belt the old man wore,  
When to the battle, arm'd, he led his troops,  
For nought to age's weakness would he yield  
Raising his head, and on his elbow propp'd,  
He question'd thus Atreides "Who art thou,  
That wand'rest through th' encampment thus alone, 90  
In the dark night, when other mortals sleep?  
Seek'st thou some mule broke loose, or comrade lost?  
Speak, nor in silence come, what wouldst thou here?"

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men  
"O Nestor! son of Nereus, pride of Greece,  
Know me for Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
On whom hath Jove, beyond the lot of men,  
Laid grief that ne'er shall end, while I retain  
Breath in my lungs, and vigour in my limbs 100  
I wander thus, because these eyes of mine  
Sweet slumber visits not, by cares of war  
Oppress'd, and harass'd by the woes of Greece  
Much for the Greeks I fear, nor keeps my mind  
Its wonted firmness, I am ill at ease,  
And leaps my troubled heart as though 'twould burst  
My bosom's bounds, my limbs beneath me shake  
But if thou wilt, since thou too know'st not sleep,  
Together to the outposts let us go,  
And see if there, by toil and sleep o'erpow'r'd,  
The guard repose, neglectful of their watch 110  
The foe is close at hand, nor are we sure  
He may not hazard ev'n a night attack "

To whom Germanus Nestor thus replied  
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
Not all the hopes that Hector entertains  
Shall by the Lord of counsel be fulfill'd,  
For him are toil and danger yet in store,  
If but Achilles of his wrath repent.  
Gladly will I attend thee, others too,

Tydidēs, spearman bold, Ulysses sage,  
 Ajax the swift, and Phyleus' noble son,  
 Should all be summon'd, and 'twere well that one  
 Across the camp should run, to call in haste  
 The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,  
 Theirs are the farthest ships, nor near at hand  
 But, dear to me as Menelaus is,  
 And highly honour'd, I must blame, that thus  
 (Though thou shouldst take offence, I needs must say)  
 He sleeps, and leaves the toil to thee alone  
 With all the chiefs he should be busied now,  
 Imploring aid, in this our utmost need "

120

130

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men  
 " For other times, old man, reserve thy blame,  
 Sometimes, I own, he lags behind, nor takes  
 His share of labour, not from indolence,  
 Or want of sense, but still regarding me,  
 Waiting from me an impulse to receive  
 But now, before me was he up, and came  
 To visit me, and I have sent him on  
 To call those very men whom thou hast nam'd  
 Come then, for we, beside the gates, and guard  
 Shall find them, there my orders were to meet "

140

To whom Geranian Nestor thus replied,  
 ' Then none can blame him, nor can any Greek  
 Justly refuse his summons to obey "

He said, and round his body wrapp'd his vest,  
 Then on his feet his sandals fair he bound,  
 And o'er his shoulders clasp'd a purple cloak,  
 Doubled, with ample folds, and downy pile,  
 Then took his spear, with point of sharpen'd brass,  
 And through the camp prepar'd to take his way  
 Geranian Nestor from his chambers first  
 Ulysses, sage as Jove in council, touch'd,  
 Loud shouting, soon the voice his scaves reach'd,  
 Forth from his tent he came, and thus he spoke  
 ' What cause so urgent leads you, through the camp,  
 In the dark night to wander thus alone? '

150

To whom Geranian Nestor thus replied  
 " Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,  
 Be not offended, great the stress that now  
 Weighs down our army, come thou then with us,  
 And others let us call, with whom 'tis meet

160

That we should counsel take, to fight or fly "

He said, Ulysses to the tent return'd,  
Then, his broad shield across his shoulders thrown,  
Came forth again, and with them took his way  
To Diomed, the son of Tydeus, next  
They went, and him they found beside his arms,  
Without his tent, his comrades slept around,  
Their heads upon their bucklers laid, their spears 170  
Stood upright, on the butts, the burnish'd brass  
Like Heav'n's own lightning, flashing far around  
Stretch'd on a wild bull's hide the chief repos'd,  
A gay-wrought carpet roll'd beneath his head  
Geranian Nestor standing by his side  
Touch'd with his foot the chief, and thus in tone  
Reproachful spoke "Arouse thee, Tydeus' son!  
Why sleep'st thou thus all night? or know'st thou not  
That on the very margin of the plain,  
And close beside the ships the Trojans lie, 180  
And little space between the camps is left? "

Quick rous'd from sleep, thus answer'd Diomed  
"Beshrew thy heart, old man! no labour seems  
For thee too hard, are there not younger men  
To run about the camp, and summon all  
The sev'ral chiefs? thou dost too much, old man "

To whom Geranian Nestor thus replied  
"True, friend, and full of wisdom are thy words,  
Good sons indeed I have, and followers brave  
And many, who might well my message bear, 190  
But great is now the stress that lies on Greece,  
For on a razor's edge is balanc'd now,  
To all the Greeks, the chance of life or death  
Do thou then go (for thou my younger art),  
And if thou pity me, thyself arouse  
Ajax the swift, and Phyleas' noble son "

He said, the warrior round his shoulders threw,  
Down reaching to his feet, a lion's hide,  
Tawny and dark, and took his pond'rous spear  
He went, arous'd, and with him brought the chiefs 200

When to the guard they came, not sunk in sleep  
Found they the leaders, but on wakeful watch  
Intent, and all alert beside their arms  
As round a sheepfold keep their anxious watch  
The dogs, who in the neighbouring thicket hear

Some beast, that, bold in search of prey, has come  
Down from the mountain, loud the clamours rise  
Of men and dogs, all sleep is banish'd thence,  
So from their eyes was banish'd sleep, who watch'd  
Through that disastrous night, still plainward turning  
At ev'ry movement in the Trojan camp 211

The old man saw, well pleas'd, and thus address'd  
With cheering words the captains of the guard  
"Watch over thus, good youths, nor be surpris'd  
By slumber, lest the foe a triumph gain

This said, he cross'd the ditch, and with him went  
The Grecian leaders, to the council call'd  
With them, admitted to the conference, went  
Meriones, and Nestor's noble son

The deep dug ditch they cross'd, and sat them down 220  
Upon an open space, from corpses clear  
Where Hector from the slaughter of the Greeks  
Turn'd back, when Evening spread her veil around  
There sat they down, and there the conference held  
Grecian Nestor first took up the word

O friends! is any here with heart so bold  
Who dares, self confident, the Trojan camp  
To enter? there some straggler he might take,  
Or in the camp itself some tidings gain  
What are their secret counsels, if they mean 230  
Here by the ships to hold their ground or back,  
Sated with victory, to the town retire  
This could he learn, and hither scathless bring  
His tidings, high as Klav'n in all men's mouths  
Would be his praise and ample his reward  
For ev'ry captain of a ship should give  
A coal black ewe, and at her foot a lamb,  
A prize beyond compare, and high should be  
His place at banquets and at solemn feasts.

He said, but all the chiefs in silence heard, 240  
Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said

Nestor, that heart is mine I dare alone  
Enter the hostile camp so close at hand,  
Yet were one comrade join'd to me, I should go  
With more of comfort, more of confidence  
Were two combine, one before other goes  
The better course, and ev'n though one alone  
I'll e'er the readiest way discover, yet could be

His judgment slower, his decision less '—

He said, and many chiefs to Diomed 250  
Proffer'd companionship, stood forth at once,  
With him to penetrate the Trojan camp,  
The two Ajaxes, ministers of Mars,  
Stood forth Menones, and eagerly  
Stood forth the son of Nestor, Atreus' son,  
The royal Menelaus, spearman bold,  
And stout Ulysses, whose enduring heart  
For ev'ry deed of valour was prepar'd  
Rose Agamemnon King of men, and said 300  
' Tydides, comrade dearest to my soul,  
Choose thou thine own companion, whom thou wilt,  
Of all the many here that proffer and  
Him whom thou deem'st the best—nor from respect  
To persons leave the better man behind,  
And take the worse, nor difference show to rank,  
Not though the purest royal blood were his '—

In fear for Menelaus thus he spoke  
Then answer'd valiant Diomed, and said,

If my companion I may freely choose,  
How can I pass the sage Ulysses by? 350  
Of ready wit, and dauntless courage, prov'd  
In ev'ry danger, and to Pallas dear  
I should not fear, by him accompanied,  
To pass through fire, and safely both return,  
So far in prudence he surpasses all

Whom answer'd thus Ulysses, stout of heart

' Tydides, nor exaggerated praise  
Bestow on me, nor censure—for thou speak'st  
To those who know me all for what I am 400  
But go we, night wanes fast, the morn is near  
The stars are high in Heav'n, and of the night  
Two thirds are spent, one third alone remains '—

He said, and both prepar'd to don their arms  
The youthful warrior Thrasymedus gave  
To Diomed a two-edg'd sword (his own  
Had in the ship been left) and ample shield,  
Then on his brows a leathern headpiece plac'd,  
Without or peak or plume, a simple casque,  
Such as is worn by youths to guard their head  
A bow, and well fill'd quiver, and a sword, 450  
Menones to sage Ulysses gave,

And on his brows a leathern headpiece plac'd,  
 Well wrought within, with num'rous straps secur'd,  
 And on th' outside, with wild boars' gleaming tusks  
 Profusely garnish'd, scatter'd here and there  
 By skilful hand, the midst with felt was lin'd  
 Thus from Amyntor, son of Ormenus,  
 Autolycus from Eleon bore away,  
 Spoil of his pilag'd house, Autolycus  
 Gave to Amphidamas, Lytheran chief, 300  
 Who in Spondeia dwelt, Amphidamas  
 To Molus, pledge of friendship; he again  
 Gave to his son, Meriones, from whom  
 It now encircled sage Ulysses' brow  
 Thus with accoutrements and arms supplied,  
 They left their brother chiefs, and took their way  
 Then close beside their path, by Pallas sent,  
 Rose, on the right, a heron, through the gloom  
 They saw it not indeed, but heard the cry  
 The fav'ring sign with joy Ulysses had'd, 310  
 And thus to Pallas pray'd "Hear me, thou child  
 Of zeus bearing Jove, who still hast stood  
 In ev'ry peril at my side, whose eye  
 My ev'ry movement sees, now, Goddess, now  
 Befriend me, grant that safe, with triumph crown'd,  
 We may return, some great exploit achiev'd,  
 Such as the Trojans long may bear in mind."

Him following, thus the brave Tydides pray'd  
 "My voice too, child of Jove, undaunted, hear,  
 And be with me, as with my father erst, 320  
 The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he went,  
 An envoy, in advance, and left behind,  
 Upon 'Propus' banks the mail-clad Greeks  
 Smooth was the message which to Thebes he bore,  
 But great, his mission ended, were the deeds  
 That with thee and he wrought, tur, Goddess, thou  
 Wast with him, and thine arm was his defence  
 So be thou now with me, and me defend  
 Then on thine altar will I sacrifice  
 A yearling heifer, broad of brow, untam'd, 330  
 Whose on no yoke hath mortal ever had  
 Her will I give, and tip her horns with gold."

Thus as they pray'd, their pray'r the Goddess heard;  
 Then, their devotions ended, on they far'd

Through the deep dead of night, like hours twain,  
 'Mid slaughter, corpses, arms, and blacken'd gore

Nor, in the Trojan camp, did Hector leave  
 The chiefs to rest, but all to conference cull'd,  
 The leaders and the councillors of Troy,  
 To whom his prudent speech he thus address'd 340

" Who is there here, that for a rich reward  
 A noble work will undertake? A car  
 And two strong-collar'd horses, best of all  
 That can be found within the Grecian lines,  
 Shall he receive, who, to his endless praise,  
 Shall dare approach the ships, and learn if still  
 They keep their wonted watch, or, by our arms  
 Subdued and vanquish'd, meditate retreat,  
 And, worn with toil, the nightly watch neglect "  
 Thus Hector spoke, but all in silence heard 350

There was one Dolon in the Trojan camp,  
 The herald's son, Eumedes, rich in gold  
 And brass, not fair of face, but swift of foot,  
 Amid five sisters he the only son,  
 Who thus to Hector and the Trojans spoke

" Hector, with dauntless courage I will dare  
 Approach the ships, and bring thee tidings sure,  
 But hold thou forth thy royal staff and swear  
 That I the horses and the brass bound car  
 Shall have, the boast of Peleus' matchless son 360  
 Not vain shall be mine errand, nor deceive  
 Thy hopes, right through the camp I mean to pass  
 To Agamemnon's tent, where all the chiefs  
 Debate in council, or to fight or fly "

He said, and Hector took his royal staff,  
 And swore to him " Be witness Jove himself,  
 The Lord of thunder, that no Trojan man,  
 Thyself except, shall e'er those horses drive,  
 For thee they are reserv'd, a glorious prize "

Thus Hector swore, though unfulfill'd the oath 370  
 The hope to Dolon fresh assurance gave  
 Forthwith, his bow across his shoulders slung,  
 A grisly wolfskin o'er it, on his head  
 A cap of marten's fur, and in his hand  
 A jav'lin, from the camp he took his way,  
 Straight to the Grecian ships, but never thence  
 Destin'd to bring th' expected tidings back

The crowd of men and horses left behind,  
 Briskly he mov'd along, Ulysses first  
 Mark'd his approach, and so Tydides said 380  
 " See, from the camp where some one this way comes,  
 With what intent I know not, if to ply  
 The spy about the ships, or rob the dead  
 Turn we aside, and let him pass us by  
 A little way, we then with sudden rush  
 May seize him, or if he outstrip us both  
 By speed of foot, may turn him tow'rd the ships,  
 Driving him still before us with our spears,  
 And from the city cutting off his flight "  
 Thus saying, 'mid the dead, beside the road 390  
 They crouch'd, he, all unconscious, hasten'd by  
 But when such space was interpos'd as leave  
 Between the sluggish oven and themselves  
 A team of mules (so much the faster they  
 Through the stiff fallow drag the jointed plough),  
 They rush'd upon him, at the sound he stopp'd,  
 Deeming that from the Trojan camp they came,  
 By Hector sent, to order his return  
 Within a spear's length when they came, or less,  
 For soe he knew them, and to fight address'd 400  
 His retive limbs, they rush'd in hot pursuit  
 And as two hounds, well pentur'd in the chase,  
 With glistening fangs, unflinching, strain to catch  
 In woodland glade, some pricket deer, or hare,  
 That flies before them, screaming, so those two,  
 Tydides and Ulysses, stout of heart,  
 With fiery zeal, unflinching, strain'd to catch  
 The living Dolon, from the camp cut off,  
 But when the fugitive approach'd the ships,  
 Close by the guard, fresh vigour fallow gave 410  
 To Diomed, lest haply from the walls  
 Some other might anticipate his blow,  
 And he himself but second honours gain  
 Tydides then with threat'ning gesture cried,  
 " Stop, or I hurl my spear, and smalt thy chance,  
 If I assail thee, of escape from death "  
 He said, and threw his spear, but by design

It struck him not, above his shoulder flew  
 The polish'd lance, and quiver'd in the ground  
 Sudden he stopp'd, with panic paralyz'd 420  
 His teeth all chattering, pale with fear he stood,  
 With falling accents, panting, they came up  
 And seiz'd him in their grasp, he thus, in tears  
 " Spare but my life, my life I can redeem,  
 For ample stores I have of gold, and brass,  
 And well wrought iron and of these my sire  
 Would pay a generous ransom could he learn  
 That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd "

To whom Ulysses deep-designing, thus  
 ' Be of good cheer nor let the fear of death 430  
 Disturb thy mind but tell me truly this,  
 How is 't that toward the ships thou com'st alone,  
 In the still night, when other mortals sleep?  
 Canst thou perchance for plunder of the dead?  
 Or seek'st upon our ships to play the spy,  
 By Hector sent? or of thine own accord? "

Then Dolon thus—his knees with terror shook—

' With much persuasion, of my better mind  
 Hector beguild me, offering as my prize 440  
 Achilles' horses and his brass bound car  
 Through the dark night he sent me and enjoin'd,  
 Ent'ring your hostile camp, to learn if still  
 Ye keep your wonted watch, or by our arms  
 Subdued and vanquish'd, meditate retreat,  
 And worn with toil, your nightly watch neglect "

To whom Ulysses thus with scornful smile  
 " High soar'd thy hopes indeed, that thought to win  
 The horses of Achilles, hard are they  
 For mortal man to harness or control,  
 Save for Achilles self, the Goddess born 450  
 But tell me truly this, when here thou com'st,  
 Where left'st thou Hector, guardian chief of Troy?  
 Where are his warlike arms? his horses where?  
 Where lie the rest? and where are plac'd their guards?  
 What are their secret counsels? do they mean  
 Here by the ships to keep their ground or back,  
 Sated with victory, to the town return? "

Whom Dolon answer'd thus Eumedæus son

" Thy questions all true answers shall receive,  
 Hector, with those who share his counsels, sits 460

To touch his beard, unflinching, through his throat,  
 Both tendons sev'ning, drove his trenchant blade  
 Even while he spoke, his head was roll'd in dust  
 The cap of marten fur from off his head  
 They took, the wolf-skin, and the bow unstrung,  
 And jav'lin, these Ulysses held aloft,  
 And thus to Pallas pray'd, who gave the spoil 510  
 'Receive, great Goddess, these our gifts, to thee,  
 Of all th' Immortals on Olympus' height,  
 Our offerings first we give, conduct us now,  
 The Thracian camp and Thracian steeds to gain."

Thus as he spoke, amid the Ixmarick scrub  
 Far off he threw the trophies, then with reed,  
 And twigs new broken from the Ixmarick boughs,  
 He set a mark, lest in the gloom of night  
 Returning, they might haply miss the spot  
 Then on they pass'd through arms and blacken'd gore, 520  
 And reach'd the confines of the Thracian camp  
 There found they all by sleep subdued, their arms  
 Beside them on the ground, in order due,  
 In triple rows, and by the side of each,  
 Harness'd and yok'd, his horses read / stood  
 Surrounded by his warriors, Rheus slept,  
 Beside him stood his couriers fleet, their reins  
 Suspended to the chariot's topmost rail  
 Ulysses mark'd him as he lay, and said,  
 "This is the man, Tydides, these the steeds, 530  
 To us by Dolon, whom we slew, describ'd  
 Now then, put forth thy might, beseeches it not  
 To stand thus idly with these arms in hand  
 Loose thou the horses, or do thou the men  
 Despatch, and to my care the horses leave"

He said, and Pallas vigour new inspir'd,  
 That right and left he smote, dire were the groans  
 Of slaughter'd men, the earth was red with blood,  
 And as a lion, on th' untended flock  
 Of sheep or goats with savage onslaught springs, 540  
 Even so Tydides on the Thracians sprang,  
 Till twelve were slain, and as Tydides' sword  
 Gave each to death, Ulysses by the feet  
 Drew each aside, reflecting, that perchance  
 The horses, startled, might refuse to pass  
 The corpses, for as yet they knew them not

But when Tydides saw the sleeping King,  
 A thirteenth victim to his sword was giv'n,  
 Painfully breathing, for by Pallas' art,  
 He saw that night, as in an evil dream,  
 The son of Ceneus standing o'er his head  
 Meanwhile Ulysses sage the horses loos'd,  
 He gather'd up the reins, and with his bow  
 (For whip was none at hand) he drove them forth,  
 Then softly whistling to Tydides gave  
 A signal, he, the while, remain'd behind,  
 Musing what bolder deed he yet might do,  
 Whether the seat, whereon the arms were laid,  
 To draw away, or, lifted high in air,  
 To bear it off in triumph on the car,  
 Or on the Thracians farther loss inflict,  
 But while he mus'd, beside him Pallas stood,  
 And said, " Bethink thee, Tydeus' son, betimes  
 Of thy return, lest, if some other God  
 Should wake the Trojans, thou shouldst need to fly "

She said, the heavy ny voice he recognis'd,  
 And mounted straight the car, Ulysses touch'd  
 The horses with his bow, and, urg'd to speed,  
 They tow'rd the ships their rapid courses pursued.

Nor idle watch Apollo kept, who saw  
 Tydides o'er the plain by Pallas led,  
 With anger fill'd, the Trojan camp he sought,  
 And Rhesus' Liasman, good Hippocoon,  
 The Thracian counsellor, from sleep arous'd,  
 Awaking, when the vacant space he view'd,  
 Where late had stood the horses, and his friends  
 Gasping in death, and wait'ring in their blood.  
 He gourd'd as on his comrade's name he call'd,  
 Then loud the clamour rose, and wild uproar,  
 Unspeakable, of Trojans thronging round,  
 They marvell'd at the deeds, but marvell'd more  
 How they who wrought them had escap'd unscath'd

Meantime arriv'd where Hector's vault they slew,  
 Ulysses, lov'd of Heav'n, a moment check'd  
 His eager steeds, Tydides from the car  
 Leap'd to the ground, and in Ulysses hand  
 The bloody trophies plac'd, then mounted quick,  
 And tow'rd the ships, their destin'd goal, urg'd on  
 The fiery horses, nothing loth, they flew

Nestor first heard the sound, and cried, "O friends, 590  
 The leaders and the councillors of Greece,  
 Am I deceiv'd, or is it true? methinks  
 The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes mine ear,  
 Grant Heav'n, Ulysses and brave Diomed  
 May bring those horses from the Trojan camp,  
 Yet much I fear our bravest may have met  
 With some disaster 'mid the crowd of foes "

He scarce had ended, when themselves appear'd,  
 And from the car descended welcom'd back  
 With cordial grasp of hands, and friendly words 600  
 Gerenian Nestor first, enquiring, said  
 "Tell me, renown'd Ulysses, pride of Greece,  
 Whence come these horses? from the Trojan camp?  
 Or hath some God, that met you by the way,  
 Bestow'd them, radiant as the beams of light?  
 Among the Trojans day by day I move,  
 'Tis not my wont, old warrior though I be,  
 To lag behind, but horses such as these  
 I never saw, some God hath giv'n them, sure,  
 For Jove, the Cloud compeller, loves you both, 610  
 And Pallas, child of ægis-bearing Jove "

To whom again the sage Ulysses thus  
 "O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,  
 Had they so will'd, the Gods, so great their pow'r,  
 Ev'n better horses could have giv'n than these,  
 But these, old man, are Thracians, newly come,  
 Whose King the valiant Diomed hath slain,  
 And with him twelve, the best of all his band  
 A scout too have we slain, by Hector sent,  
 And by the Trojan chiefs, to spy our camp " 620

He said, and o'er the ditch the horses drove,  
 Exulting in their prize, and with him went  
 The other chiefs, rejoicing, through the camp  
 Arriv'd at Diomed's well-order'd tent,  
 First with strong halters to the rack, where stood,  
 High fed with corn, his own swift-footed steeds,  
 The horses they saw'd; Ulysses then  
 The bloody spoils of Dolon stow'd away  
 In the ship's stern, till fitting sacrifice  
 To Pallas might be offer'd, to the sea 630  
 Descending then, they wash'd away the sweat,  
 Which on their necks, and thighs, and knees had dried,

The sweat wash'd off, and in the ocean waves  
Themselves refresh'd, they sought the polish'd bath,  
Then, by the bath restor'd, and all their limbs  
Anointed freely with the hallow'd oil,  
Sat down to breakfast, and from flowing bowls  
In Pallas' honour pour'd a trea' luscious wine

## BOOK XI

### ARGUMENT

AGAMEMNON distinguishes himself. He is wounded and retreats. Diomed is wounded by Paris. Ulysses by Sthenelos. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses and Eurypylus soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax he is shot in the thigh by Paris who also wounds Menelaos. Nestor conveys Menelaos from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle clothed in the armour of Achilles.

NOW rose Aurora from Ithonus' bed,  
To mortals and Immortals bringing light,  
When to the ships of Greece came Discord down,  
Despatch'd from Jove, with dire portents of war.  
Upon Ulysses' lofty ship she stood,  
The midmost, thence to shout to either side  
Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon,  
Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,  
Confiding in their strength, had moor'd their ships  
There stood the Goddess, and in accents loud  
And dread she call'd, and fix'd in ev'ry breast  
The fierce resolve to wage unwearied war,  
And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home  
Or wish'd return, became the battle field

Atrides, loudly shouting, call'd the Greeks  
To arms himself his flashing armour donn'd  
First on his legs the well wrought greaves he fix'd,  
Fasten'd with silver clasps, his ample chest  
A breastplate guarded, giv'n by Cinyras  
In pledge of friendship, for in Cyprus' isle  
He heard the rumour of the glorious fleet  
About to sail for Troy, and sought with gifts  
To win the favour of the mighty King  
Ten bands were there wrought of dusky brass,  
Twelve of pure gold, twice ten of shining tin  
Of bronze six dragons upwards tow'rd the neck  
Their length extended, three on either side

In colour like the bow, which Saturn's son  
 Plac'd in the clouds, a sign to mortal men  
 Then o'er his shoulder threw his sword, bright flash'd 30  
 The golden studs, the silver scabbard shone,  
 With golden baldrick fitted, next his shield  
 He took, full siz'd, well-wrought, well prov'd in fight,  
 Around it ran ten circling rings of brass,  
 With twenty bosses round of burnish'd tin,  
 And, in the centre, one of dusky bronze  
 A Gorgon's head, with aspect terrible,  
 Was wrought, with Fear and Flight encircled round  
 Depending from a silver belt it hung,  
 And on the belt a dragon, wrought in bronze, 40  
 Twan'd his lithe folds, and turn'd on ev'ry side  
 Sprung from a single neck, his triple head  
 Then on his brow his lofty helm he plac'd,  
 Four-crested, double-peak'd, with horsehair plumes,  
 That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's head  
 Then took two weighty lances, tip'd with brass,  
 Which fiercely flash'd against the face of Heav'n  
 Pallas and Juno thund'ring from on high  
 In honour of Mycenæ's wealthy lord

Forthwith they order'd, each his chariot, 50  
 To stay his car beside the ditch, themselves,  
 On foot, in arms accoutred, sallied forth,  
 And loud, ere early dawn, the clamour rose  
 Advanc'd before the cars, they bo'd the ditch,  
 Follow'd the cars, a little space between  
 But soon with dire confusion fill'd their ranks,  
 Who sent from Heav'n a show'r of blood stain'd rain,  
 In sign of many a warrior's coming doom,  
 Soon to the viewless shades untimely sent  
 Meanwhile upon the slope, beneath the plain, 60  
 The Trojan chiefs were gather'd, Hector's self,  
 Polydamas, Æneas, & a God  
 In rev'rence held, Antenor's three brave sons,  
 Agenor's godlike presence, Polybus,  
 And, heavenly fair, the youthful Acamas  
 In front was seen the broad circumference  
 Of Hector's shield, and as amid the clouds  
 Shines forth the hery dog star, bright and clear,  
 Anon beneath the cloudy veil conceal'd,  
 So now in front was Hector seen, and now 70

Pass'd to the rear, exhorting, all in brass,  
His burnish'd arms like Jove's own lightning flash'd

As in the corn-land of some wealthy Lord  
The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe,  
Barley or wheat, and fast the trusses fall,  
So Greeks and Trojans mow'd th' opposing ranks,  
Nor these admitted thought of faint retreat,  
But still made even head, while those, like wolves,  
Rush'd to the onset, Discord, Goddess dire,  
Beheld, rejoicing, of the heav'nly pow'rs 80  
She only mingled with the combatants,  
The others all were absent, they, serene,  
Repos'd in gorgeous palaces, for each  
Amid Olympus' deep recesses built  
Yet all the cloud girt son of Saturn blam'd,  
Who wail'd the vict'ry to the arms of Troy  
He heeded not their anger, but withdrawn  
Apart from all, in pride of conscious strength,  
Survey'd the walls of Troy, the ships of Greece,  
The flash of arms, the slayers and the slain 90

While yet 'twas morn, and wax'd the youthful day,  
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
On either side, but when the hour was come  
When woodmen, in the forest's deep recess,  
Prepare their food, and wearied with the toil  
Of felling loftiest trees, with aching arms  
Turn with keen relish to their midday meal,  
Then Grecian valour broke th' opposing ranks,  
As each along the line encourag'd each,  
First sprang the monarch Agamemnon forth, 100  
And brave Euer slew, his people's guard,  
And, with the chief, his friend and charioteer,  
Oileus, he, down-leaping from the car,  
Stood forth defiant, but between his brows  
The monarch's spear was thrust, nor aught avail'd  
The brass bound helm to stay the weapon's point,  
Through helm and bone it pass'd, and all the brain  
Was shatter'd, forward as he rush'd, he fell  
Them left he there, their bare breasts gleaming white,  
Stripp'd of their arms, and hasten'd in pursuit 110  
Of Antiphus and Isus, Priam's sons,  
A bastard one, and one legitimate,  
Both on one car, the bastard held the reins

Beside him stood the gallant Antiphos  
 Them, as they led their flocks on Ida's heights,  
 Achilles once had captive made, and bound  
 With willow saplings, till for ransom freed  
 The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, drove  
 Through Ios' breast his spear, his wondrous sword  
 Descended on the head of Antiphos 120  
 Beside the ear, and hurl'd him from his car,  
 These of their armour he despoil'd in haste,  
 Known to him both for he had seen them oft  
 Beside the ships, when thither captive brought  
 From Ida by Achilles' swift of foot  
 As when a lion in their lair hath seiz'd  
 The helpless offspring of a mountain doe,  
 And breaks their bones with ease, and with strong teeth  
 Crosses their tender life, nor can their dam  
 Though close at hand she be, avail them aught 130  
 For she herself by deadly terror seiz'd,  
 Through the thick coppice and the forest flies,  
 Panting, and bath'd in sweat, the monster's rush,  
 So dar'd no Trojan give those brethren aid,  
 Themselves in terror of the warlike Greeks,  
 Peisander next, and bold Hippolochus,  
 Sons of Antimachus ('twas he who chief,  
 Seduc'd by Paris' gold and splendid gifts,  
 Advis'd the restitution to refuse  
 Of Helen to her Lord), the King assail'd. 140  
 Both on one car, but from their hands had dropp'd  
 The broadsword rains, bewilder'd there they stood,  
 While, with a lion's bound, upon them sprang  
 The son of Atreus, suppliant, in the car,  
 They clasp'd his knees. "Give quarter, Atreus' son,  
 Redeem our lives, our sire Antimachus  
 Possesses goodly store of brass and gold,  
 And well-wrought iron, and of these he can  
 Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear  
 That in the Grecian ships we yet surviv'd ' 150  
 Thus they, with gentle words, and tears, imploring,  
 But all ungentle was the voice they heard  
 In answer, "If indeed ye be the sons  
 Of that Antimachus who counsel gave,  
 When noble Menelaus came to Troy  
 With sage Ulysses, as ambassadors,

To slay them both, nor suffer their return,  
Pay now the forfeit of your father's guilt."  
He said, and with a spear-thrust through his breast  
Peisander dash'd to earth, backward he fell 160  
Down leap'd Antilochus, but with his sword  
Atreus sever'd both his hands and neck,  
And in the dust, a headless block, he roll'd  
These left he there, and where the thickest throng  
Maintain'd the tug of war, thither he flew,  
And with him eager hosts of well gear'd Greeks  
Soon on the Trojans' flight enforc'd they hung,  
Destroying foot on foot, and horse on horse,  
While from the plain thick clouds of dust arose  
Beneath the armed hoofs of clatt'ring steeds, 170  
And on the monarch Agamemnon press'd,  
Still slaying, urging still the Greeks to arms  
As when amid a densely timber'd wood  
Light the devouring flames, by eddying winds  
Hither and thither borne, fast falls the copse  
Prostrate beneath the fire's impetuous course,  
So thickly fell the flying Trojans' heads  
Beneath the might of Agamemnon's arm,  
And here and there, athwart the pass of war, 180  
Was many an empty car at random whirl'd  
By strong neck'd steeds, of guiding hands bereft,  
Stretch'd on the plain they lay, more welcome sight  
To carrion birds than to their widow'd wives  
But Hector, from the fray and din of war,  
And dust, and blood, and carnage, Jove withdrew  
Still on Atreus press'd, the Greek pursuit  
With eager shouts exciting, past the tomb  
Of Ilus, ancient son of Dardanus,  
And tow'rd the fig tree, midway o'er the plain,  
Straining to gain the town, the Trojans fled, 190  
While loudly shouting, his unconquer'd hands  
With carnage dyed, Atreus urg'd their flight  
But when the Scæan gates and oak were reach'd,  
They made a stand, and fac'd the foe's assault  
Some o'er the open plain were yet dispers'd,  
As heifers, by a lion scatter'd wide,  
At dead of night, all fly, on one descends  
The doom of death, her with his pow'ful teeth  
He seizes, and, her neck first broken, rends,

And on her entrails gorging, laps her blood.  
 So these the monarch Agamemnon chas'd,  
 Slaying the hindmost, they in terror fled  
 Some headlong, backward some, Atreides' hand  
 Hurl'd from their chariot many a warrior bold  
 So forward and so fierce he bore his spear  
 But as he near'd the city, and stood beneath  
 The lofty wall, the Sire of Gods and men  
 From Heav'n descended, on the topmost height  
 Of Ida's spring abounding hill he sat,  
 And while his hand the lightning grasp'd, he thus

200

210

To golden-wing'd Iris gave command  
 "Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Hector bear  
 From me this message, bid him, that as long  
 As Agamemnon in the van appears,  
 Raging, and dealing death among the ranks,  
 He from the battle keep himself aloof,  
 But urge the rest undaunted to maintain  
 The stubborn fight, but should Atreides, struck  
 By spear or arrow, in his car withdraw,  
 He shall from me receive such pow'r to slay,  
 As to the ships shall bear him, ere the sun  
 Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade"

220

Thus he, to Troy, obedient to his word,  
 From Ida's heights swift-footed Iris sped  
 Amid the homes and the well fram'd cars  
 The godlike Hector, Priam's son, she found,  
 And stood beside him, and address'd him thus

"Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove  
 In council, be the Universal Lord

230

Sends thee by me this message, that as long  
 As Agamemnon in the van appears,  
 Raging, and dealing death amid the ranks,  
 Thou from the battle keep thyself aloof,  
 But urge the rest undaunted to maintain  
 The stubborn fight, but should Atreides, struck  
 By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,  
 Thou shalt from him receive such pow'r to slay  
 As to the ships shall bear thee, ere the sun  
 Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade"

240

Swift footed Iris said, and disappear'd,  
 But from his chariot Hector leap'd to earth,  
 Either and thither passing through the ranks,

With brandish'd jav'ins urging to the fight,  
 Loud, at his bidding rose the battle-cry  
 Back roll'd the tide—again they fac'd the Greeks  
 On the other side the Greeks their masses form'd  
 In line of battle rang'd oppos'd they stood  
 And in the front no man content to cede  
 The foremost place—  
 Then Agamemnon seen  
 Saw how the Grecians on Olympus dwell,  
 Of all the Trojans and the Argive allies,  
 Who his oppos'd to Agamemnon stood  
 Iphidamas Antenor's gallant son  
 Stalwart and brave in fertile Thracia bred,  
 Mother of flowers aim in his intent cast,  
 His grandchild Calcas his Thracian's sire,  
 In his own palace rear'd and when he reach'd  
 The perfect measure of his glorious youth,  
 Still in his room retain'd him and his wife  
 Gave him his daughter from the marriage strand  
 He, with twelve beaken'd ships that own'd his sway,  
 Set forth to join the glory of the Greeks  
 His well-trimm'd ships upon Perote's shore  
 He left and came himself on foot to Troy,  
 Who next encountered Aeneas' godlike son

13

60

140

30

When near they drew, under mass'd his aim  
 His spear diverging, then Iphidamas  
 Beneath the breastplate, striking on his belt,  
 Strove with strong hand to drive the weapon home,  
 Yet could not pierce the belt's close-plated work  
 The point, encounter'd on the silver fold,  
 Was bent, like lead, then with his powerful hand  
 The monarch Agamemnon seiz'd the spear,  
 And toward him drew and with a lion's strength  
 Wrench'd from his Trojan's grasp, then on his neck  
 Let fall his sword, and slack'd his limbs in death  
 There, falling in his country's cause, he slept  
 The iron sleep of death, unhappy he,  
 Far from his virgin bride yet unpow'ring'd,  
 Though bought with costly presents, first he gave  
 A hundred steers and promis'd thousands more  
 Of sheep and goats from out his countless flocks  
 Him Agamemnon on his arms despoil'd  
 And to the crowd of Greeks the trophies bore  
 Bore even Antenor eldest born beheld,

Cœon, th' observ'd of all men, but rest grief  
 His eyes o'ershadow'd, nor his brother's face,  
 And, unpercerv'd by Atreus' godlike son,  
 Standing aside, he struck him with his spear,  
 Through the mid arm, beneath the elbow's bend, 250  
 And drove right through the weapon's gilt ring point  
 With'd with the pain the mighty King of men,  
 Yet from the combat smick'd he not, nor quail'd  
 But grasping firm his weather-toughen'd spear  
 On Cœon rush'd, as by the feet he drew  
 His father's son, Iphidamas, away,  
 Involving all the harvest to his aid,  
 And as he drew the body torn to the crowd,  
 Beneath the bossy shield the monarch clutched  
 His brass-clad spear, and slack'd his limbs in death, 300  
 Then near approaching, ev'n upon the corpse  
 Of dead Iphidamas, struck off his head  
 So by Atreus' hand, Antenor's seat,  
 Their doom accomplish'd, to the shades were sent  
 Then through the crowded ranks, with spear and sword,  
 And massive stones, he held his furious course,  
 While the hot blood was welling from his arm,  
 But when the wound was dry, and stanch'd the blood,  
 Keen anguish thro' Atreus' might subdued  
 As when a woman in her labour throes 310  
 Sharp pangs encompass, by Lucina sent  
 Who eases her child-birth travail, ev'n so keen  
 The pangs that thro' Atreus' might subdued  
 Mounting his car he bade his charioteer  
 Drive to the ships, for sore his spirit was pain'd  
 But loud and clear he shouted to the Greeks  
 "O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
 Yours be it now our sea-borne ships to guard  
 Since Jove, the Lord of counsel, through the day  
 Wills not that I the battle should maintain" 320  
 He said—and swiftly to the ships were driv'n  
 His sleek-arm'd comers, nothing loth they flew,  
 With foam their chests were fleck'd, with dust their flanks,  
 As from the field their wounded Lord they bore  
 But Hector, as he saw the King retire,  
 To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud  
 "Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardanians  
 In close encounter, quit ye not like men,

Put forth your wonted valour, from the field  
 Their bravest has withdrawn, and Jove on me  
 Great glory hath shed, nor headlong on the Greeks  
 Urge your swift steeds, and endless honour gain

250

His words fresh courage rose in every breast  
 And as a hunter cheers his sharp-sang'd hounds  
 On forest boar or lion on the Greeks

So cheer'd the valiant Trojan Priam's son,  
 Illustrious Hector, stern as blood-stain'd Mars  
 Best on high deeds, himself in front advanc'd,  
 Fell on the masses as a warwind fell.

Lashing with furious sweep the dark blue sea

255

Saw then who first, who last by Hector's hand,  
 Whom Jove had will'd to crown with honour, died  
 Ajax first, and then Iphidamas,

Optes, and Opheltus, Dolops, son

Of Clytus and Eumeneus, Agelaus

And Orus, and the brave Hipponous,

All these the chiefs of Greece, the nameless troop

He scatter'd next, as when the west wind drives

The clouds, and battles with the hurricane,

Before the clearing blast of North driv'n,

300

The big waves heave and roll, and high aloft

The gale, careening, sweeps the ocean's floor,

So thick and furious fell on hostile heads

The might of Hector—Now had fearful deeds

Been done, and Greeks beside their ships had fall'n

In shameful rout, had not Ulysses thus

To Diomed, one son of Tydeus, call'd

Why, son of Tydeus, should we thus relax

Our warlike courage? come, stand by me now,

True friend! if Hector or the glancing helm

305

Our ships should capture, great were our disgrace!

Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed

' Beside thee will I stand, and still endure,

But better will be the term of our success,

Since Jove, the Cloud-compeller, not to let,

Be to the Trojans, vile the victory! "

He said and from his car Thymbreus hurl'd,  
 Through the left breast transfix'd Ulysses' hand

His charioteer, the brave Molon, slew

Those left they there, no more to share the fight,

310

Then turning, spread confusion mid the crowd

As turn two bears upon the hunter's pack  
 With desp'rate courage, turning so to bay,  
 Those two, the Trojans scatt'ring, gave the Greeks,  
 From Hector dying, time again to breathe  
 A car they seiz'd which bore two valiant chiefs,  
 Sons of Perctonian Metopæ—he, or all  
 In lore prophetic shali'd, would fain at home  
 Have kept them from the life-destroying war  
 But they, by adverse fate appell'd to seek  
 Their doom of death, his warning voice despis'd  
 These two, of strength and life at once bereft,  
 The son of Tydæus, valiant Diomed,  
 Stripp'd of their armour, while Ulysses slew  
 Hippodæmus, and bold Hypérochus  
 Thus Jove, from Ithac's height beholding, held  
 His even scale, each party slaughter'ing each  
 Then with his spear Tydides through the loins  
 Agastrophus, the son of Pæon, snote,  
 No car had he at hand, whereto to fly  
 But, ill advis'd, had in th' attendants' charge  
 His horses left far off, while he himself  
 Rush'd 'mid the throng on foot, and met his doom  
 Hector's quick glance athwart the file beheld,  
 And to the rescue with a shout, he sprang,  
 The Trojan columns following, not unmov'd  
 The valiant Diomed his coming saw,  
 And thus bespoke Ulysses at his side  
 "On us this plague, this mighty Hector, falls  
 Yet stand we firm, and boldly meet the shock"  
 He said, and, poised, hurl'd his ponderous spear,  
 And not in vain, on Hector's head it struck  
 His helmet's crest, but, brass encount'ring brass,  
 Himself it reach'd not, for the visor'd helm,  
 Apollo's gift, three-plated, stay'd its force  
 Yet backward Hector sprang amid the crowd,  
 And on his knees he dropp'd his stain'd hand  
 Propp'd on the ground, while darkness veil'd his eyes  
 But ere Tydides, following up his spear,  
 Attain'd from far the spot whereon he fell,  
 Hector reviv'd, and mounting quick his car,  
 Drove 'mid the crowd, and escap'd the doom of death  
 Then thus, with threat'ning spear, Tydides cried  
 "Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escap'd,"

Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath sav'd,  
 Phœbus, to whom, unaid the clash of spears,  
 Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again,  
 When I shall end thee, if a guardian God  
 I too may claim, meanwhile from thee I turn,  
 And others seek on whom my hap may light "

420

He said, and turn'd him of his arms to strip  
 The son of Pæon, but beside the stone  
 That mark'd where men of old had rais'd a mound  
 To Ilus, Dardan's son, the ancient chieft,  
 There crouching, Paris, fast hat'd Helen's Lord,  
 Against the son of Tydeus bent his bow  
 He from the breast of brave Agastrophus  
 Had stripp'd the corslet, from his shoulders broad  
 The buckler, and the helmet from his head,  
 When Paris bent his bow, and not in vain  
 His arrow launch'd, Tydides' dexter foot  
 Right through it pierc'd, and pun'd it to the ground  
 Joyous he laugh'd, and from his hiding-place  
 Sprang forth, and thus in tones of triumph cried  
 "Thou hast it! not in vain my shaft hath flown!  
 Would that, deep buried in thy flank, it touch'd  
 Thy very life! so should our Trojans lose  
 Their panic fear, who now on thee with dread,  
 As bleating goats upon a lion, look "

430

To whom, unmov'd, the valiant Diomed  
 "Poor archer, trusting to thy bow alone,  
 Vile sland'rer and seducer! if indeed  
 Thou durst in arms oppos'd to me to stand,  
 Nought would avail thy arrows and thy bow  
 And now, because thy shaft hath graz'd my foot,  
 Thou mak'st thine empty boast. I heed thee not,  
 More than a woman or a puny child

440

A worthless coward's weapon hath no point  
 'Tis dull rent far with me! though light it fall,  
 My spear is sharp, and whome it strikes, it slays  
 His widow's cheeks are mark'd with scars of grief,  
 His children orphans, rotting on the ground,  
 Red with his blood, he has, his funeral rites  
 By carrion birds, and not by women paid "

450

Thus while he spoke, Ulysses, spearman bold,  
 Drew near, and stood before him, he, behind,  
 Sat down protect'd, and from out his foot

The arrow drew, whereat sharp anguish shot  
Through all his flesh, and mounting on his car  
He bade his faithful charioteer in haste  
Drive to the ships, for pain weigh'd down his soul  
Alone Ulysses stood, of all the Greeks  
Not one beside him, all were panic-struck  
Then with his spirit, perturb'd, he commun'd thus  
"Me miserable! which way shall I choose?"

Great were the mischief, should I fly, and so  
Increase the people's terror, yet 'twere worse  
Here to be caught alone, and Saturn's son  
With panic fear the other Greeks hath fill'd  
Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these?  
I know that cowards from the battle fly,  
But he who boasts a warrior's name, must learn,  
Wounded or wounding, firmly still to stand."

While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,  
Onward the buckler'd ranks of Trojans came  
And, to their harm, encircled him around  
As when a bear, by dogs and stalwart youths  
Attack'd, the shelt'ring thicket leaves, and whets  
The tusks that gleam between his curv'd jaws,  
They crowd around, though ring his clatt'ring tusks,  
And, fearful though it be, await his rush  
So crowded round Ulysses, dear to Jove,  
The Trojans, he, with brandish'd spear aloft,  
Sprang forth, and through the shoulder, from above,  
Deopites wounded Theon next  
He slew, and Ennomus, then with his spear

Through the bright shield the sturdy weapon drove,  
 And through the rich-~~a~~rou, hit baldric, from the ribs  
 Tearing the flesh away, but Pallas sav'd,  
 And turn'd it from the vital parts aside  
 The wound, Ulysses knew, was not to death,  
 And back he drew, and thus to Socus cried

" *Ill fated thou! thy doom hath found thee now!*  
 Me hast thou hinder'd from the war awhile,  
 But thee to swift destruction and dark death  
 This day I doom great glory, of thee subdued, 310  
 Shall I obtain, and Hades take thy soul "

Thus he and Socus, turning, sought to fly,  
 But as he turn'd him round, Ulysses' spear  
 Behind his neck, between the shoulder blades  
 Was driv'n, and through his chest, thund'ring he fell,  
 And o'er his fall Ulysses, vaunting, thus

" Socus, thou son of warlike Heppasus,  
 Here hast thou found, nor couldst escape, thy doom  
 Ill fated thou! nor sire's nor mother's hand  
 Shall gather up thy bones, but carrion birds 320  
 O'er thee shall flap their baleful wings, and tear  
 Thy mangled flesh, for me, whoso'er I die  
 The sons of Greece will build my fun'ral pile "

'Surrounded by the Trojan host they found,  
 As hungry jackals on the mountain side  
 Around a stag, that from an archer's hand  
 Hath taken hurt, yet while his blood was warm  
 And limbs yet serv'd, has batted his perient,  
 But when the fatal shaft has drain'd his strength,  
 Thirsting for blood, beneath the forest shade, 550  
 The jackals seize their victim, then if chance  
 A hungry lion pass, the jackals shrink  
 In terror back, while he devours the prey,  
 So round Ulysses, sage in council, press'd  
 The Trojans, many and brave, yet nobly he  
 Averted, spear in hand, the fatal hour,  
 Till, with his tow'r like shield before him borne,  
 Appear'd great Ajax, and beside him stood  
 Either and neither then the Trojans fled,  
 While with supporting arm from out the crowd 560  
 The warlike Menelaus led him forth,  
 Till his attendant with his car drew near  
 Then Ajax, on the Trojans springing, slow  
 Dorychus, royal Priam's bastard son,  
 Next Pyraus he smote, and Pandocus,  
 Lyncides, and Polydorus as a stream,  
 Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n, that from the hills  
 Pours down its wintry current on the plain,  
 And many a blighted oak, and many a pine  
 It bears, with poles of soft-wood, to the sea 570  
 So swept illustrious Ajax o'er the plain,  
 O'erthrowing men and horses though unknown.  
 To Hector, he, upon Scamander's bank  
 Was warning on the field's extreme left,  
 Where round great Nestor and the warlike king  
 Idomeneus, while men were falling fast,  
 Rose, unexpress'd, the battle cry  
 Hector, 'and there, was working wondrous deeds,  
 With spear and car, routing th' opposed youth,  
 Yet had the Greeks ev'n so their ground maintain'd, 580  
 But godlike Paris, fair hair'd Helen's Lord,  
 Through the right shoulder, with a three barb'd shaft,  
 As in the front he fought, Machaon quell'd  
 For him the warrior Greeks were sore afraid,  
 Lest he, as buck the line of battle roll'd,  
 Might to the foe be left, to Nestor then

Idomeneus address'd his speech, and said

" O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,  
Haste thee to mount thy car, and with thee take  
Machaon, tow'rd the vessels urge with speed 390  
Thy flying steeds, worth many a life is his.  
The skilful leech, who knows, with practis'd hand,  
T' extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply "

He said. German Nestor at the word  
Mounted his car, Machaon at his side,  
The skilful leech, sage Æsculapius son  
He touch'd his horses, tow'rd the Grecian ships,  
As was his purpose, nothing loth, they flew

To Hector then Cebriones, who saw  
Confus'd the Trojans' right, drew near, and said 600

" Hector we here, on th' outskirts of the field,  
O'erpow'r the Greeks, on th' other side, our friends  
In strange confusion mingled, horse and man,  
Are driv'n, among them Ajax spreads dismay,  
The son of Telamon, I know him well,  
And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hangs,  
Thither direct we then our car, where most  
In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage,  
And loudest swells, uncheck'd, the battle cry "

He said, and with the pliant lash he touch'd 610  
The sleek-skinn'd horses, springing at the sound,  
Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore  
The flying car, o'er corpses of the slain  
And broken bucklers trampling, all beneath  
Was push'd with blood the axle, and the rails  
Around the car, as from the horses' feet,  
And from the fellows of the wheels, were thrown

The bloody goats, yet on he sped, to join  
The stride of men, and break th' opposing ranks  
His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks, 620  
His spear awhile withheld, then through the rest,  
With sword, and spear, and pond'rous stones he rush'd,  
But shunn'd the might of Ajax Telamon

But Jove, high thron'd, the soul of Ajax fill'd  
With fear, aghast he stood, his sev'nfold shield  
He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gaz'd  
Upon the crowd, then, like some beast of prey,  
Foot slowly following foot, reluctant turn'd  
As when the rustic youths and dogs have driv'n

A tawny lion from the cattle fold,  
 Watching all night, and bauld him of his prey,  
 Rav'ning for flesh, he still th' attempt renews,  
 But still in vain for many a jav'lin, hurl'd  
 By vigorous arms, confronts him to his face,  
 And blazing faggots, that his courage daunt,  
 Till, with the dawn, reluctant he retreat  
 So from before the Trojans Ajax turn'd,  
 Reluctant, fearing for the ships of Greece.  
 As near a field of corn, a stubborn ass,  
 Upon whose sides had many a club been broke,  
 O'erpow'rs his bovisb guides, and ent ring in,  
 On the rich forage grazes while the boys  
 Their cudgels ply, but vain their puny strength  
 Yet drive him out, when fully fed, with ease  
 Even so great Ajax, son of Telamon,  
 The valiant Trojans and their fam'd allies  
 Still thrusting at his shield before them drove  
 Yet would he sometimes rallying hold in check  
 The Trojan host then turn again to flight,  
 Yet barring still the passage to the ships  
 Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks  
 He stood defiant many jav'lins hurl'd  
 By vigorous arms were in their flight repuls'd  
 On his broad shield, and many ere they reach'd  
 Their living mark, fell midway on the plain  
 Laid in the ground, in vain athirst for blood

Great Ajax save, hard press'd by hostile spears  
 Scarce can I hope he may escape with life  
 The desperate fight, yet bravely stand, and aid  
 The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon "

Thus spoke the wounded hero round him they  
 With sloping shields and spears uplifted stood  
 Ajax to meet them came, and when he reach'd  
 The friendly ranks, again he turn'd to bay 680  
 So rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight

Meanwhile the mares of Neleus, drench'd with sweat,  
 Bore Nestor and Machaon from the field,  
 Achilles saw, and mark'd them where he stood  
 Upon his lofty vessel's prow, and watch'd  
 The grievous toil, the lamentable rout  
 Then on his friend Patroclus from the ship  
 He call'd aloud, he heard his voice, and forth,  
 As Mars majestic, from the tent he came  
 (That day commenc'd his evil destiny) 690  
 And thus Menecetus' noble son began

" Why call'st thou me? what wouldst thou, Peleus'  
 son? "

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied  
 ' Son of Menecetus, dearest to my soul,  
 Soon must the suppliant Greeks before me kneel,  
 So insupportable is now their need  
 But haste thee now, Patroclus, dear to Jove  
 Enquire of Nestor, from the battle field  
 Whom bring, he wounded, looking from behind  
 Most like he seem'd to Æsculapius son, 700  
 Machaon but his face I could not see,  
 So swiftly past the anger horses flew "

He said obedient to his friend's command,  
 Quick to the tents and ships Patroclus ran  
 They, when they reach'd the tent of Neleus' son,  
 Descended to the ground, Durymedon  
 The old man's mares unharness'd from the car,  
 While on the beach they fac'd the cooling breeze,  
 Which from their garments dried the sweat, then turn'd,  
 And in the tent on easy seats repos'd 710

For them the fair hand'd Hecamede mix'd  
 A cordial potion, her from Tenedos,  
 When by Achilles ta'en, the old man brought,  
 Daughter of great Menous, whom the Greeks

On him, their sageſt counſellor, beſtow'd  
 Before them firſt a table fair ſhe ſpread,  
 Well poliſh'd, and with feet of ſolid bronze,  
 On this a brazen canſter ſhe plac'd,  
 And onions, as a reliſh to the wine  
 And pale clear honey and pure barley meal  
 By theſe a ſplendid goblet which from home  
 The old man had brought with golden ſtuds adorn'd  
 Four were its handles and round each two doves  
 Appear'd to feed, at either end a cup  
 Scarce might another move it from the board  
 When full but aged Neſtor rais'd with eaſe  
 In this their goddess like attendant firſt  
 A gen'rous meaſure mix'd of Phrygian wine  
 Then with a brazen ſtrainer ſhredded o'er  
 The goatſmilk cheeſe and whiſt'ling barley meal  
 And of the draught compounded back them drink  
 They drank and then remov'd the parching thoſt,

700

700

Shot by a bow, from off the battle field  
 Achilles, valiant as he is, the while  
 For Grecian woes nor care nor pity felt's 76  
 Wants he, until our ships beside the sea,  
 In our despite, are burnt by hostile fires,  
 And we be singly slain? not more is now  
 The strength I boasted once of active limbs  
 O that such youth and vigour yet were mine,  
 As when about a cattle lifting raid  
 We fought th' Eleans, there Ilymonus  
 I slew, the son of brave Hyperochus,  
 Who dwelt in Elis, and my booty drove  
 He sought to guard the herd, but from my hand 77  
 A jav'lin struck him in the foremost ranks  
 He fell, and terror seiz'd the rustic crowd  
 Abundant store of plunder from the plain  
 We drove, of horned cattle fifty herds,  
 As many flocks of sheep, as many droves  
 Of swine, as many wide-spread herds of goats,  
 And thrice so many golden chestnut mares,  
 The foals of many running with their dams  
 To Pylos, Neleus' city, thence we drove  
 By night, and much it gladden'd Neleus' heart, 78  
 That I, though new to war, such prize had won  
 When morn appear'd, the clear voice of heralds call'd  
 For all to whom from Elis debts were due,  
 Collected thus, the Pylians' leading men  
 Divison made, for Elis ow'd us much,  
 Such wrongs we saw in Pylos had sustain'd  
 The night of Hercules in former years  
 Had storm'd our town and all our bravest slain  
 Twelve gallant sons had Neleus, 1 of these  
 Alone was left, the others all were gone 79  
 Whence over proud, th' Epeians treated us  
 With insult, and high handed violence  
 A herd of oxen now, and num'rous flock  
 Of sheep, th' old man selected for himself,  
 Three hundred, with their shepherds, for to him  
 Large compensation was from Elis due.  
 Trans'd to the course, four horses, with their cars,  
 He for the Tripod at th' Elean games  
 Had sent to run, these Augeas, King of men,  
 Detain'd, and bade the drivers home return, 80

Rootless, and grieving for their horses' lots  
 Th' old man his words resenting, and his acts,  
 Large spoils retain'd, the rest among the crowd  
 He shar'd, that none might lose his portion due  
 These we dispos'd of soon, and to the Gods  
 Due offerings made, but when the third day rose,  
 Back in all haste, in numbers horse and foot,  
 Our foes return'd, with them the Molian towns,  
 Yet boys, untutor'd in the arts of war  
 Far off, by Alphæus' banks, th' extremest verge 810  
 Of sandy Pylus, is a lofty mound,  
 The city of Thyrum, which around, intent  
 To raze its walls, their army was encamp'd  
 The plain already they had overspread,  
 When Pallas from Olympus' heights came down  
 In haste, and bade us all prepare for war  
 On no unwilling ears her message fell,  
 But eager all for fight, but me, to arm  
 Neleus forbade, and ev'n my horses hid,  
 Deeming me yet unripe for deeds of war 820  
 Yet so, albeit on foot, by Pallas' grace  
 A name I gain'd above our noblest horse  
 'There is a river, Minys by name,  
 Hard by Arene, flowing to the sea,  
 Where we, the Pylian horse, expecting morn,  
 Encamp'd, by troops of footmen quickly join'd  
 Thence in all haste advancing, all in arms,  
 We reach'd, by midday, Alphæus' sacred stream  
 There, to o'er ruling Jove our offerings made,  
 To Alphæus and to Neptune each a bull, 830  
 To Pallas, blue ey'd Maid, a heifer fair,  
 In order'd ranks we took our ev'ning meal,  
 And each in arms upon the river's bank  
 Lay down to rest, for close beside us lay  
 Th' Epeians, on the town's destruction bent  
 Then saw they mighty deeds of war display'd,  
 For we, as sunlight overspread the earth,  
 To Jove and Pallas praying, battle gave.  
 But when the Pylians and th' Epeians met,  
 I first a warrior slew, and seiz'd his car, 840  
 Bold spearman, Molus, Augæus' son in law,  
 His eldest daughter's husband, Agamæde,  
 The yellow hair'd, who all the virtues knew

Of each medicinal herb the wide world grows  
 Him, with my brass tipp'd spear, as on his caroe,  
 I slew, he fell, I, rushing to his car,  
 Stood 'mid the foremost ranks, th' Epeians brave  
 Fled diverse, when they saw their champion fall,  
 Chief of their horsemen, foremost in the fight  
 With the dark whirlwind's force, I onward rush'd, 850  
 And fifty cars I took, two men in each  
 Fell to my spear, and but the bloody dust  
 Then Actor's sons, the Molions, had I slain,  
 Had not th' Earth shaking God, their mighty sire,  
 Veil'd in thick cloud, withdrawn them from the field  
 Then Jove great glory to the Pylians gave,  
 For o'er the wide-spread plain we held pursuit,  
 Slaying, and gath'ring up the scatter'd arms,  
 Nor till corn clad Buprasium and the rock  
 Olenus, and Alesium, term'd the Mound, 860  
 Stay'd we our steeds, there Pallas bade us turn  
 There the last man I slew, and left, the Greeks  
 Back from Buprasium drove their flying cars  
 To Pylos, magnifying all the name,  
 'Mid men, of Nestor, as 'mid Gods, of Jove  
 Such once was I mid men, while yet I was,  
 Now to himself alone Achilles keeps  
 His valour, yet hereafter, when the Greeks  
 Have pensh'd all, remorse shall touch his soul  
 Dear friend, remember now th' injunctions giv'n 870  
 By old Menœtus, when from Phthian land  
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid  
 I, and Laertes' godlike son, within,  
 Heard all his counsel, to the well built house  
 Of Peleus we an embassy had come, &  
 Throughout Achæa's fertile lands to raise  
 The means of war, Menœtus there we found,  
 Achilles, and thyself within the house,  
 While in the court-yard aged Peleus slew,  
 And to the Lord of thunder offer'd up 880  
 A fatten'd steer, and from a golden bowl  
 O'er the burnt offering pour'd the roddy wine  
 We two, while ye were busied with the flesh,  
 Stood at the gate, surpris'd, Achilles rose,  
 And took us by the hand, and bade us sit,  
 Dispensing all the hospitable rites

With food and wine recruited, I began  
 My speech, and urg'd ye both to join the war  
 Nor were ye loth to go—much sage advice  
 Your elders gave, old Peleus bade his son  
 To aim at highest honours, and surpass  
 His comrades all, Menetius, Actor's son,  
 To thee this counsel gave—'My son,' he said,  
 'Achilles is by birth above thee far,  
 Thou art in years the elder, he in strength  
 Surpasses thee, do thou with prudent words  
 And timely speech address him, and advise  
 And guide him, he will, to his good, obey'

890

"Such were the old man's words, but thou hast let  
 His counsel slip thy memory, yet ev'n now  
 Speak to Achilles thus, and stir his soul,  
 If haply he will hear thee, and who knows  
 But by the grace of Heav'n thou mayst prevail?  
 For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r  
 But if the fear of evil prophesied,  
 Or message by his Goddess mother brought  
 From Jove, restrain him, let him send thee forth  
 With all his force of warlike Myrmidons,  
 That thou mayst be the saving light of Greece  
 Then let him bid thee to the battle bear  
 His glittering arms, it so the men of Troy,  
 Scar'd by his likeness, may forsake the field,  
 And breathing time afford the sons of Greece,  
 Toss'd worn, for little pause has yet been theirs  
 Fresh and unwearied, ye with ease may drive  
 To their own city, from our ships and tents,  
 The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied men"

910

Thus he—Patroclus' spirit within him burn'd,  
 And tow'rd Achilles' tent in haste he sped  
 But, running, as Ulysses' ship he pass'd,  
 Where was the Council and the Justice seat,  
 And where were built the altars of the Gods,  
 There met him, halting from the battle-field,  
 Shot through the thigh, Eumenon's Heav'n born son,  
 Eurpylus, his head and shoulders dank  
 With clammy sweat, while from his grievous wound  
 Stream'd the dark blood, yet firm was still his soul  
 Menetius' noble son with pity saw,  
 And deeply sorrowing thus address'd the chief

920

"Woe for the chiefs and councillors of Greece" 93<sup>2</sup>  
 And must ye, far from friends and native home,  
 Glut with your flesh the raving dogs of Troy?  
 Yet tell me this: Heav'n-born Eurypylus,  
 Still do the Greeks' gamut Hector's giant force  
 Make head? or fall they, vanquish'd by his spear?"

To him with prudent speech, Eurypylus  
 No source, Heav'n-born Patroclus, have the Greeks  
 Of aid, but all must perish by their ships  
 For in the ships lie all our bravest late,  
 By spear or arrow struck by Trojan hands 94<sup>2</sup>  
 And fiercer hour by hour, their onset grows  
 But save me now, and lead me to the ships,  
 There cut the arrows out and from the wound  
 With tepid water cleanse the clotted blood  
 Then soothing drugs apply, of healing power,  
 Which from Achilles, thou, 'as said, hast learn'd,  
 From Chiron, justest of the Centaurs, he  
 For Podalirius and Machaon both,  
 Our leeches, one lies wounded in the tent,  
 Himself requiring sore the leech's aid, 95<sup>2</sup>  
 The other on the plain still dares the fight."

To whom again Menestheus noble son  
 How may this be? say, brave Eurypylus,  
 What must I do? a messenger am I,  
 Sent by Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece  
 With tidings to Achilles, yet as it is  
 I will not leave thee in this wearisome plight

He said, and passing his supporting hand  
 Beneath his breast, the wounded warrior led  
 Within the tent, th' attendant saw, and spread 96<sup>2</sup>  
 The ox-hide couch, when as he lay reclined  
 Patroclus, with his dagger, from the thigh  
 Cut out the biting shaft, and from the wound  
 With tepid water cleansed the clotted blood,  
 Then, pounded in his hands, a root applied  
 Astringent, anodyne which all his pain  
 Allay'd, the wound was dried, and stanch'd the blood

# BOOK XII

## ARGUMENT

THE Trojans assail the ramparts and Hector forces the gates.

THUS o'er the wounded chief Eurypylus  
 Watch'd in his tent Menæceus' noble son,  
 But hand to hand the Greeks and Trojans fought,  
 Nor longer might the ditch th' assault repel,  
 Nor the broad wall above, which Greeks had built,  
 To guard their ships, and round it dug the ditch,  
 But to the Gods no hecatombs had paid,  
 That they the ships and all the stores within  
 Might safely keep, against the will of Heaven  
 The work was done, and thence not long endur'd  
 While Hector liv'd, and Peleus' son his wrath  
 Retain'd, and Priam's city untaken stood,  
 So long the Grecian wall remain'd entire  
 But of the Trojans when the best had fall'n,  
 Of Greeks, when some were slain, some yet surviv'd,  
 When the tenth year had seen the fall of Troy,  
 And Greeks, embark'd, had ta'en their homeward way,  
 Then Neptune and Apollo counsel took  
 To sap the wall by aid of all the streams  
 That seaward from the heights of Ida flow,  
 Rhesus, Caresus, and Heptaporus,  
 Granicus, and Æsepus Rhodrus,  
 Scamander's stream divine, and Simois,  
 Where helms and shields lay buried in the sand,  
 And a whole race of warrior demigods  
 These all Apollo to one channel turn'd,  
 Nine days against the wall the torrent beat,  
 And Jove sent rain continuous, that the wall  
 Might sooner be submerg'd, while Neptune's self,  
 His trident in his hand, led on the stream,  
 Washing away the deep foundations, laid  
 Laborious, by the Greeks, with logs and stones,  
 Now by fast flowing Hellespont dispers'd

The wall destroy'd, o'er all the shore he spread  
 A sandy drift, and bade the streams return  
 To where of old their silver waters flow'd  
 Such were, in future days, to be the works  
 Of Neptune and Apollo, but meanwhile  
 Fierce rag'd the battle round the firm built wall,  
 And frequent clatter'd on the towers' beams 10  
 The hostile missiles by the scourge of Jove  
 Subdued, the Greeks beside their ships were hamper'd,  
 By Hector scar'd, fell minister of Dread,  
 Who with the whirlwind's force, as ever, fought.  
 As when, by dogs and hunters curled round,  
 A boar, or lion, in his pride of strength,  
 Turns on his foes, while they in close array  
 Stand opposite, and frequent shoot their darts,  
 Nor yet his spirit quails, but arm he stands 20  
 With sword and orange swart he turns,  
 Where best to break the circling ranks, where'er  
 He makes his run, the circling ranks give way  
 So Hector, here and there, amid the crowd,  
 Urg'd his companions on to cross the ditch  
 The nery steeds shrank back, and, snorting, stood  
 Upon the topmost brink, nor the wide ditch  
 Withheld them, easy nor to leap nor cross  
 For steep arose on either side the banks,  
 And at the top with sharpen'd stakes were crown'd,  
 Thick-set and strong, which there the sons of Greece 30  
 Had planted, to repel th' invading foe  
 Scarce might a horse, with well wheel'd car attach'd,  
 Essay the passage, but on foot they burst'd  
 To make th' attempt, and thus Polydamas,  
 Approaching near to valiant Hector spake  
 "Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,  
 And brave Athas, in vain we seek to drive  
 Our horses o'er the ditch, 'tis hard to cross,  
 'Tis crown'd with pointed stakes, and them behind  
 Is built the Grecian wall there to descend 40  
 And from our cars in narrow space to fight  
 Were certain ruin. If it be indeed  
 The will of Jove, high thundering to confound  
 The Greeks in utter rout, and us to aid,  
 I should rejoice that every Greek for ever  
 Far from his home should fill a nameless grave,

But should they turn, and we again be driv'n  
 Back from the ships, and hurried down the ditch,  
 Such were our loss, that scarce a messenger  
 Would live to bear the tidings to the town 80  
 Of our destruction by the ruffled Greeks  
 Hear then my counsel, let us all agree  
 With our attendants here upon the bank  
 To leave our horses, and ourselves on foot,  
 All arm'd, press on where Hector leads, the Greeks  
 If that their doom be nigh, will make us stand "

Thus spake Polydamas, his counsel pleas'd,  
 And Hector sprung, in arms, from off his car,  
 Not long, the noble Hector when they saw,  
 Delay'd the other chiefs, then gave command 90  
 Back to his own attendant, by the ditch  
 To keep the chariots all in due array,  
 Then parting, form'd in order of attack,  
 In five divisions, with their several chiefs  
 Round Hector throng'd and bold Polydamas,  
 The best and bravest, they who long'd the most  
 To storm the wall, and fight beside the ships  
 With them Cebrius, for Hector left,  
 To guard the horses, one of lesser note  
 The next division was by Paris led. 100  
 Agenor, and Alcahous, the third  
 By Helenus, and brave Deiphobus.  
 Two sons of Priam, Asius was the third,  
 Asius, the son of Hyriacus, who brought  
 His tow'ring fiery steeds from Solhis' stream,  
 Bred by Aniba, stout Eneus led  
 The fourth, Anchises' son, Archilochus  
 With him, and Acamas, Antenor's sons,  
 Both skil'd alike in ev'ry point of war  
 Of the far-fam'd Allies, Sarpedon held 110  
 The chief command, and for his comrades chose  
 Asteropæus, and the warlike might  
 Of Glaucus, these o'er all the rest he held  
 Pre-eminent in valour, save himself,  
 Who o'er them all superior stood confess'd  
 These, interlac'd their shields, or tough bull's hide,  
 With eager step advanc'd, and down'd the Greeks  
 Would, unresisting, fall before their snags  
 The other Trojans and renown'd Allies

The words of wise Polydamas obey'd 120  
 But Asius, son of Hyrtacus, refus'd  
 His horses and his charioteer to leave,  
 With them advancing to assail the ships  
 Blind fool, unconscious! from before those ships,  
 Escap'd from death, with horses and with car  
 Triumphant, to the breezy heights of Troy  
 He never shall return, ill-omen'd fate  
 O'ershadowing, dooms him by the spear to fall  
 Of brave Idomeneus, Deucalion's son  
 He tow'rd the left inclin'd, what way the Greeks 130  
 With horse and chariot from the plain return'd  
 That way he drove his horses, and the gates  
 Unguarded found by bolt or massive bar  
 Their warders held them open'd wide, to save  
 Perchance some comrade, flying from the plain  
 Thither he bent his course, with clamours loud  
 Follow'd his troops, nor deem'd they that the Greeks  
 Would hold their ground, but fall amid their ships  
 Little they knew, before the gates they found  
 Two men, two warriors of the prime, two sons 140  
 Illustrious of the spear skill'd Lapæthæ  
 Stout Polypastes one, Pirithous' son,  
 With whom Leonteus, bold as blood stain'd Mars  
 So stood these two before the lofty gates,  
 As on the mountain side two tow'ring oaks,  
 Which many a day have borne the wind and storm,  
 Firm risted by their strong continuous roots  
 So in their arms and vigour confident  
 Those two great Asius' charge, undaunted, met  
 On th' other side, with shouts and wild uproar, 150  
 Their bull's hide shields uplifted high, advanc'd  
 Against the well built wall, Asius the King,  
 Iameneus, Orestes, Acamas  
 The son of Asius, and Oenomaus,  
 And Thöon, those within to save the ships  
 Calling meanwhile on all the well grav'd Greeks,  
 But when they saw the wall by Trojans scal'd,  
 And heard the cry of Greeks in panic fear,  
 Sprang forth those two, before the gates to fight  
 As when two bears, upon the mountain side, 160  
 Await th' approaching den of men and dogs,  
 Then sideways rushing, snap the wood around,

Ripp'd from the roots, loud clash their clatt'ring tusks,  
 Till to the huntsman's spear they yield their lives,  
 So clatter'd on those champions' brass clad breasts  
 The hostile weapons, stubbornly they fought,  
 Relying on their strength, and friends above  
 For from the well built tow'rs huge stones were hurl'd  
 By those who for themselves, their tents and ships,  
 Maintain'd defensive warfare, thick they fell, 170  
 As wintry snow flakes which the boist'rous wind,  
 Driving the shadowy clouds, spreads fast and close  
 O'er all the surface of the fertile earth  
 So thick, from Grecian and from Trojan hands,  
 The weapons flew, on helm and bossy shield  
 With grating sound the ponderous masses rang  
 Then deeply groaning, as he smote his thigh  
 Thus spoke dismay'd the son of Hyrtacus  
 "O Father Jove, how hast thou lov'd our hopes  
 To falsify, who deem'd not that the Greeks 180  
 Would stand our onset and resistless arms!  
 But they, as yellow landed wasps, or bees,  
 That by some rocky pass have built their nests  
 Abandon not their cavern'd home, but wait  
 Th' attack, and boldly for their offspring fight  
 So from the gates these two, though two alone,  
 Retire not, till they be or taken or slain."

He said but Jove regarded not his words,  
 So much on Hector's triumph he was bent  
 Like battle rag'd round th' other gates, but hard 190  
 It were for me, with godlike pow'r, to paint  
 Each sev'ral combat, far around the wall  
 A more than human storm of stone was pour'd  
 On ev'ry side, the Greeks, hard press'd, perforce  
 Fought for their ships, while all the Gods look'd on  
 Indignant, who the Grecian cause upheld  
 Fiercely the Lapithe sustain'd the war  
 Stout Polycetes first, Pinthous son,  
 Smote, through the brass check'd helmet, Damastus,  
 Nor stay'd the brazen helm the spear, whose point 200  
 Went crashing through the bone, that all the beam  
 Was shatter'd, onward as he rush'd, he fell  
 Then Pylon next, and Ormenus he slew  
 Meantime Leonteus, scion true of Mars,  
 Struck with unerring spear Hippomachus,

Son of Antimachus, below the waist,  
 Then, drawing from the sheath his trenchant sword,  
 Dash'd through the crowd, and hand to hand he smote  
 Antiphates he backward, fell to earth  
 Menon, Iamrus, Orestes next, 210  
 In quick succession to the ground he brought  
 From these while they their glistening armour stripp'd,  
 Round Hector throng'd, and bold Polydamas,  
 The bravest and the best, who long'd the most  
 To storm the wall, and burn with fire the ships  
 Yet on the margin of the ditch they paus'd,  
 For, as they sought to cross, a sign from Heav'n  
 Appear'd, to leftward of th' astonish'd crowd,  
 A soaring eagle in his talons bore  
 A dragon, huge of size, of blood red hue, 220  
 Alive, and breathing still, nor yet subdued,  
 For twisting backward through the breast he pierc'd  
 His bearer, near the neck, he, stung with pain,  
 Let fall his prey, which dropp'd amid the crowd  
 Then screaming, on the blast was borne away  
 The Trojans, shudd'ring, in their midst beheld  
 The spitted serpent, dire portent of Jove  
 Then to bold Hector thus Polydamas  
 "Hector, in council thou reprov'st me oft  
 For good advice, it is not meet, thou say'st, 230  
 That private men should talk beside the mark,  
 In council or in war, but study still  
 Thine honour to exalt, yet must I now  
 Declare what seems to me the wisest course  
 Let us not fight the Greeks beside their ships,  
 For thus I read the future, if indeed  
 To us, about to cross, this sign from Heav'n  
 Was sent, to leftward of th' astonish'd crowd  
 A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws  
 A dragon, huge of size, of blood red hue, 240  
 Alive, yet dropp'd him ere he reach'd his home,  
 Nor to his nestings bore th' intended prey  
 So we, ev'n though our mighty strength should break  
 The gates and wall, and put the Greeks to rout,  
 By the same road not scatheless should return,  
 But many a Trojan on the field should leave,  
 Slain by the Greeks, while they their ships defend  
 So would a seer, well vers'd in augury,

Worthy of public credit, read this sign "

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
 Replied, with stern regard " Polydam is, 250

This speech of thine is alien to my soul  
 Thy better judgment better counsel know."

But if in earnest such is thine advice,

Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft,

Who fain wouldst have us disregard the word

And promise by the nod of Jove confirm'd,

And put our faith in birds' expanded wings.

Little of these I reck, nor care to look,

If to the right, and too ril the morning sun, 260

Or to the left, and shades of night, they fly

Put we our trust in Jove's eternal will,

Of mortals and Immortals King supreme

The best of omens is our country's cause

Why shouldst thou tremble at the battle strife?

Though ev'ry Trojan ere were doom'd to die

Beside the ships, no fear lest thou shouldst fall

Unwarlike is thy soul, nor firm of mood

But if thou shrink, or by thy craven words 270

Turn back another Trojan from the fight,

My spear shall take the forfeit of thy life "

This said, he led the way, with joyous shouts

They follow'd all, then Jove, the lightning's Lord,

From Ida's heights a storm of wind sent down,

Driving the dust against the Grecian ships,

Which quell'd their courage, and to Hector gave,

And to the Trojans, fresh incitement, they,

On their own strength, and heav'nly signs relying,

Their force address'd to storm the Grecian wall 280

They raz'd the counterscarp, the battlements

Destroy'd, and the projecting buttresses,

Which, to sustain the tow'rs, the Greeks had fix'd

Deep in the soil, with levers undermin'd

These once withdrawn, they hur'd to storm the wall,

Nor from the passage yet the Greeks withdrew,

But closely fencing with their bull's-hide shields

The broken battlements, they thence hurl'd down

A storm of weapons on the foe beneath

Commanding from the tow'r in ev'ry place 290

Were seen th' Ajaces, urging to the fight,

Imploring these, and those in sterner tones

Rebuking who their warlike toil relax'd

"Friends, Grecians all, ye who excel in war,  
And ye of mod'rate or inferior strength,  
Though all are not with equal pow'rs endued,  
Yet here is work for all! bear this in mind,  
Nor tow'rd the ships let any turn his face,  
By threats dismay'd, but forward press, and each  
Encourage each if so the lightning's Lord,  
Olympian Jove, may grant us to repel,  
And backward to his city chase the foe."

300

Thus they, with cheering words, sustain'd the war  
Thick as the snow flakes on a wintry day,  
When Jove the Lord of counsel, down on men  
His snow storm sends, and manifests his pow'r  
Hush'd are the winds, the flakes continuous fall  
That the high mountain tops, and jutting crags  
And lotus cover'd meads are buried deep,  
And man's productive labours of the field,  
On hoary Ocean's beach and bays they lie,  
Th' approaching waves their bound, o'er all beside  
Is spread by Jove the heavy veil of snow  
So thickly flow the stones from either side,  
By Greeks on Trojans hurl'd, by these on Greeks,  
And clatter'd loud through all its length the wall  
Nor vet the Trojans, though by Hector led,  
The gates had broken, and the massive bar,  
But Jove against the Greeks sent forth his son  
Sarpedon, as a lion on a herd

310

His shield's broad orb before his breast he bore,  
Well wrought, of beaten brass, which th' arm'er's hand  
Had beaten out, and lin'd with stout bull's hide,  
With golden rods, continuous, all around,  
He thus equip'd, two jav'lins brandishing,  
Strode onward, as a lion, mountain bred,  
Whom, fasting long, his dauntless courage leads  
To assail the flock, though in well-guarded fold,  
And though the shepherds there be fain, prepar'd  
With dogs and lances to protect the sheep,  
Not unattempted will he leave the fold,  
But, springing to the midst, he bears his prey  
In triumph thence, or in the onset falls,  
Wounded by jav'lins hurl'd by stalwart hands  
So, prompted by his godlike courage, burn'd

320

330

Sarpedon to assail the lofty wall,  
And storm the ramparts, and to Glaucus thus  
Son of Hippolochus, his speech address'd

“ Whence is it, Glaucus, that in Lycian land  
We two at least the foremost seats may claim,  
The largest portions, and the fullest cups? 340  
Why held as Gods in honour? why endow'd  
With ample heritage, by Xanthus' banks,  
Of vineyard, and of wheat producing land?  
Then by the Lycians should we not be seen  
The foremost to affront the raging fight?  
So may our well arm'd Lycians make their boast,  
' To no inglorious Kings we Lycians owe  
Allegiance, they on richest viands feed,  
Of luscious flav'our drink the choicest wine,  
But still their valour brightest shows, and they, 350  
Where Lycians war, are foremost in the fight!  
O friend! if we survivors of this war,  
Could live, from age and death for ever free,  
Thou shouldst not see me foremost in the fight,  
Nor would I urge thee to the glorious field  
But since on man ten thousand forms of death  
Attend, which none may scape, then on, that we  
May glory on others gain, or they on us! ”

Thus he, nor Glaucus from his bidding shrunk.  
And forward straight they led the Lycian pow'r 360  
Menestheus, son of Petëus, with dismay  
Observ'd their movement, for on his command,  
Inspiring terror, their attack was made  
He look'd around him to the Grecian tow'rs,  
If any chief might there be found, to save  
His comrades from destruction, there he saw,  
Of war insatiable, th' Ajaces twain,  
And Teucer, from the tent but newly come,  
Hard by, nor yet could reach them with his voice,  
Such was the din, such tumult rose to heav'n 370  
From clatt'ring shields, and horsehair-crested helms,  
And batter'd gates now all at once assail'd  
Before them fiercely strove th' assaulting bands  
To break their way, as then Theotes sent,  
His herald, to th' Ajaces, craving aid  
' Haste thee, Theotes, on th' Ajaces call,  
On both, 'twere better, so we best may hope

'To 'scape the death, which else is near at hand,  
 So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs,  
 Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight  
 But if they too are hardly press'd, at least  
 Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spar'd,  
 And with him Teucer, skill'd to draw the bow "  
 He said, the herald heard, and straight obey'd,  
 Along the wall, where stood the brass clad Greeks,  
 He ran, and standing near th' Ajaces, said

380

" Ajaces, leaders of the brass clad Greeks,  
 The son of Heav'n born Peleus craves your aid,  
 To share awhile the labours of his guard,  
 Both, if it may be, so he best may hope  
 To 'scape the death, which else is near at hand  
 So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs,  
 Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight  
 But if ye too are hardly press'd, at least  
 Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spar'd,  
 And with him Teucer, skill'd to draw the bow "

390

He said the mighty son of Telamon  
 Consenting, thus address'd Odysseus' son  
 ' Ajax, do thou and valiant Lycornides  
 Exhort the Greeks the struggle to maintain,  
 While I go yonder, to affront the war,  
 To aid their need, and back return in haste "

400

Thus saying, Ajax Telamon set forth,  
 And with him Teucer went, his father's son,  
 While by Pandion Teucer's bow was borne  
 At brave Menestheus' tow'r, within the wall,  
 Arriv'd, sore press'd they found the garrison,  
 For like a whirlwind on the ramparts pour'd  
 The Lycians' valiant councillors and chiefs  
 They quickly join'd the fray, and loud arose  
 The battle-cry, first Ajax Telamon  
 Sarpedon's comrade, brave Epicles, slew,  
 Struck by a rugged stone, within the wall  
 Which lay, the topmost of the parapet,  
 Of size prodigious, which with both his hands  
 A man in youth - full vigour scarce could raise,  
 As men are now, he lifted it on high,  
 And downward hurl'd, the four-peak'd helm it broke,  
 Crushing the bone, and shatt'ring all the skull,  
 He, like a diver, from the lofty tow'r

410

420

Fell headlong down, and life took his bones  
 Teucer, meanwhile, from off the lofty wall  
 The valiant Glaucus, pressing to the fight,  
 Struck with an arrow, where he saw his arm  
 Unguarded, he no longer brook'd the tray,  
 Back from the wall he sprang, in hopes to hide  
 From Grecian eyes his wound, that none might see,  
 And triumph o'er him with insulting words  
 With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,  
 Yet not relax'd his efforts, Theator's son,  
 Alas! with his spear he stabb'd, and back  
 The weapon drew, he, following, prostrate fell,  
 And loudly rang his arms of polish'd brass  
 Then at the parapet, with stalwart hand,  
 Sarpedon tug'd, and yielding to his force  
 Down fell the block entire, the wall laid bare,  
 To many at once the breach gave open way  
 Ajax and Teucer both at once usur'd,

430

This with an arrow struck the glitt'ring belt  
 Around his breast, whence hung his pond'rous shield, 440  
 But Jove, who will'd not that his son should fall  
 Before the ships, the weapon turn'd aside  
 Then forward Ajax sprang, and with his spear  
 Thurst at the shield, the weapon pass'd not through,  
 Yet check'd his bold advance, a little space  
 Back he recoil'd, but not the more withdrew,  
 His soul on glory intent, and rallying quick,  
 Thus to the warlike Lycians shouted loud

"Why, Lycians, thus your wonted might relax?

'Tis hard for one alone, how brave soe'er,  
 Ev'n though he break the rampart down, to force  
 A passage to the ships, but on with me!  
 For work is here for many hands to do."

430

He said, and by the King's rebuke abash'd,  
 With fiercer zeal the Lycians press'd around  
 Their King and counsellor, on th' other side  
 Within the wall the Greeks their squadrons mass'd,  
 Then were great deeds achiev'd, nor through the breach  
 Could the brave troops of Lycia to the ships  
 Their passage force, nor could the warrior Greeks 460  
 Repel the Lycians from the ground, when they,  
 Before the wall, had made their footing good  
 As when two neighbours, in a common field,

Each line in hand, within a narrow space,  
 About the bruts of their land contend,  
 Between them thus the rampart drew the line,  
 O'er which the full-orb'd shield, of tough bull-hide,  
 And lighter bucklers on the warriors' breasts  
 On either side they clove, and many a wound  
 The pitiless weapons dealt, on some who, turn'd 470  
 Their neck and back laid bare, on many more  
 Who full in front, and through their shields were struck  
 On ev'ry side the parapet and tow'rs  
 With Greek and Trojan blood were spatter'd o'er  
 Nor yet, ev'n so, the Greeks to flight were driv'n  
 But as a woman that for wages spins,  
 Honest and true, with wool and weights in hand,  
 In even balance holds the scales, to mete  
 Her humble hire, her children's maintenance,  
 So even hung the balance of the war, 480  
 Till Jove with highest honour Hector crown'd,  
 The son of Priam, he, the foremost, scal'd  
 The wall, and loudly on the Trojans call'd  
 "On, valiant Trojans, on! the Grecian wall  
 Break down, and wrap their ships in blazing fire.  
 Thus he, exhorting, spoke, they heard him all,  
 And to the wall rush'd numberless, and swarm'd  
 Upon the ramparts, bristling thick with spears  
 Then Hector, stooping, seiz'd a pond'rous stone  
 That lay before the gates, 'twas broad below, 490  
 But sharp above, and scarce two lab'ring men,  
 The strongest, from the ground could raise it up,  
 And load upon a wain, as men are now,  
 But he unaided lifted it with ease,  
 So light it seem'd, by grace of Saturn's son  
 As in one hand a shepherd bears with ease  
 A full-siz'd fleece, and scarcely feels the weight,  
 So Hector tow'rd the portals bore the stone,  
 Which clos'd the lofty double-folding gates  
 Within defended by two massive bars 500  
 Laid crosswise, and with one cross bolt secur'd  
 Close to the gate he stood, and planting firm  
 His foot, to give his arm its utmost pow'r,  
 Full on the middle dash'd the mighty mass  
 The hinges both gave way, the pond'rous stone  
 Fell inwards, widely gap'd the opening gates

Nor might the bars within the blow sustain  
This way and that the sever'd portals flew  
Before the crushing missile, dark as night  
His low'ring brow, great Hector sprang within, 510  
Bright flash'd the brazen armour on his breast,  
As through the gates, two jaw'ns in his hand,  
He sprang, the Gods except, no pow'r might meet  
That onset, blaz'd his eyes with lurid fire  
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,  
He call'd aloud to scale the lofty wall,  
They heard, and straight obey'd, some scal'd the wall,  
Some through the strong built gates continuous pour'd,  
While in confusion irretrievable  
Fled to their ships the panic stricken Greeks 520

## BOOK XIII

### ARGUMENT

NEPTUNE engages on the part of the Greeks. The battle proceeds. Diophobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Menoetes, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrus, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and, going forth to battle, meets Menoetes. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Menoetes with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Assus. Diophobus assaults Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hysenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathous, son in law of Anchises. Diophobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathous.

WHEN Jove had Hector and the Trojans brought  
Close to the ships, he left them there to toil  
And strife continuous; turning his keen glance  
To view far off th' equestrian tribes of Thrace,  
The warlike Mysians, and the men who feed  
On milk of mares, thence Hippemolgi term'd,  
A peaceful race, the justest of mankind  
On Troy he turn'd not once his piercing glance,  
Nor deem'd he any God would dare to give  
To Trojans or to Greeks his active aid

10

No careless watch the monarch Neptune kept  
Wond'ring, he view'd the battle, where he sat  
Aloft on wooded Samos' topmost peak,  
Samos of Thrace, whence Ida's heights he saw,  
And Priam's city, and the ships of Greece  
Thither ascended from the sea, he sat,  
And thence the Greeks, by Trojans overborne,  
Pitying he saw, and deeply wroth with Jove  
Then down the mountain's craggy side he pass'd  
With rapid step, and as he mov'd along,  
Beneath th' immortal feet of Ocean's Lord  
Quak'd the huge mountain and the shadowy wood  
Three strides he took, the fourth, he reach'd his goal,  
Ægæ, where on the margin of the bay

20

His temple stood, all glist'ning, all of gold.  
 Imperishable, there arriv'd, he yok'd  
 Beneath his car the brazen footed steeds,  
 Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold,  
 All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasp'd  
 Of curious work, and mounting on his car,  
 Skimm'd o'er the waves, from all the depths below  
 Gamboll'd around the monsters of the deep,  
 Acknowledging their King, the joyous sea  
 Parted her waves, swift flew the bounding steeds,  
 Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray,  
 When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore  
 Down in the deep recesses of the sea

A spacious cave there is, which lies midway  
 'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle  
 Th' Earth shaking Neptune there his coursers stay'd,  
 Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd  
 Ambrosial provender and round their feet  
 Shackles of gold, which none might break nor loose,  
 That there they might await their Lord's return,  
 Then to the Grecian army took his way.

Meantime, by Hector, son of Priam, led,  
 Like fire, or whirlwind, press'd the Trojans on,  
 With furious zeal, and shouts and clamour hoarse,  
 In hopes to take the ships, and ev'ry Greek  
 To give to slaughter, but from Ocean's depths  
 Uprose th' Earth shaker, Circle of the Earth,  
 To Calchas' likeness and deep voice conform'd,  
 And rous'd the fainting Greeks, th' Ajaces first,  
 Themselves with ardour fill'd, he thus address'd  
 " 'Tis yours, Ajaces, fill'd with courage high,  
 Discarding chilly fear, to save the Greeks  
 Elsewhere I dread not much the Trojan force,  
 Though they in crowds have scal'd the lofty wall,  
 The well greav'd Greeks their onset may defy  
 Yet greatly fear I lest we suffer loss,  
 Where that fierce, fiery madman, Hector, leads,  
 Who boasts himself the son of Jove most high  
 But may some God your hearts inspire, yourselves  
 Firmly to stand, and cheer your comrades on,  
 So from your swiftly sailing ships ye yet  
 May drive the foe, how bold so'er he be,  
 Though by Olympian Jove himself upheld "

So spake th' Earth shaker, Circler of the Earth,  
 And with his sceptre touching both the chiefs,  
 Fill'd them with strength and courage, and their limbs, 70  
 Their feet and hands, with active vigour strung,  
 Then like a swift wing'd falcon sprang to flight,  
 Which down the sheer face of some lofty rock  
 Swoops on the plain to seize his feather'd prey  
 So swiftly Neptune left the chiefs, him first  
 Departing, knew Oileus' active son,  
 And thus the son of Telamon address'd  
 " Ajax, since some one of th' Olympian Gods,  
 In likeness of a seer, hath hither come  
 To urge us to the war (no Calchas he, 80  
 Our augur Heav'n inspir'd for well I mark'd  
 His movements, as he went, and of a God  
 'Tis easy to discern the outward signs),  
 I feel fresh spirit kindled in my breast,  
 And new born vigour in my feet and hands "

Whom answer'd thus the son of Telamon  
 " My hands too grasp with firmer hold the spear,  
 My spirit like thine is sturr'd, I feel my feet  
 Instinct with fiery life, nor should I fear  
 With Hector, son of Priam, in his might 90  
 Alone to meet, and grapple to the death "

Such was their mutual converse, as they joyn'd  
 In the fierce transport by the God inspir'd  
 Neptune, meanwhile, the other Greeks arousd,  
 Who, to the ships withdrawn, their wasted strength  
 Recruited, for their limbs were faint with toil,  
 And grief was in their hearts, as they beheld  
 The Trojan hosts that scaPd the lofty wall,  
 They saw, and from their eyes the teardrops fell,  
 Of safety desp'rate, but th' Earth-shaking God 100  
 Amid their ranks appearing, soon restor'd  
 Their firm array, to Teucer first he came,  
 To Leitus, and valiant Peneleus,  
 Thoas, Deipyrus, Meriones,  
 And young Antilochus, brave warriors all,  
 And to the chiefs his wing'd words address'd

" Shame on ye, Grecian youths! to you I look'd  
 As to our ships' defenders, but if ye  
 Shrink from the penious battle, then indeed  
 Our day is come, to be by Troy subdu'd 110

O Heav'n! a sad and wondrous sight is this,  
 A sight I never deem'd my eyes should see,  
 Our ships assail'd by Trojan troops, by those  
 Who heretofore have been as tim'rous hinds  
 Amid the forest depths, the helpless prey  
 Of jackals, pards, and wolves, they here and there,  
 Uncertain, heartless, unresisting, fly  
 Such were the Trojans once, nor dar'd abide,  
 No, not an hour, the strength and arms of Greece,  
 And these are they, who now beside our ships, 120  
 Far from their city walls, maintain the fight,  
 Embolden'd by our great commander's fault.  
 And slackness of the people, who, with him  
 Offended, scarce are brought to guard our ships,  
 And, feebly fighting, are beside them slain  
 Ev'n though the mighty monarch, Atreus son,  
 Wide ruling Agamemnon, be in truth  
 Wholly to blame in this, that he hath wrong'd  
 The son of Peleus, yet 'tis not for us  
 Our courage to relax    Arouse ye then! 130  
 A brave man's spirit its vigour soon regains  
 That ye, the best and bravest of the host,  
 Should stand aloof thus idly, 'tis not well,  
 If meaner men should from the battle shrink,  
 I might not blame them, but that such as ye  
 Should falter, indignation fills my soul  
 Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue  
 Yet greater evils, but with gen'rous shame  
 And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd,  
 Fierce is the struggle, in his pride of strength 140  
 Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,  
 And raging, 'mid the ships maintains the war."  
 Thus Neptune on the Greeks, reproving, call'd  
 Then round th' Ajaces twain were cluster'd thick  
 The scerried files, whose firm array nor Mars,  
 Nor spirit stirring Pallas might reprove  
 For there, the bravest all, in order due,  
 Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led  
 Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,  
 Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm, 150  
 And man to man, the horsehair plumes above,  
 That nodded on the warriors' glitt'ring crests,  
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood

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 That ye, the best and bravest of the host,  
 Should stand aloof thus idly, 'tis not well,  
 If meaner men should from the battle shrink,  
 I might not blame them, but that such as ye  
 Should falter, indignation fills my soul  
 Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue  
 Yet greater evils, but with gen'rous shame  
 And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd, 140  
 Fierce is the struggle, in his pride of strength  
 Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,  
 And raging, 'mid the ships maintains the war.  
 Thus Neptune on the Creeks, reproving, call'd  
 'Then round th' Ajaces twain were cluster'd thick  
 The scerried files, whose firm array nor Mars,  
 Nor spirit stirring Pallas might reprove  
 For there, the bravest all, in order due,  
 Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led  
 Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,  
 Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm, 150  
 And man to man, the horsehair plumes above,  
 That nodded on the warriors' glitt'ring crests,  
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood.

Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn  
 The spears, in act to hurl, their eyes and minds  
 Turn'd to the front, and eager for the fray  
 On pour'd the Trojan masses, in the van  
 Hector straight forward urg'd his furious course  
 As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed  
 Detach'd, and by the rivity torrent's force 160  
 Hur'd down the cliff's steep face, when constant runs  
 The massive rock's firm hold have underman'd,  
 With giant bounds it flies, the crashing wood  
 Resounds beneath it, still it hurries on,  
 Until, arriving at the level plain,  
 Its headlong impulse check'd, it rolls no more,  
 So Hector, threat'ning now through ships and tents,  
 Ev'n to the sea, to force his murderous way  
 Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,  
 Halts close before it, while the sons of Greece, 170  
 With thrust of sword and double pointed spears,  
 Stave off his onset, he a little space  
 Withdrew, and loudly on the Trojans call'd  
 "Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd  
 In close encounter, stand ye firm! not long  
 The Greeks, though densely mass'd, shall bar my way,  
 But soon, methinks, before my spear shall quail,  
 If from the chief of Gods my mission be,  
 From Jove the Thund'rer, royal Jumo's Lord "  
 His words fresh courage rais'd in ev'ry breast 180  
 On loftiest deeds intent, Daphobus,  
 The son of Priam, from the foremost ranks,  
 His shield's broad orb before him borne, advanc'd  
 With every step, protected by the shield  
 At him Menonæ with glitt'ring spear  
 Took aim, nor miss'd his mark, the shield's broad orb  
 Of tough bull's hide it struck, but pass'd not through,  
 For near the head the sturdy shaft was snapp'd  
 Yet from before his breast Daphobus  
 Held at arm's length his shield, for much he fear'd 190  
 The weapon of Menonæ, but he  
 Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks withdrew,  
 Griev'd at his baffled hopes and broken spear  
 Then tow'rd the ships he bent his steps, to seek  
 Another spear, which in his tent remain'd  
 The rest, mud and wild uproar, maintain'd the fight

There Teucer first, the son of Telamon,  
A warrior slew, the son of Mentor, Lord  
Of numerous horses Imbrus, spearman skil'd  
In former days, ere came the sons of Greece,  
He in Pedasus dwelt, and had to wife  
Mecenesse Priam's bastard child  
But when the war triumphant ships of Greece appear'd,  
Return'd to Troy, and there, never'd by all,  
With Priam dwelt, who lov'd him as a son  
Him Teucer with his lance below the ear  
Stabb'd, and drew back the weapon, down he fell,  
As by the woodmen's axe, on some high peak,  
Falls a proud ash conspicuous from afar,  
Scatter'd its tender foliage on the ground,  
He fell, and loud his burnish'd armour rang  
Forth Teucer sprang to seize the spoil at whom  
Advancing Hector aim'd his gott'ning spear,  
He saw, and, stooping shunn'd the brazen death  
A little space, but through the breast it struck  
Amphimachus, the son of Cleon

The breast of Neptune, through the tents of Greece 240  
 And ships he pass'd, the Greeks encouraging,  
 And ill's preparing for the sons of Troy  
 Him met Idomeneus, the warrior King,  
 Leaving a comrade, from the battle field,  
 Wounded behind the knee, but newly brought,  
 Borne by his comrades, to the leech's care  
 He left him, eager to rejoin the fray,  
 Whom by his tent th' Earth shaking God address'd,  
 The voice assuming of Andromon's son,  
 Who o'er th' Ætolians, as a God rever'd, 250  
 In Pleuron reign'd, and lofty Calydon

"Where now, Idomeneus, sage Cretan chief,  
 Are all the vaunting threats, so freely pour'd  
 Against the Trojans by the sons of Greece?"

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus  
 "Thoas, on none, so far as I may judge,  
 May blame be cast, we all our duties know,  
 Nor see I one by heartless fear restrain'd,  
 Nor hanging back, and flinching from the war 260  
 Yet by th' o'er-ruuling will of Saturn's son  
 It seems decreed that here the Greeks should fall,  
 And far from Argos lie in nameless graves  
 But, Thoas, as thyself art ever staunch,  
 Nor slow the laggards to reprove, thy work  
 Remit not now, but rouse each sev'ral man"

To whom Earth shaking Neptune thus replied  
 "Idomeneus, may he from Troy return  
 No more, but here remain to glut the dogs,  
 If such there be, from this day's fight who shrinks  
 But haste thee, don thine arms, great need is now 270  
 To hasten, if in aught we two may serve  
 Ev'n meaner men, united, courage gain,  
 But we the bravest need not fear to meet"

He said, and to the strife of men return'd  
 Within his well constructed tent arriv'd,  
 Straight donn'd Idomeneus his armour bright  
 Two spears he took, and, like the lightning's flash,  
 Which, as a sign to men, the hand of Jove  
 Hurls downwards from Olympus' glitt'ring heights,  
 Whose dazzling radiance far around is thrown, 280  
 Flash'd, as the warrior ran, his armour bright  
 Him met Meriones, his follower brave,

Close to the tent to seek a spear he came,  
 To whom Idomeneus "Meriones,  
 Swift-footed son of Molus, comrade dear,  
 Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle field?  
 Hast thou some wound receiv'd, whereof the pain  
 Subdues thy spirit? or com'st thou, to the field  
 To summon me? unarmen'd, well thou know'st  
 I better love the battle than the tent "

290

Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones  
 "Idomeneus, the brass-clad Cretans' King,  
 I come to seek a spear, if haply such  
 Within thy tent be found, for, in the fight,  
 That which I lately bore, o'en now I broke  
 Against the shield of brave Demophobus "

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King  
 "O! spears, or one, or twenty, if thou list,  
 Thou there may'st find against the polish'd wall,  
 The spoil of Trojans slain: for with my foes  
 'Tis not my wont to wage a distant war  
 Thence have I store of spears, and bossy shields,  
 And crested helms, and breastplates polish'd bright "

300

Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones  
 "Nor are my tent and dark ribb'd ship devoid  
 Of Trojan spoils, but they are far to seek,  
 Nor deem I that my hand is slack in fight,  
 For 'mid the foremost in the glorious strife  
 I stand, whenever is heard the battle cry  
 My deeds by others of the brass-clad Greeks  
 May not be noted, but thus know'st them well "

310

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King  
 "What need of this? thy prowess well I know  
 For should we choose our bravest through the fleet  
 To man the secret ambush, surest test  
 Of warriors' courage, where is manifest  
 The difference 'twixt the coward and the brave,  
 (The coward's colour changes, nor his soul  
 Within his breast its even balance keeps,  
 But changing still, from foot to foot he shifts,  
 And to his bosom loudly beats his heart,  
 Expecting death, and chatter all his teeth  
 The brave man's colour changes not, no fear  
 He knows, the ambush catch'ing, all his power  
 Is that the hour of battle soon may come)

320

Ev'n there, thy courage none might call in doubt  
 Shouldst thou from spear or sword receive a wound,  
 Not on thy neck behind, nor on thy back  
 Would fall the blow, but on thy breast, in tro it,  
 Still pressing on 'mid 'mid the fore most ranks 330  
 But come, prolong ye not this idle tale,  
 Like babblers vain who scorn might justly move  
 Haste to my tent and there select thy spear."

He said, and from the tent Menones,  
 Valiant as Mars, his spear selected straight,  
 And, eager for the fray, his chief rejoined  
 As Mars, the bane of men, goes forth to war,  
 Attended by his strong, untearing son,  
 Terror, who shakes the bravest warrior's soul  
 They two, from Phæacæ, against the Lphyæ,  
 Or haughty Phlegians arms, nor hear alike 340  
 The pray'rs of both the combatants, one side  
 With vict'ry crowning so to battle went  
 Those leaders twain, in dazzling arms array'd  
 Then thus Menones his chief address'd

"Son of Deucalion, say if on the right,  
 Or on the centre of the general host,  
 Our onset should be made, or on the left,  
 For there, methinks, most succour need the Greeks."

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan chief 350  
 "Others there are the centre to defend,  
 Th' Ajaces both, and Teucer, of the Greeks  
 Best archer, good too in the standing fight,  
 These may for Hector full employment find,  
 Brave as he is, and eager for the fray,  
 Ev'n for his courage 'twere a task too hard,  
 Their might to conquer, and resistless hands,  
 And burn the ships, if Saturn's son himself  
 Fire not, and 'mid the shipping throw the torch  
 Great Ajax Telamon to none would yield, 360  
 Of mortal birth, by earthly food sustain'd,  
 By spear or pond'rous stone assailable,  
 In hand to hand encounter, scarce surpris'd  
 By Peleus' son Achilles, though with him  
 In speed of foot he might not hope to vie  
 Then on the left let us our onset make,  
 And quickly learn if we on others' heads  
 Are doom'd to win renown, or they on ours."

He said and, brave as Mars, Meriones,  
 Thither where he directed, led the way 370  
 Now when, attended thus, Idomeneus,  
 Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appear'd,  
 Around him throng'd, with rallying cries, the Greeks,  
 And rag'd beside the ships the balanc'd fight  
 As, when the dust lies deepest on the roads,  
 Before the boist'rous winds the storm drives fast,  
 And high at once the whirling clouds are toss'd,  
 So was the fight confus'd, and in the throng  
 Each man with keen desire of slaughter burn'd  
 Bristled the deadly strife with pond'rous spears, 380  
 Wielded with dire intent, the brazen gleam  
 Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast,  
 And breastplates polish'd bright, and glist'ning shields  
 Commingling, stern of heart indeed were he,  
 Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze

Dire evil then on mortal warriors brought  
 The diverse minds of Saturn's mighty sons  
 To Hector and the Trojans Jove design'd,  
 In honour of Achilles, swift of foot, 390  
 To give the victory, yet not utterly  
 He will'd to slay before the walls of Troy  
 The Grecian host, but glory to confer  
 On Thetis and her noble minded son  
 Neptune, on th' other side, the Greeks inspir'd,  
 Clandestine rising from the hoary sea,  
 For them before the Trojan host o'erborne  
 He saw with grief, and deeply wroth with Jove  
 Equal the rank of both, their birth the same,  
 But Jove in wisdom, as in years, the first 400  
 Not ventur'd Neptune openly to aid  
 The cause of Greece, but cloth'd in mortal form,  
 In secret still the army's courage rous'd  
 This way and that they tugg'd of furious war  
 And balanc'd strife, where many a warrior fell,  
 The straining rope, which none might break or loose  
 Then, though his hair was grack'd o'er with age,  
 Calling the Greeks to aid, Idomeneus,  
 Inspiring terror, on the Trojans sprung,  
 And slew Othryoneus, who had his home  
 In far Cabesus, whence but late he came 410  
 In hope to share the glory of the war

He Priam's fairest daughter sought to wed,  
 Cassandra, portionless, and mighty deeds  
 He promis'd, from before the walls of Troy  
 In their despite to drive the sons of Greece  
 The aged Priam listen'd to his suit,  
 And he, his promise trusting, fought for Troy.  
 Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus  
 Struck with his glitt'ring spear, nor aught avail'd  
 His brazen breastplate, through the middle thrust, 420  
 Thund'ring he fell: the victor vaunting cried

"Othryoneus, above all mortal men  
 I hold thee in respect, if thou indeed  
 Wilt make thy words to aged Priam good,  
 Who promis'd thee his daughter in return  
 We too would offer thee a like reward,  
 And give thee here to wed, from Argos brought,  
 Atreides' fairest daughter, if with us  
 Thou wilt o'erthrow the well built walls of Troy  
 Come then, on board our ocean-going ships 430  
 Discuss the marriage contract, nor shall we  
 Be found illib'ral of our bridal gifts."

He said, and seizing by the foot the slain,  
 Dragg'd from the press, but to the rescue came  
 Asius, himself on foot before his car  
 So close his chariotter the horses held,  
 They breath'd upon his shoulders, eagerly  
 He sought to reach Idomeneus, but he,  
 Preventing, through his gullet drove the spear,  
 Beneath his chin, right through the weapon pass'd, 440  
 He fell, as falls an oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top,  
 For some proud ship, the woodman's axe hath hewn  
 So he, before the car and horses stretch'd,  
 His death-cry utt'ring, clutch'd the blood stain'd soil,  
 Bewilder'd, helpless, stood his chariotteer,  
 Nor dar'd, escaping from the foemen's hands,  
 To turn his horses—him, Antiloehus  
 Beneath the waistband struck, nor aught avail'd  
 His brazen breastplate, through the middle thrust, 450  
 He, from the well wrought chariot, gasping, fell  
 Antiloehus, the noble Nestor's son,  
 The horses seiz'd, and from the Trojan ranks  
 Drove to the Grecian camp—For Asius' death

Deep griev'd, Deiphobus, approaching, hurl'd  
 Against Idomeneus his glittering spear  
 The coming weapon he beheld, and shunn'd  
 Beneath the ample circle of his shield,  
 With hides and brazen plates encircled round,  
 And by two rods sustain'd, content'd he stood  
 Beneath he crouch'd, and o'er him flew the spear  
 Yet harsh it grated, glancing from the shield,  
 Nor hurtless from that stalwart hand it flew,  
 But through the midriff, close below the heart,  
 Hypenor, son of Hippasus, it struck,  
 And straight relax'd his limbs, then shouting loud,  
 In boastful tone, Deiphobus exclaim'd

460

"Not unaveng'd has Asius, he, methinks,  
 As I have found him fellowship, with joy  
 Through Hades' strongly guarded gates may pass"

470

He said, the Greeks, malignant, heard his boast  
 Chief, of Antiochus the manly son!

Was stirr'd within him, yet unaid his grief  
 His comrade not forgetting, up he ran,  
 And o'er him spread the cover of his shield  
 Meanwhile, two trusty friends, Menestheus, son  
 Of Echus, and Alastor, rush'd the slain,  
 And deeply groaning bore him to the ships  
 Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage

480

Ahate, still burning o'er some Trojan soul  
 To draw the gloomy veil of night and death,  
 Or, having sav'd the Greeks, himself to fall  
 Then high born Menetes' son he slew  
 Alcathous, he, Anchuses' son-in-law,  
 The eldest of his daughters had to wife,  
 Hippodamia, by her parents both,  
 O'er all, below'd, in beauty, skill, and mind,  
 All her competitors surpassing, wife of one,  
 The noblest man through all the breadth of Troy  
 Then Neptune by Idomeneus subdued,  
 Seal'd his quick eyes, his active limbs restrain'd,  
 Without the pow'r to fly, or shun the spear,  
 Fix'd as a pillar, or a lofty tree,

490

He stood, while through his breast Idomeneus  
 His weapon drove, the brazen mail it broke,  
 Which oft had turn'd aside the stroke of death,  
 Harshly it grated, cover'd by the spear

He fell, the spear-point quiv'ring in his heart,  
Which with convulsive throbbings shook the shaft,  
There Mars its course arrested—Then with shouts 300  
Of triumph, vaunting, thus Idomeneus

"How now, Deiphobus? are three for one  
An equal balance? where are now thy boasts?  
Come forth, my friend, thyself to me oppos'd,  
And learn, as here, unworthy my descent  
From Jove, my great progenitor, I stand  
He Minos, guardian chief of Crete, begot,  
Noble Deucalion was to Minos born,  
I to Deucalion, far extends my rule  
In wide-spread Crete, whom now our ships have brought,  
A bane to thee, thy sire, and Trojans all." 312

He said, and doubtful stood Deiphobus,  
Or to retreat, and summon to his aid  
The Trojans, or alone the venture try  
Thus as he mus'd, the wiser course appear'd  
To seek Æneas, him he found apart,  
Behind the crowd, for he was still at lead  
With godlike Priam, who, he thought, withheld  
The public honour to his valour due  
To whom Deiphobus, approaching, thus 320

"Æneas, sagest councillor of Troy,  
Behoves thee now, if rev'ence for the dead  
Can move thy soul, thy sister's husband aid  
Haste we to save Alcaïous, who of old,  
When thou wast little, in thy father's house,  
Nurs'd thee with tender care, for him, but now,  
The spear-renown'd Idomeneus hath slain."

He said, Æneas' spirit was rous'd, and fill'd  
With martial rage he sought Idomeneus  
Nor, cowardlike, did he th' encounter shun, 330  
But firmly stood, as stands a mountain bear,  
Self confident, that in some lonely spot  
Awaits the clam'rous chase, bristles his back,  
His eyes with fire are flashing, and his tusks  
He whets, on men and dogs prepar'd to rush.  
So stood the spear-renown'd Idomeneus,  
The onset of Æneas, swift in fight,  
Awaiting, and the friends he saw around  
He summon'd to his aid, Ascalaphus,  
Deipyrus, and brave Menones, 340

Antiochus and Aphareus, to these,  
 Tried warriors all, he thus address'd his speech  
 "And me, my friends! alone I stand, and dread  
 The onset of Æneas, swift of foot,  
 Mighty to slay in battle, and the bloom  
 Of youth is his, the crown of human strength,  
 If, as our spirit, our years were but the same,  
 Great glory now should he, or I obtain."  
 He said, and, one in heart, their bucklers stop'd  
 Upon their shoulders all beside him stood 350  
 On th' other side Æneas to his aid  
 Summon'd his brother chiefs, Deiphobus,  
 And Paris, and Agenor, following whom  
 Came on the general crowd, as flocks of sheep  
 From pasture follow to their drinking place  
 The lordly ram well pleas'd the shepherd sees,  
 So pleas'd Æneas saw the gath'ring crowd  
 Then o'er Alcathous hand to hand was wag'd  
 The war of spears: dire was the clash of brass  
 Upon the heroes' breasts: as mid the press 360  
 Each aim'd at other, proudly eminent  
 Stood forth two mighty warriors terrible  
 As Mars, Æneas and Idomeneus  
 Their sharp spears welding each at other's life  
 First at Idomeneus Æneas threw  
 His spear, he saw, and shunn'd the brazen point,  
 And vainly from his stalwart hand dismiss'd,  
 Æneas' spear stood curving in the ground  
 Idomeneus in front, below the waist,  
 Onomus struck: the weighty spear broke through 370  
 The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore,  
 Prone in the dust he fell and clutch'd the ground  
 Northwith Idomeneus from out the corpse  
 The ponderous spear withdrew: yet could not strip  
 His armour off: so thickly flew the spears  
 Nor did his feet retain their youthful force,  
 His weapon to regain or back to spring  
 Skill'd in the standing fight his life to guard,  
 He lack'd the active power of swift retreat,  
 'T' him, retiring slow, Deiphobus, 380  
 Still fill'd with anger, threw his glitt'ring spear  
 His aim he miss'd, but through the shoulder pierc'd  
 Ascalaphus, a valiant son of Mars,

Whose rage for battle knows no stint nor bound?  
Men are with all things sated, sleep, and love,  
Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance  
Of these may some more gladly take their fill,  
But Trojans still for war, insatiate, thirst."

Thus Menelaus, and the blood-stain'd arms  
Stripp'd from the corpse, and to his comrades gave,  
Then join'd again the foremost in the fray 720  
There to th' encounter forth Harpalion sprang,  
Son of the King Pyrrhenes, who came,  
His father following, to the war of Troy,  
But back return'd not to his native land  
He standing near, full in the centre struck  
Atides' shield, but drove not through the spear,  
Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks he sprang  
In hopes of safety, glancing all around,  
His body to defend, but as he turn'd,  
In his right flank a brazen-pointed shaft, 730  
Shot by Menonides, was buried deep  
Beneath the bone it press'd, and pierc'd him through.  
At once he fell, and gasping out his life,  
Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground  
Like a crush'd worm he lay, and from the wound  
The dark blood pouring, drench'd the thirsty soil

The valiant troops of Paphlagonia clos'd  
Around him, on his car they plac'd the slain,  
And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore,  
His father, weeping, walk'd beside the car,<sup>1</sup> 740  
Nor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd  
Pirrus with grief and anger saw him fall  
For he in former days his guest had been  
In Paphlagonia, then, with anger fill'd,  
A brass-tipp'd arrow from his bow he sent.

A certain man there was, Euchenor nam'd,  
Who dwelt in Corinth, rich, of blameless life,  
The son of Polyceus, skilful seer  
His fate well knowing, he embark'd, for oft  
The good old man had told him that his doom 750  
Was, or at home by sharp disease to die,  
Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall

<sup>1</sup> This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the poet who apparently had forgotten that Polyceus the Paphlagonian Ch. II. had himself been kill'd by Menelaus, some time before the death of his son. See Book V, l. 1036

And with a twisted sling of woollen cloth, 610  
 By an attendant brought, bound up the hand.  
 To noble Menelaus stood oppos'd  
 Peisander, to the confines dark of death  
 Led by his evil fate, by thee to fall,  
 Great son of Atreus, in the deadly strife  
 When near they drew, Atreus miss'd his aim,  
 With erring spear divergent, next his shield  
 Peisander struck, but drove not through the spear,  
 For the broad shield resisted, and the shaft  
 Was snapp'd in sunder, Menelaus saw 680  
 Rejoicing, and with hope of triumph flush'd,  
 Unsheathing then his silver studded sword  
 Rush'd on Peisander, he beneath his shield  
 Drew forth a pondrous brazen battle-axe,  
 With handle long, of polish'd olive-wood,  
 And both at once in deadly combat join'd  
 Then, just below the plume, Peisander struck  
 The crested helmet's peak but Atreus' son  
 Met him advancing, and across the brow  
 Smote him, above the nose, loud crash'd the bone, 690  
 And in the dust the gory eyeballs dropp'd  
 Before him, doubled with the pain, he fell  
 The victor, planting on his chest his foot,  
 Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried  
 ' Thus shall ye all, unstate of the fight,  
 Fraud Trojans, from before our ships depart,  
 Nor lack ye our share of insult and of wrong,  
 Such as on me, vile hounds, ye cast erewhile,  
 Nor fear'd th' avenger of the slighted laws  
 Of hospitality, high thund'ring Jove, 700  
 Who soon your lott'y city shall o'erthrow  
 Kindly receiv'd, my virgin wedded wife,  
 With store of goods, ye basely bore away,  
 And now ye rage, infuriate, to destroy  
 With fire our ocean-going ships, and slay  
 Our Grecian heroes, but the time shall come  
 When ye too far would from the war escape  
 O Father Jove, be said that thou excell'st,  
 In wisdom, Gods and men, all human things  
 From thee proceed, and can it be, that thou 710  
 With favour sweet these men of violence,  
 These Trojans, with presumptuous courage fill'd,

Whose rage for battle knows not stint nor bound?  
Men are with all things sated, sleep, and love,  
Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance  
Of these may some more gladly take their fill,  
But Trojans still for war, insatiate, thirst."

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Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks he sprang  
In hopes of safety, glancing all around,  
His body to defend, but as he turn'd,  
In his right flank a brazen-pointed shaft, 730  
Shot by Meriones, was hurled deep

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At once he fell, and gasping out his life,  
Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground  
Like a crush'd worm he lay—and from the wound  
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Nor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd  
Pains with grief and anger saw him fall  
For he in former days his guest had been  
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<sup>1</sup> This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the poet who apparently had forgotten that Polydorus the Paphlagonian Chief had himself been killed by Menelaus some time before the death of his son. See Book I, l. 690.

Embarking, he escap'd alike the fine  
 By Greeks impos'd and pangs of sharp disease  
 Him Paris smote between the ear and jaw,  
 Swift fled his spirit, and darkness clos'd his eyes  
 Thus rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight

But nought as yet had Hector heard, nor knew  
 How sorely, leftward of the ships, were press'd  
 The Trojans by the Greeks, and now appear'd 760  
 Their triumph sure—such succour Neptune gave,  
 Their courage rousing and imparting strength

But there he kept, where first the serried ranks  
 Of Greeks he broke, and storm'd the wall and gates,  
 There lay, drown'd up beside the hoary sea,  
 The ships of Ajax and Protesilas,  
 There had the wall been lowest built, and there  
 Were gather'd in defence the chiefest all,  
 Horses and men—the stout Boeotians there,  
 Join'd to the Ionians with their flowing robes, 770  
 Locrians, and Phthians, and Epeians proud,  
 Could scarce protect their ships, nor could repel  
 Th' impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge

There too the choicest troops of Athens fought,  
 Their chief, Menestheus, Peleus' son, with whom  
 Were Phaidas, Sticheus, Bias in command,  
 Th' Epeians Megea, Phyleus' son, obey'd,  
 And Dracus and Amphion, Medon next,  
 With brave Podarces led the Phthian host  
 Medon, the great Oileus' bastard son, 780  
 Brother of Ajax, he in Phylace.

Far from his native land, was driv'n to dwell,  
 Since one to Knopis near akin,  
 His sire Oileus' wife, his hand had slain  
 Pedarces from Iphichus claim'd his birth,  
 The son of Phylacus, these two in arms  
 The valiant Phthians leading to the fight,  
 Join'd the Boeotian troops to guard the ships  
 But from the side of Ajax Telamon  
 Stir'd not a whit Oileus' active son. 790

But as on fallow land, with one accord,  
 Two dark-red oxen drag the well-wrought plough,  
 Streaming with sweat that gathers round their horns,  
 They by the polish'd yoke together held,  
 The stiff soil cleaving, down the furrow strain,

So closely, side by side, those two advanc'd.  
 But comrades, many and brave, on Ictemon  
 Attended, who, where'er with toil and sweat  
 His limbs grew faint, uphold his weighty shield,  
 While in the fray, Oileus' noble son 800  
 No Laurus follow'd, theirs were not the hearts  
 To brook th' endurance of the standing fight,  
 Nor had they brass bound helmets, with horsehair plume,  
 Nor ample shields they bore, nor when spear;  
 But came to Troy, in bows and twisted slings  
 Of woollen cloth confiding, and from these  
 Their bolts quick show'ring, broke the Trojan ranks.  
 While these, in front, in glittering arms oppos'd  
 The men of Troy, by noble Hector led,  
 These, in the rear, unseen, their arrows shot 810  
 Nor stood the Trojans, for amid their ranks  
 The galling arrows dire confusion spread  
 Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents  
 Back to the breezy heights of Troy been driv'n  
 In flight disastrous, but Polydorus  
 Drew near to Hector, and address'd him thus  
 "Hector, I know thee how unsapt thou art  
 To hearken to advice, yet ev'n if Jove  
 Hath giv'n thee to excel in warlike might,  
 Must needs thy wisdom all men's else surpass? 820  
 All gifts thou canst not in thyself combine  
 To one the Gods have granted warlike might,  
 To one the dance, to one the lyre and song,  
 While in another's breast all seeing Jove  
 Hath plac'd the spirit of wisdom, and a mind  
 Discerning, for the common good of all  
 By him are states preserv'd, and he himself  
 Best knows the value of the precious gift  
 Then hear what seems to me the wisest course.  
 On ev'ry side the ceciling ring of war 830  
 Is blazing all around thee, and, thou seest,  
 Our valiant Trojans, since the wall they scap'd,  
 Or stand aloof, or scatter'd 'round the ships  
 Outnumber'd, with superior forces strive  
 Then thou, retiring, hither call the chiefs,  
 Here take our counsel fully, if agree  
 Upon their well-mann'd vessels we shall fall,  
 Should Heav'n's vouchsafe to grant the needful strength,

Or from the ships, while yet unharm'd, withdraw ,  
 For much I fear they soon will pay us back 840  
 Their debt of yesterday , since in their ranks  
 One yet remains insatiate of the fight,  
 And he, methinks, not long will stand aloof "  
 Thus he the prudent counsel Hector pleas'd,  
 Down from his chariot with his arms he leap'd,  
 And to Polydamas his speech address'd

" Polydamas, detain thou here the chiefs,  
 Thither will I, and meet the front of war,  
 And, giv'n my orders, quickly here return "

He said, and like a snow-clad mountain high, 850  
 Uprose, and loudly shouting, in hot haste  
 Flew through the Trojan and Confed'rate host  
 At sound of Hector's voice, round Panthous' son,  
 Polydamas, were gather'd all the chiefs

But 'loud the foremost combatants he sought  
 If haply he might find Deiphobus,  
 And royal Helenus, and Adamas,  
 And gallant Asius, son of Hyrtacus  
 These found he not unscath'd by wounds or death, 860  
 For some beside the ships of Greece had paid,  
 By Grecian hands, the forfeit of their lives,

While others wounded lay within the wall  
 But, to the leftward of the bloody fray,  
 The godlike Paris, fair hair'd Helen's Lord,  
 Cheering his comrades to the fight, he found,  
 And with reproachful words address'd him thus

" Thou wretched Paris, fair in outward form,  
 Thou slave of woman manhood's counterfeit,  
 Where is Deiphobus, and where the might 870  
 Of royal Helenus? where Adamas,  
 The son of Asius? where too Asius, son  
 Of Hyrtacus? and where Othryaneus?  
 Now from its summit totters to the fall  
 Our lofty Ilium, now thy doom is seal'd "

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied  
 " Hector, since blameless I incur thy blame,  
 Ne'er have I less withdrawn me from the fight,  
 And me not wholly vile my mother bore,  
 For since thou gav'st command to attack the ships, 880  
 We here against the Greeks unflinching war  
 Have wag'd, our comrades, whom thou seek'st, are slain

Only Deiphobus hath left the field,  
 And Helenus both wounded by the spear,  
 Both through the hand, but Jove their life hath spar'd  
 But thou, where'er thy courage bids, lead on  
 We shall be prompt to follow, to our pow'r  
 Thou shalt in us no lack of valour find,  
 Beyond his pow'r the bravest cannot fight."

Wrought on his brother's mind the hero's words  
 Together both they bent their steps, where rag'd 890  
 The fiercest conflict, there Cebrence,  
 Phalces, Ortheus brave Polidamas,  
 Palms, and godlike Polyphates' might,  
 And Meris, and Ictamus fought those two  
 Hippotion's sons, from rich Icterus' plains  
 They, as relief but yesternoon had come  
 Impell'd by Jove, they sought the battle field  
 Onward they dash'd impetuous as the rush  
 Of the fierce whirlwind which with lightning charg'd,  
 From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain 900  
 As with loud roar it mingles with the sea,  
 The many dashing ocean's billows bent,  
 Upheaving, foam white crested, wave on wave,  
 So, rank on rank, the Trojans closely mass'd,  
 In arms all glitt'ring with their cheeks advanc'd,  
 Hector, the son of Priam, led them on,  
 In combat terrible as blood stain'd Mars  
 Before his breast his shield a broad orb he bore  
 Of hides close join'd, with brazen plates o'erlaid,  
 The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow 910  
 He, with proud step, protected by his shield,  
 On every side the hostile ranks survey'd,  
 If signs of yielding he might trace, but they  
 Unshaken stood, and with like haughty mien,  
 Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurl'd

"Draw nearer mighty chieft, why seek to scare  
 Our valiant Greeks? we boast ourselves of war  
 Not wholly unskill'd, though now the hand of Jove  
 Lies heavy on us with the scourge of Heaven  
 Thou hop'st, forsooth, our vessels to destroy, 920  
 But stalwart arms for their defence we boast  
 Long ere that day shall your proud city fall,  
 Taken and destroy'd by our victorious hands  
 Not for the hour, when thou thyself in flight

To Jove and all the Gods shalt make thy pray'r,  
That swifter than the falcon's wing thy steeds  
May bear thee o'er the dusty plain to Troy "

Thus as he spoke, upon his right appear'd  
An eagle, soaring high, the crowd of Greeks  
The fav'ring omen saw, and shouted loud 939  
Then noble Hector thus " What words are these,  
Ajax, thou babbling braggart, vain of speech!  
For would to Heav'n I were as well assur'd  
I were the son of ægis bearing Jove,  
Born of imperial Juno, and myself  
In equal honour with Apollo held  
Or blue-eyed Pallas, as I am assur'd  
This day is fraught with ill to all the Greeks  
Thou 'mid the rest shalt perish, if thou dare  
My spear encounter, which thy dainty skin 940  
Shall rend, and slain beside the ships, thy flesh  
Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy "

He said, and led them on, with eager cheers  
They follow'd, shouted loud the hindmost throng  
On th' other side the Greeks return'd the shout  
Of all the Trojans' bravest they, unmov'd,  
The onset bore, their mingled clamours rose  
To Heav'n, and reach'd the glorious light of Jove

## BOOK XIV

### ARGUMENT

AGAMEMNON and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them visit the hut. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails, Jove sleeps, and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Greeks.

Now did the battle din not reach the ears  
Of Nestor, o'er the wine-cup, and his speech  
He thus address'd to *Æsculapius'* son

' Say, good *Machon*, what these sounds may mean,  
For louder swells the tumult round the ships  
But sit thou here, and drink the ruddy wine,  
Till fair *har'd* *Hecate* shall prepare  
The gentle bath, and wash thy gory wounds,  
While I go forth, and all around survey "

He said, and from the wall a buckler took,  
Well wrought, with brass resplendent, which his son,  
Brave *Thrasymedes*, in the tent had left,  
While with his father's shield himself was girt,  
A sturdy spear too, tipp'd with brass, he took  
Without the tent he stood, and there his eyes  
A woful sight beheld, the Greeks in flight,  
The haughty Trojans pressing on their rout  
Confus'd, the Greeks' protecting wall o'erthrown  
As heaves the dark'ning sea with silent swell,  
Expectant of the boist'rous gale's approach,  
Nor onward either way is pour'd its flood,  
Until it feel th' impelling blast from Heav'n,  
So stood th' old man, his mind perplex'd with doubt,  
To mingle in the throng, or counsel seek  
Of mighty *Agamemnon*, *Atræus'* son

Thus as he mns'd, the better course appear'd,  
To seek *Atrides*, fiercely fought the rest  
With mutual slaughter, loud their armour rang  
With thrusts of sword, and double pointed spears  
' There, from the ships advancing, Nestor met

The Heav'n born Kings, Ulysses, Diomed,  
 And Agamemnon, son of Atreus, all  
 By wounds disabled, for the ships were beach'd  
 Upon the shore, beside the hoary sea,  
 Far from the battle, higher, tow'rd the plain  
 The foremost had been drawn, and with a wall  
 Their sterns surrounded, for the spacious beach  
 Could not contain them, and in narrow bounds  
 Were pent their multitudes, so high on land  
 They drew, and rang'd them side by side, and fill'd, 40  
 Within the headlands, all the wide mouth'd bay  
 Thus they their steps supporting on their spears,  
 Together came spectators of the fight,  
 Deep sorrow fill'd their breasts, them Nestor met,  
 The fear increasing, which their souls possess'd  
 To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus

‘ O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,  
 Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?  
 Greatly I fear that noble Hector now  
 His menace will fulfil, who made his boast 50  
 Before th' assembled Trojans, that to Troy  
 He never would return, until our ships  
 The flames had master'd, and ourselves the sword  
 Such was his threat, and now he makes it good.  
 Heav'n! can it be that I of other Greeks,  
 As of Achilles, have incur'd the wrath,  
 Who thence refuse to battle for the ships? ”

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied  
 “ Such are indeed our prospects, Jove on high 60  
 Could to our fortunes give no diff'rent turn  
 The wall is raz'd, wherein our trust we plac'd  
 To guard, impregnable ourselves and ships,  
 And now around the ships their war they wage,  
 Unceasing, unabated, none might tell  
 By closest scrutiny, which way are draw'n  
 The routed Greeks, so intermix'd they fall  
 Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to Heav'n  
 For come, discuss *no what may best be done*,  
 It judgment aught may profit us, ourselves  
 To mingle in the fray I counsel not, 70  
 It were not well for wounded men to fight ”

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men  
 ‘ Nestor, since to the ships the war is brought,

Nor bath the wall avail'd to stay their course,  
 Nor yet the deep dug trench, on which we Greeks  
 Much toil bestow'd, and which we vainly hop'd  
 Might guard impregnable ourselves and ships,  
 Seems it the will of Saturn's mighty son  
 That, far from Argos, from our native land,  
 We all should here in nameless graves be laid 80  
 I knew when once he lov'd to aid the Greeks,  
 But now I see that to the blessed Gods  
 Our foes he equals, and our strength confounds  
 Hear then my counsel, let us all agree  
 The ships that nearest to the sea are beach'd  
 To launch upon the main, till nightfall there  
 To ride at anchor if that ev'n by night  
 The Trojans may suspend their fierce assault,  
 Then may we launch in safety all the fleet  
 No shame it is to fly, although by night, 90  
 Impending evil better so to fly  
 Than by the threaten'd danger be o'erta'en "

To whom, with scornful glance, Ulysses sage  
 "What words have pass'd the barrier of thy lips,  
 Thou son of Atreus? counsellor of ill!  
 Would thou hadst been of some ignoble band  
 The leader, not the chief of such a host  
 As ours, on whom, from youth to latest age,  
 Jove hath the gift bestow'd, to bear the brunt  
 Of hardy war, till ev'ry man be slain 100  
 And think'st thou so to leave the lofty walls  
 Of Troy, the object of our painful toil?  
 Be silent, that no other Greek may hear  
 Words, which no man might trust his tongue to speak,  
 Who nobler counsels understands, and wields  
 A royal sceptre, and th' allegiance claims  
 Of numbers, such as those that own thy sway  
 Thy counsels all I utterly condemn,  
 Who, mid the close and clamour of the fight,  
 Wouldst have us launch our ships, and give the foe, 110  
 Already too triumphant, cause renew'd  
 For boasting, then were death our certain lot,  
 For, if the ships be launch'd, not long will Greeks  
 Sustain the war, but with reverted eyes  
 Shrink from the fight, to such pernicious end  
 Would lead thy baneful counsels, mighty chief "

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men  
 " Ulysses, thy rebuke hath wrung my soul,  
 Yet never meant I, that against their will  
 The sons of Greece should launch their well found ships  
 But if there be who better counsel knows, 131  
 Or young or old, his words would please me well "

Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said  
 " The man is near at hand, not far to seek,  
 If ye will hear, nor take offence, that I,  
 The youngest of you all, presume to speak  
 Yet of a noble sire I boast me sprung,  
 Tydeus, who sleeps beneath the Theban soil  
 To Forteus three brave sons were born, who dwelt 135  
 In Pleuron and in lofty Calycon,  
 Agrius, and Melas, bravest of them all,  
 My father's father, Clineus, was the third  
 He there remain'd, my father, wand'ring long,  
 To Argos came, such was the will of Jove  
 And of th' Immortals all, he there espous'd  
 Adrastos' daughter, own'd a wealthy house,  
 With fertile corn lands round, and orchards stor'd  
 With gaudy fruit trees, numerous flocks he had,  
 And all the Greeks in seats of arms exult'd  
 Hear ye the words I speak, for they are true 140  
 And if my speech be wise, despise it not,  
 As of one worthless, or ignobly born  
 Though wounded, to the battle I advise  
 That we perforce repair, yet not ourselves  
 To join the combat or confront the spears,  
 Lest wounds to wounds be added, but to rouse  
 The spirits of some, who, zealous heretofore,  
 Now stand aloof, nor mingle in the fray "

He said, and they, his words approving, went,  
 By Agamemnon led, the King of men 150  
 Nor careless was the watch by Neptune kept  
 With them, in likeness of an aged man,  
 He went, and Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 By the right hand he took, and thus address'd  
 " O son of Atreus, great is now the joy  
 With which Achilles' savage breast is fill'd,  
 Who sees the slaughter and the rout of Greeks  
 For nought he has of heart, no, not a whit  
 But perish he, accursed of the Gods !

Nor deem thou that to thee the blessed Gods  
 Are wholly hostile, yet again the chiefs  
 And councillors of Troy shall scour in flight  
 The dusty plain, and from the ships and tents  
 Thine eyes shall see them to the city fly.<sup>160</sup>

He said, and loudly shouting, onward rush'd  
 As of nine thousand or ten thousand men,  
 In deadly combat meeting, is the shout,  
 Such was the sound which from his ample chest  
 Th' Earth shaker sent, and ev'ry Greek inspir'd  
 With stern resolve to wage unflinching war.<sup>170</sup>

Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,  
 The golden throne'd Juno downward look'd,  
 And, basted in the glory giving strife,  
 Her husband's brother and her own she saw,  
 Saw, and rejoic'd, next, seated on the crest  
 Of spring abounding Ida, Jove she saw,  
 Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep  
 The stag cy'd Queen, how best she might beguile  
 The wakeful mind of ægis-bearing Jove,  
 And, musing, thus appear'd the readiest mode.<sup>180</sup>  
 Herself with art adorning, to repair  
 To Ida, there, with fondest blandishment  
 And female charm, her husband to enfold  
 In love's embrace, and gentle, careless sleep  
 Around his eyelids and his senses pour  
 Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,  
 Her son, by whom were to the door posts hung  
 Close fitting doors, with secret keys secur'd,  
 That, save herself, no God might enter in  
 There enter'd she, and clos'd the shining doors,<sup>190</sup>  
 And with ambrosia first her lovely skin  
 She perfum'd with fragrant oil anointing,  
 Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet,  
 That, wav'd above the brazen floor of Jove,  
 All earth and Heaven were with the fragrance fill'd,  
 O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread,  
 Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand  
 Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,  
 Immortal, bright, that crown'd th' imperial head  
 A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought,  
 She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd  
 With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd.<sup>200</sup>

Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,  
 She girt about her, and, in three bright drops,  
 Her glist'ning gems suspended from her ears,  
 And all around her grace and beauty shone  
 Then o'er her head the imperial Goddess threw  
 A beauteous veil new-wrought, as sunlight white,  
 And on her well turn'd feet her sandals bound  
 Her dress completed, from her chamber forth  
 She issued, and from the other Gods apart  
 She call'd to Venus, and address'd her thus

210

"Say, wilt thou grant, dear child, the boon I ask?  
 Or wilt thou save me nay, in wrath that I  
 Espouse the Greek, as thou the Trojan cause?"

To whom the laughter-loving Venus thus  
 'Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen,  
 Tell me thy wish, to grant it if my pow'r  
 May aught avail, thy pleasure shall be done"

To whom great Juno thus, with artful speech

220

'Give me the loveliness, and pow'r to charm,  
 Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme  
 Far to the bounteous Earth's extremest bounds  
 I go, to visit old Oceanus,

The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore  
 From Rhœa took me, when all seeing Jove  
 Hurl'd Saturn down below the earth and seas,  
 And nurs'd me in their home with tend'ring care,  
 I go to visit them, and reconcile

A lengthen'd feud for since some cause of wrath  
 Has come between them, they from rites of love  
 And from the marriage-bed have long abstain'd  
 Could I unite them by persuasive words,  
 And to their former intercourse restore,  
 Their love and reverence were for ever mine"

230

Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen  
 'I ought not, and I cannot, say thee nay,  
 Who hast encircled by the arms of Jove"

Thus Venus spoke, and from her bosom lodg'd  
 Her broader'd cestus, wrought with every charm  
 To win the heart, there Love, there young Desire,  
 There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt,  
 Which oft enthrall the mind of wisest men  
 Thus in her hand she plac'd, as thus she spoke  
 "Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,

240

Thus broader'd cestus, and, whate'er thy wish,  
Thou shalt not here ungratified return."

Thus Venus, smil'd the stag ey'd Queen of Heaven,  
And, smiling, in her bosom hid the gift  
Then Venus to her father's house return'd, 250  
But Juno down from high Olympus sped,  
O'er sweet Emathia, and Pieria's range,  
O'er snowy mountains of hore: breeding Thrace,  
Their topmost heights, she soar'd, nor touch'd the earth  
From Athos then she cross'd the swelling sea,  
Until to Lemnos, godlike Thoas' seat,  
She came, there met she Sleep, twin born with Death,  
Whom, as his hand she clasp'd, she thus address'd

"Sleep, universal King of Gods and men,  
If ever thou hast listen'd to my voice, 260  
Grant me the boon which now I ask, and win  
My ceaseless favour in all time to come  
When Jove thou seest in my embraces lock'd,  
Do thou his piercing eyes in slumber seal  
Rich guardon shall be thine, a gorgeous throne,  
Immortal, golden, which my skilful son,  
Vulcan, shall deftly frame beneath, a stool  
Whereon at feasts thy feet may softly rest"

Whom answer'd thus the gentle God of Sleep  
"Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen, 270  
On any other of th' immortal Gods  
I can with ease exert my slumbrous pow'r,  
Ev'n to the stream of old Oceanus,  
Prime origin of all, but Saturn's son,  
Imperial Jove, I dare not so approach,  
Nor sink in sleep, save by his own desire  
Already once, obeying thy command,  
A fearful warning I receiv'd, that day  
When from the capture and the sack of Troy  
That mighty warrior, son of Jove, set sail, 280  
For, circumfus'd around, with sweet constraint  
I bound the sense of rage bearing Jove,  
While thou, with ill design rousing the force  
Of winds tempestuous o'er the stormy sea,  
Durst cast him forth on Chaos' thriving isle,  
Far from his friends, then Jove, awaking, pour'd  
His wrath, promiscuous, on th' assembled Gods,  
Me chief his anger sought, and from on high

Had hurl'd me, plung'd beneath th' unfathom'd sea,  
 But Night, the vanquisher of Gods and men, 310  
 Her fugitive receiv'd me, he his wrath  
 Repress'd, unwilling to invade the claims  
 Of holy Night, and now thou fain would'st urge  
 That I another reckless deed essay "

Whom answer'd thus the stag ey'd Queen of Heav'n  
 " Why, Sleep, with thoughts like these perplex thy mind?  
 Think'st thou that Jove as ardently desires  
 To aid the men of Troy, as fiercely burn'd  
 His anger on his valiant son's behalf?  
 Grant my request, and of the Graces one, 320  
 The youngest and the fairest, have to wife,  
 Pasithea, whom thy love hath long pursued "

Thus promis'd Juno, Sleep, rejoicing, heard,  
 And answer'd thus " Swear then the awful oath,  
 Inviolable, by the stream of Styx,  
 Thy one hand laid upon the fruitful earth,  
 The other resting on the sparkling sea,  
 That all the Gods who in the nether realms  
 With Saturn dwell, may of our solemn bond  
 Be witnesses, that of the Graces one, 330  
 The youngest, fairest, I shall have to wife,  
 Pasithea, whom my love hath long pursued "

He said—nor did the white arm'd Queen refuse,  
 She took the oath requir'd, and call'd by name  
 On all the Titans, sub Tartarean Gods  
 Then, sworn and ratified the oath, they pass'd  
 From Lemnos, and from Imbros, veil'd in cloud,  
 Skimming their airy way, on Lectum first,  
 In spring abounding Ida, nurse of beasts, 340  
 The sea they left, and journey'd o'er the land,  
 While wav'd beneath their feet the lofty woods  
 There Sleep, ere yet he met the eye of Jove,  
 Remain'd, and, mounted on a lofty pine,  
 The tallest growth of Ida, that on high  
 Flung through the desert air its boughs to Heav'n,  
 Amid the pine's close branches lay enshrou'd,  
 Like to a mountain bird of shrillest note,  
 Whom Gods the Chalcids, men the night hawk call  
 Juno meanwhile to Ida's summit sped,  
 To Gargarus, the Cloud compeller saw, 350  
 He saw, and sudden passion fir'd his soul,

As when, their parents' eyes closing, first  
They tasted of the secret joys of love  
He rose to meet her, and address'd her thus

"From high Olympus, Juno, whither bound,  
And how, to Ida hast thou come in haste?  
For horses here or chariot hast thou none?"

To whom thus Juno with decent speech  
Replied "To fertile earth's extremest bounds  
I go to visit old Oceanus

340

The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore  
Receiv'd, and nurtur'd me with tenderest care  
I go to visit them, and reconcile  
A lengthen'd feud, for since some cause of wrath  
Has come between them they from rites of love  
And from the marriage bed have long abstain'd  
Meanwhile at spring abounding Ida's foot  
My horses wait me, thit o'er land and sea  
Alike my chariot bear, on thine account  
From high Olympus hither have I come  
Lest it displease thee, if, to thee unknown,  
I sought the Ocean's deeply flowing stream

350

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
"Juno, thy visit yet awhile deter,

And let us now in love's delights indulge  
For never yet did such a flood of love  
For Goddess or for mortal fill my soul,  
Not for Ixion's beauteous wife, who bore  
Phrebus, sage in council as the Gods,  
Nor the neat-footed maiden Ganê,  
Acisus' daughter, her who Perseus bore,  
Th' observ'd of all, nor noble Phoenix' child,  
Who bore me Mimos, and the godlike might  
Of Rhadamanthus, nor for Semele,

360

Nor for Alcmena fair, of whom was born  
In Thebes the mighty warrior Hercules,  
As Bacchus, joy of men, of Semele  
No, nor for Ceres, golden-truss'd Quaan,  
Nor for Latona bright, nor for thyself,  
As now with fond desire for thee I burn "

370

To whom thus Juno with decent speech  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
If here on Ida, in the face of day,  
We celebrate the rite, the rites of love,

How if some other of th' immortal Gods  
Should find us sleeping, and mid all the Gods  
Should spread the tale abroad? I could not then  
Straight to thy house, for very shame, return  
But if indeed such passion fill thy soul,  
Thou hast thy secret chamber, built for thee  
By Vulcan, with close fitting doors secur'd,  
Thither, if such thy pleasure, go we now "

380

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
"Juno, nor fear the eye of God or man,  
For all around us I will throw such veil  
Of golden cloud, that not the sun himself  
With sharpest beam of light may pierce it through "

Thus saying, in his arms he clasp'd his wife,  
The teeming earth beneath them caus'd to spring  
The tender grass, and lotus dew besprunt,  
Crocus and hyacinth, a fragrant couch,  
Profuse and soft, up-springing from the earth  
There lay they, all around them spread a veil  
Of golden cloud, whence heav'nly dews distill'd  
There on the topmost height of Gargarus,  
By sleep and love subdued, th' immortal Sire,  
Clasp'd in his arms his wife, repos'd in peace

390

Then Sleep arose, and to the Grecian ships  
In haste repairing, to th' Earth shaking King  
His tidings bore, and standing at his side  
Thus to the God his wing'd words address'd

400

"Now, Neptune, to the Greeks thy ready aid  
Afford, that short he'd triumph they may gain,  
While slumber holds the eyes of Jove, for I  
In sweet unconsciousness have drown'd his sense,  
Beguil'd by Juno, in whose arms he lies "

He said, and vanish'd 'mid the tribes of men  
But fir'd with keener zeal to aid the Greeks,  
Neptune sprang forth in front, and call'd aloud

"Again, ye Greeks, shall our remissness yield  
The victory to Hector, Priam's son,  
To seize our ships, and endless glory gain?  
Such is his boast and menace, since in wrath  
Achilles still beside his ships remains  
Yet him we scarce should miss, if we, the rest,  
But firmly stood for mutual defence  
Hear then my counsel let us all agree,

410

Girt with our best and broadest shields, our heads  
 With flashing helmets guarded, in our hands  
 Grasping our longest spears, to dare the fight 430  
 Myself will lead you on, and Priam's son,  
 Though bold he be, will fear with me to cope  
 And if, among our bravest, any bear  
 Too small a buckler, with some meaner man  
 Let him exchange, and don the larger shield."

He said, and they assenting heard his speech  
 The Kings themselves, Ulysses, Diomed,  
 And mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son  
 Though sorely wounded, yet the troops array'd,  
 Throughout the ranks they pass'd, and chang'd the arms,  
 The bravest don'd the best, the worse the worst 437  
 When with their dazzling armour all were girt,  
 Forward they mov'd, th' Earth shaker led them on  
 In his broad hand an awful sword he bore,  
 Long-bladed, vivid as the lightning's flash  
 Yet in the deadly strife he might not join,  
 But kindled terror in the ranks of men

Hector meantime the Trojan troops array'd  
 Then fiercer grew, and more intense the strain  
 Of furious fight, when Ocean's dark hair'd King 440  
 And Priam's noble son were met in arms,  
 And aided, thus the Trojans, that the Greeks  
 High tow'rd the tents uprose the surging sea,  
 As with loud clamour met th' opposing hosts  
 Less loud the roar of Ocean's wave, that driv'n  
 By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach,  
 Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage  
 In the deep forest of some mountain glen,  
 Less loud the wind, to wildest fury rous'd,  
 Howls in the branches of the lofty oaks, 450  
 Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 As each, with furious shout, encounter'd each  
 At Ajax first, who straight before him stood,  
 Great Hector threw his spear, nor miss'd his aim,  
 Where the two belts, the one which bore his shield,  
 His silver-studded sword the other, met  
 Across his breast, these two his life preserv'd  
 Hector was smit, that from his stalwart hand  
 The spear had flown in vain, and back he sprang  
 For safety to his comrades' sheltering ranks 460

But mighty Ajax Telamon upheav'd  
 A ponderous stone, of many, all around  
 That scatter'd lay beneath the warriors' feet,  
 And serv'd the ships to prop, with one of these,  
 As Hector backward stepp'd, above the shield  
 He smote him on the breast, below the throat  
 With whirling motion circling as it flew,  
 The mass he hurl'd As by the bolt of Heaven  
 Uprooted prostrate lies some forest oak  
 The sulphurous vapour taints the air appall'd, 470  
 Bereft of strength the near beholder stands,  
 And awestruck hears the thunder peal of Jove,  
 So in the dust the might of Hector lay  
 Dropp'd from his hand the spear the shield and helm  
 Fell with him loud his polish'd armour rang  
 On rush'd, with joyous shout, the sons of Greece,  
 In hope to seize the spoil, thick flew the spears  
 Yet none might reach or wound the fallen chief  
 For gather'd close around the bravest all,  
 Valiant Æneas, and Polydamas, 480  
 Godlike Agenor and the Lycian chief  
 Sarpedon, and the noble Glaucus stood  
 Nor did the rest not aid their shields' broad orbs  
 Before him still they held, while in their arms  
 His comrades bore him from the battle-field  
 To where, with charioteer and well wrought car,  
 Beyond the fight, his flying couriers stood,  
 Which bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town  
 But when the ford was reach'd of Xanthus' stream,  
 Broad flowing, eddying, by immortal Jove 490  
 Begotten, on the ground they laid him down,  
 And dash'd the cooling water on his brow  
 Reviv'd, he lifted up awhile his eyes,  
 Then on his knees half rising, he disgorg'd  
 The clotted blood, but backward to the earth,  
 Still by the blow subdued, again he fell,  
 And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.  
 Onward, with zeal redoubled, press'd the Greeks,  
 When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn  
 Foremost of all, Odysseus active son, 500  
 With sudden spring assailing, Saturnus slew  
 Him a fair Naiad nymph to Cenoë bore

Who by the banks of Satoon kept his herds  
 Him then, approaching near, Odysseus' son  
 Thrust through the flank he fell, and o'er his corpse  
 Trojans and Greeks in stubborn fight engag'd  
 But Panthous' son a swift avenger came,  
 Polydamas, with brandish'd spear, and struck  
 Through the right shoulder Prothoenor, son  
 Of Aretycus, right through was driv'n 510  
 The sturdy spear, he, rolling in the dust,  
 Clutch'd with his palms the ground, then, shouting loud,  
 Thus with triumphant boast Polydamas

"From the strong hand of Panthous' noble son  
 Melanks that not in vain the spear has flown  
 A Greek now bears it off, and he, perchance,  
 May use it as a staff in Pluto's realm."

Thus he, the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard  
 But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast  
 Of Ajax Telammon, whom close beside 520  
 The dead had fall'n he at Polydamas,  
 Retreating, hurl'd in haste his glittering spear,  
 He, springing sideways, 'scap'd the stroke of fate,  
 But young Archilochus, Antenor's son,  
 Recurv'd the spear, for Heav'n had will'd his death  
 The spine it struck, the topmost joint, where met  
 The head and neck, and both the tandem broke,  
 Forward he fell, and ere he knee or leg  
 His head, and mouth, and nostrils struck the ground

Then Ajax, in his turn, exulting, thus 530  
 "Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true,  
 May this be deem'd for Prothoenor's death  
 A full equivalent? no common man  
 He seems, and born of no ignoble race,  
 Vahant Antenor's brother, or perchance  
 His son, the likeness speaks him near akin"

Thus he, though well he knew, then bitter grief  
 Possess'd the Trojans' souls, but Acamas,  
 Guarding his brother's body, with his spear  
 Slew the Boeotian Promachus, who fun 540  
 Would by the fest have drawn away the dead  
 Then Acamas, exulting, cried aloud

"Ye wretched Greeks, in boasting measureless!  
 Not ours alone the labour and the loss

Of battle, ye too have your share of death  
Behold where lies your Promachus, subdued  
Beneath my spear, not long unpaid the debt  
Due for my brother's blood! 'Tis well for him  
Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate "

Thus he, the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard, 530  
But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast  
Of Peneleus, on Acamas he sprang,  
Who wanted not th' encounter, next he slew  
Ithoneus, the son of Phorbas, Lord  
Of num'rous flocks, of all the Trojans most  
Belov'd of Hermes, who his wealth increas'd  
To him Ithoneus, an only son,  
His mother bore, who now, beneath the brow  
And through the socket of the eye was struck,  
Thrusting the eyeball out, for through the eye, 560  
And backward through the head, the spear was driv'n  
With hands extended, down to earth he sank,  
But Peneleus his weighty sword let fall  
Full on his neck, the sever'd head and helm  
Together fell, remaining still infix'd  
The sturdy spear, then he, the gory head  
Uplifting, to the Trojans vaunting cried

" Go now, ye Trojans! bid that in the house  
Of brave Ithoneus his parents raise  
The voice of wailing for their gallant son, 570  
As neither shall the wife of Promachus,  
The son of Alegenor, with glad smile  
Her husband's coming hail, when home from Troy  
We sons of Greece, with vict'ry crown'd, return "

Thus as he spoke, pale fear possess'd them all,  
Each looking round to seek escape from death

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
Who, when th' Earth shaker turn'd the tide of war,  
First bore away his foeman's bloody spoils?

Great Ajax Telamon first Hyrtus smote, 580  
The son of Gyrtus, who to battle led  
The warlike Mysians, next Antiloehus  
From Mermerus and Phalces stopp'd their arms,  
Menones Hippotion gave to death,  
And Morys, Teucer Periphetes slew,  
And Prothoon, Menelaus, through the flank

Smote Hyperenor, as the grinding spear  
Draw'd all his vitals, through the gaping wound  
His spirit escap'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes  
But chiefest slaughter of the Trojans wrought  
Odus' active son, of all the Greeks  
No foot so swift as his, when Jove had fill'd  
Their souls with fear, to chase the flying foe

590

## BOOK XV

### ARGUMENT

Jove awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Ege, puts to flight the Grecians: they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing him to burn it.

Now when the Trojans had recross'd the trench  
And palisades, and in their headlong flight  
Many had fall'n by Grecian swords, the rest,  
Routed, and pale with fear, made head awhile  
Beside their cars, then Jove on Ida's height  
At golden throated Juno's side awoke,  
Rising, he saw the Trojans and the Greeks,  
Those in confusion, while behind them press'd  
The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst.  
He saw too Hector stretch'd upon the plain,  
His comrades standing round, senseless he lay,  
Drawing short breath, blood gushing from his mouth,  
For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt.

Pitying, the Sire of Gods and men beheld,  
And thus, with sternest glance, to Juno spoke  
"This, Juno, is thy work! thy wicked wiles  
Have Hector quell'd, and Trojans driv'n to flight  
Nor know I but thyself may'st reap the fruit,  
By shameful scourging, of thy vile deceit  
Hast thou forgotten how in former times  
I hung thee from on high, and to thy feet  
Attach'd two pond'rous anvils, and thy hands  
With golden fetters bound, which none might break?  
There didst thou hang amid the clouds of Heav'n,  
Through all Olympus' breadth the Gods were wroth,  
Yet dar'd not one approach to set thee free  
If any so had ventur'd, him had I  
Hurl'd from Heav'n's threshold, till to earth he fell,  
With little left of life. Yet was not quench'd  
My wrath on godlike Hercules' account,

10

20

30

Whom thou, with Dardas, o'er the wat'ry waste  
 With full intent didst send, and tempest toss'd,  
 Cast him ashore on Coos' fruitful isle  
 I rescued him from thence, and brought him back,  
 After long toil, to Argos' grassy plains  
 Thus to thy mind I bring that thou mayst learn  
 To cease thy treacherous wiles, nor hope to gain  
 By all thy fivish'd blandishments of love,  
 Wherewith thou hast deceiv'd me, and bewing'd

He said, and terror seiz'd the stag-eyed Queen, 40  
 Who thus with wing'd words address'd her Lord

' By Earth I swear, and yon broad Heav'n above,  
 And Stygian stream beneath, the weightiest oath  
 Of solemn power to bind the blessed Gods  
 By thine own sacred head, our nuptial bed,  
 Whose holy tie I never could forswear  
 That not by my suggestion and advice  
 Earth-shaking Neptune on the Trojan host,  
 And Hector, pours his wrath and aids the Greeks,  
 In this he but obeys his own desire, 50  
 Who looks with pity on the Grecian host  
 Beside their ships o'erborne, and could my words  
 Prevail, my counsel were to shape his course,  
 O cloud-girt King obedient to thy will

She said, the Son of Gods and men, well pleas'd,  
 His answer heard, and thus with gracious smile

' If stag-eyed Queen, in synod of the Gods  
 Thy counsels shall indeed with mine agree  
 Neptune, how strong so'er his wish, must change 60  
 His course, obedient to thy will and mine,  
 And if in all sincerity thou speak,  
 Go to th' assembled Gods, and hither send  
 Iris, and Phoebus of the silver bow,  
 That she may to the Grecian camp repair,  
 And bid that Neptune from the battle-field  
 Withdraw, and to his own domain retire,  
 While Phoebus Hector to the fight restores  
 Inspiring new-born vigour, and allaying  
 The mortal pains which bow his spirit down,  
 Then, heartless fear refusing to the Greeks 70  
 Put them to flight, that flying they may fall  
 Beside Achilles' ships, his comrade then,  
 Patroclus, he shall send to battle forth

To be by Hector slain, in front of Troy,  
 Yet not to fall till many valiant youths  
 Have felt his prowess, and, amid the rest,  
 My son, Sarpedon, by his comrade's death  
 Enrag'd, Achilles Hector shall subdue,  
 Thenceforth my counsel is, that from the ships  
 The Trojan force shall still be backward driv'n, 80  
 Until at length, by Pallas' deep designs,  
 The Greeks possess the lofty walls of Troy  
 Yet will not I my anger intermit,  
 Nor suffer other of th' immortal Gods  
 To aid the Greeks, till Pelous' son behold  
 His wish accomplish'd, and the boon obtain'd  
 I promis'd once, and with a nod confirm'd,  
 That day when sea-born Thetis clasp'd my knees,  
 And pray'd me to avenge her warrior son "

Thus he, the white arm'd Queen of Heav'n submits 90  
 His mandate heard, and from th' Idaean mount  
 With rapid flight to high Olympus sped  
 Swift as the mind of man, who many a land  
 Hath travell'd o'er, and with reflective thought  
 Recalls, "here was I such a day, or here,"  
 And in a moment many a scene surveys,  
 So Juno sped o'er intervening space,  
 Olympus' heights she reach'd, and in the house  
 Of Jove appear'd amid th' assembled Gods  
 They at her coming rose, with golden cups 100  
 Greeting their Queen's approach, the rest she pass'd,  
 And from the hand of fair Iac'd Themis took  
 The proffer'd cup, who first had run to meet,  
 And thus with winged words address'd the Queen

"Juno, why com'st thou hither? and with looks  
 Of one distraught with fear? hath Saturn's son,  
 Thy mighty Lord, thus sore affrighted thee? "

To whom the white arm'd Goddess, Juno, thus  
 "Forbear thy questions, Themis, well thou know'st 110  
 How haughty and imperious is his mind,  
 Thou for the Gods in haste prepare the feast.  
 Then shalt thou learn, amid th' Immortals all,  
 What evil he designs, nor all, I ween,  
 His counsels will approve, or men, or Gods,  
 Though now in blissful ignorance they feast "

She said, and sat, the Gods, oppress'd with care,

Her farther speech awaited, on her lips  
There dwelt indeed a smile, but not a ray  
Pass'd o'er her dark'ning brow, as thus her wrath  
Amid th' assembled Gods found vent in words 120

"Fools are we all, who madly strive with Jove,  
Or hope, by access to his throne, to sway,  
By word or deed, his course, from all apart,  
He all our counsels heeds not, but decides,  
And boasts o'er all th' immortal Gods to reign  
In unapproach'd pre eminence of pow'r  
Prepare then each his sev'ral war to bear,  
On Mars e'en now, methinks, the blow hath fall'n,  
Since in the fight, the man he loves the best,  
And boasts his son, Ascalaphus, is slain " 130

He said, and Mars, enrag'd, his brawny thigh  
Smote with his hands and thus, lamenting, spoke  
"Blame not, ye Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
That to the Cretian ships I haste, to avenge  
My slaughter'd son, though blas'd by Heav'n's fire  
'Twere mine mid corpses' blood, and dust to lie "

He said, and gave command to Fear and Flight  
To yoke his car and donn'd his glitt'ring arms  
Then from the throne of Jove had heavier wrath  
And deeper vengeance on th' Immortals fall'n, 140  
But Pallas, in alarm for all the Gods,  
Quitting in haste the throne whereon she sat,  
Sprang past the vestibule, and from his head  
The helmet lifted, from his arm the shield,  
Took from his sturdy hand, and rear'd upright  
The brazen spear, then with reproachful words  
She thus assauld th' impetuous God of War

"Madman, and void of reason, thou art lost!  
Hast thou no ears to hear? or are thy mind  
And sense of reverence utterly destroy'd? 150  
Or heard'st thou not what white-arm'd Juno spoke,  
Fresh from the presence of Olympian Jove?  
Wouldst thou, thine evil destiny fulfil'd,  
By hard constraint, despite thy grief, be driv'n  
Back to Olympus, and to all the rest  
Confusion and disaster with thee bring?  
At once from valiant Trojans and from Greeks  
His thoughts would be diverted, and his wrath  
Embroid Olympus, and on all alike,

Guilt or not, his anger would be pour'd  
 Waive then thy vengeance for thy gallant son,  
 Others as brave of heart, as strong of arm,  
 Have fall'n and yet must fall, and vain th' attempt  
 To watch at once o'er all the race of men "

Thus saying, to his seat again she forc'd  
 Th' impetuous Mars meanwhile, without the house.  
 Juno, by Jove's command, Apollo call'd,  
 And Iris, messenger from God to God,  
 And thus to both her wing'd words address'd  
 Jove bids you with all speed to Ida haste,  
 And when, arriv'd, before his face ye stand,  
 Whate'er he orders, that observe and do "

Thus Juno spoke, and to her throne return'd,  
 While they to spring abounding Ida's heights,  
 Wild nurse of forest beasts pursued their way,  
 Th' all seeing son of Saturn there they found  
 Upon the topmost crag of Gargarus,  
 An incense breathing cloud around him spread  
 Before the face of cloud-compelling Jove  
 They stood, well pleas'd he witness'd their approach  
 In swift obedience to his consort's words,  
 And thus to Iris first his speech address'd

'Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Ocean's King  
 My message bear, nor misreporting aught,  
 Nor aught omitting, from the battle field  
 Bid him retire, and join th' assembled Gods,  
 Or to his own domain of sea withdraw  
 If my commands he heed not, nor obey,  
 Let him consider in his inmost soul  
 If, mighty though he be, he dare us sit  
 His hostile coming, mightier far than him,  
 His elder born, nor may his spirit aspire  
 To rival me, whom all regard with awe '

He said, swift rooted Iris, at the word,  
 From Ida's heights to sacred Ilum sped

He bids thee straightway from the battle field  
 Retire, and either join th' assembled Gods,  
 Or to thine own domain of sea withdraw  
 If his commands thou heed not, nor obey,  
 Hithar he menaces himself to come,  
 And fight against thee, but he warns thee first,  
 Beware his arm as mightier far than thee,  
 'Thine elder born, nor may thy spirit aspire  
 To rival him, whom all regard with awe "

210

To whom in too ring wrath th' Earth shaking God  
 " By Heav'n, though great he be, he yet presumes  
 Somewhat too far, if me, his equal born,  
 He seeks by force to baffle of my will  
 We were three brethren, all of Rhæa born  
 To Saturn, Jove and I, and Pluto third,  
 Who o'er the nether regions holds his sway  
 Threefold was our partition, each obtained  
 His meed of honour due the hoary Sea  
 By lot my habitation was assign'd,  
 The realms of Darkness all to Pluto's share,  
 Broad Heav'n amid the sky and clouds to Jove,  
 But Earth, and high Olympus are to all  
 A common heritage, nor will I walk  
 To please the will of Jove though great he be,  
 With his own third contented let him rest  
 Nor let him think that I as wholly vile  
 Shall quail before his arm his lofty words  
 Were better to his daughters and his sons  
 Address'd, his own forgotten, who perforce  
 Must listen to his mandates, and obey

220

230

To whom swift footed Iris thus replied  
 ' Is this then dark hair'd Circle of the Earth,  
 The message stern and haughty, which to Jove  
 Thou bidd'st not bear? perchance thine angry mood  
 May bend to better counsels, nobler minds  
 Are easiest bent and o'er superior age.

Thou know'st th' avenging Furies ever watch

To whom Earth shaking Neptune thus replied

240

Immortal Iris, weights are thy words  
 And in good reason spoken and as well  
 When errors are by sound discretion led  
 Let me my heart and mind with grief oppress'd  
 When me, his equal both by birth and fate

He seeks with haughty words to overbear  
 I yield but with indignant sense of wrong  
 This too I saw nor shall my threat be vain  
 Let him remember if in my despite,  
 Against Pallas Juno & Hermes Vulcan's will,  
 He spare to overthrow proud Ilium's towers,  
 And crown with victory the Grecian arms,  
 The feud between us never can be heal'd  
 Th' Earth-shaker said and from the field withdrew  
 Beneath the ocean wave the warrior Greeks  
 His loss deploring, to Apollo then  
 The Cloud-compeller thus his speech address'd  
 Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm,  
 Good Phœbus, for beneath the ocean wave  
 Th' Earth-shaker hath withdrawn, escaping thus  
 My high displeasure had he dar'd resist,  
 The tumult of our strife had reach'd the Gods  
 Who in the nether realms with Saturn dwell  
 Yet thus to better both for me and him  
 That though indignant to my will he yields,  
 For to compel him were no easy task  
 Take thou, and wait on high thy rattle'd shield,  
 The Grecian warriors daunting thou thyself  
 Warding King thy special care bestow

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
 With falt'ring voice. "Who art thou, Prince of Gods, ago  
 Who thus inquest of me? knowst thou not  
 How a huge stone, by mighty Ajax hurl'd,  
 As on his comrades by the Grecian ships  
 I dealt destruction, struck me on the breast,  
 Dash'd to the earth, and all my vigour quell'd?  
 I deem'd in youth this day my soul expos'd,  
 Should see the dead, and Pluto's shadowy realm."

To whom again the far destroying King  
 "Be of good cheer, from Saturn's son I come  
 From Ida's height to be thy guide and guard, 300  
 Pheebus Apollo, of the golden sword  
 I, who at old have thy protector been,  
 I him, and thy city's walls' Iris, then strught,  
 Summon thy warlike horses, bid them drive  
 Their flying cars to assail the Grecian ships  
 I go before, and will the horses way  
 Make plain and smooth, and daunt the warrior Greeks."

His words fresh vigour in the chief infus'd  
 As some proud steed, at well fill'd manger fed,  
 His halter broken nighing, scours the plain, 310  
 And revels in the widely flowing stream  
 To bathe his sides, then tossing high his head,  
 While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,  
 Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,  
 To the wide pastures of the mares he flus,  
 So vigorous, Hector plied his active limbs,  
 His horsemen summoning at Heaven's command  
 Is when a rustic crowd of men and dogs  
 Have char'd an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,  
 That 'round the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood 320  
 Hath refuge found and baffled their pursuit  
 If, by the tumult rous'd, a lion stand,  
 With bristling mane, before them back they turn,  
 Check'd in their mad career, even so the Greeks,  
 Who late in eager throngs were pressing on,  
 Thrusting with swords and double pointed spears,  
 When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,  
 Recoil'd, and to their feet their courage fell  
 To whom thus Ithens spoke, Antimemon's son,  
 Atolia's bravest warrior, skill'd to throw 330  
 The jav'lin, dauntless in the stubborn fight,

By few surpass'd in speech, when in debate  
 In full assembly Grecian youths contend  
 He thus with prudent speech began, and said  
 "Great is the marvel which our eyes behold,  
 That Hector see again to life restor'd,  
 Escap'd the death we hop'd him to have met  
 Beneath the hands of Ajax Telamon  
 Some God hath been his guard, and Hector sav'd,  
 Whose arm hath slack'd the knees of many a Greek 34°  
 So will he now, for not without the aid  
 Of Jove the Lord of thunder, doth he stand  
 So boldly forth, so eager for the fight  
 Hear, then, and all by my advice be rul'd  
 Back to the ships dismiss the gen'ral crowd,  
 While of our army we, the foremost men,  
 Stand fast, and meeting him with levell'd spears,  
 Hold him in check, and he, though brave, may fear  
 To throw himself amid our serr'd ranks."

He said they heard, and all obey'd his words 35°  
 The mighty Ajax, and Idomeneus  
 The King, and Teucer, and Menones,  
 And Mege, bold as Mars, with all their best,  
 Their stedfast battle rang'd, to wait th' assault  
 Of Hector and his Trojans, while behind,  
 Th' unvarlike many to the ships retur'd  
 The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led  
 With haughty stride, before him Phoebus went,  
 His shoulders veil'd in cloud, his arm sustain'd  
 The awful Ægis, dread to look on, hung 36°  
 With shaggy tassels round and dazzling bright,  
 Which Vulcan, skilful workman, gave to Jove,  
 To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men  
 Thus on his arm, the Trojan troops he led  
 Firm stood the mass of Greeks, from either side  
 Shrill clamours rose, and fast from many a string  
 The arrows flew, and many a jav'lin, hurl'd  
 By vigorous arms, some buried in the flesh  
 Of stalwart youths, and many, ere they reach'd  
 Their living mark, fell midway on the plain, 37°  
 Fix'd in the ground, in vain athirst for blood  
 While Phoebus motionless his Ægis held,  
 Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
 On either side, but when he turn'd its flash

Full in the faces of the astonish'd Greeks,  
 And shouted loud, their spirits within them quail'd,  
 Their fiery courage burn'd in mind no more  
 As when two beasts of prey, at dead of night,  
 With sudden onset scatter wide a herd  
 Of oxen, or a num'rous flock of sheep, 380  
 Their keepers absent, so unnerv'd by fear  
 The Greeks dispers'd, such panic mad their ranks,  
 That vict'ry so might crown the Trojan arms,  
 Apollo sent, and as the masses broke,  
 Each Trojan slew his man, by Hector's hand  
 Fell Stachius and Arcesilas, the one,  
 The leader of Bœotia's brass clad host,  
 The other, brave Menestheus trusted friend,  
 Æneas Medon slew, and Iasus,  
 Medon, the great Oileus bastard son, 390  
 Brother of Ajax, he in Phylace,  
 Far from his native home, was driv'n to dwell,  
 Since one to Eriope near akin,  
 His sire Oileus' wife, his hand had slain  
 And Iasus, th' Athenian chief, was doom'd  
 The son of Sphærius, son of Bucolus  
 Polydamas amid the foremost ranks  
 Menestes slew, Polites Echius,  
 Agenor Clomus, while from Paris hand  
 An arrow, 'mid the crowd of fugitives 400  
 Shot from behind, beneath the shoulder struck  
 Dæocus, and through his chest was driv'n  
 These while the Trojans of their arms despoil'd,  
 Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dash'd  
 The flying Greeks, and gain'd, hard press'd, the wall,  
 While loudly Hector to the Trojans call'd  
 To assail the slope, and leave the bloody spoils  
 " Whom I elsewhere, and from the Jugs aloof  
 Shall find, my hand shall doom him on the spot,  
 For him no funeral pyre his kin shall light, 410  
 Or male or female, but before the wall  
 Our city's dogs his mangled flesh shall tear "

He smote, one on his horses' shoulder-point  
 Let fall the lash, and loudly through the ranks  
 Call'd on the Trojans, they, with answering shout  
 And noise unspeakable, urg'd on with him  
 Their harness'd steeds, Apollo, in the van,

Trod down with ease th' embankment of the ditch,  
 And fill'd it in, and o'er it bridg'd a way  
 Level and wide, far as a jav'lin's flight 420  
 Hurl'd by an arm that proves its utmost strength  
 O'er this their columns pass'd, Apollo bore  
 His Ægis o'er them, and cast down the wall,  
 Easy, as when a child upon the beach,  
 In wanton play, with hands and feet o'erthrews  
 The mound of sand, which late in play he rais'd,  
 So, Phœbus, then, the Grecian toil and pains  
 Confounding, sentest panic through their soul.  
 Thus hemm'd beside the ships they made their stand,  
 While each exhorted each, and all, with hands 430  
 Outstretch'd, to ev'ry God address'd their pray'r  
 And chief, Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,  
 With hands uplifted tow'rd the starry Heav'n.

" O Father Jove! if any e'er to Thee  
 On corn-clad plains of Argos burnt the fat  
 Of bulls and sheep, and offer'd up his pray'r  
 For safe return, and thine assenting nod  
 Confirm'd thy promise, O remember now  
 His pray'r, save off the pitiless day of doom,  
 Nor let the Greeks to Trojan arms succumb " 440

Thus Nestor pray'd, loud thunder'd from on high  
 The Lord of counsel, as he heard the pray'r  
 Of Neku's aged son, with double zeal,  
 The Trojans, as the mind of Jove they knew,  
 Press'd on the Greeks, with warlike ardour fir'd  
 As o'er the bulwarks of a ship pour down  
 The mighty billows of the wide path'd sea,  
 Driv'n by the blast, that tosses high the waves,  
 So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans pour'd,  
 The curs admitted, by the ships they fought 450  
 With double-pointed spears, and hand to hand,  
 These on their chariots, on the lofty decks  
 Of their dark vessels those, with pond'rous spears,  
 Which on the ships were stor'd for naval war,  
 Compact and strong, their heads encas'd in brass

While yet beyond the ships, about the wall  
 The Greeks and Trojans fought, Patroclus still  
 Within the tent of brave Eurypylos  
 Remaining, with his converse sooth'd the chief,  
 And healing unguents to his wound applied, 460

Or pow'r to charm away the bitter pains,  
But when the Trojans pouring o'er the wall,  
And routed Greeks in panic flight he saw,  
Deeply he groan'd, and sitting on his thigh  
With either palm, in anguish thus he spoke

"Eury-pylus, how great soe'er thy need,  
I can no longer stay, so fierce the storm  
Of battle rages, but th' attendants' care  
Will all thy wants supply while I in haste  
Achilles seek, and urge him to the war,  
Who knows but Heav'n may grant me to succeed?  
For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r  
He said, and quickly on his errand sped

170

Meanwhile the Greeks in firm array endur'd  
The onset of the Trojans, nor could these  
Th' assaults though in numbers less, repel,  
Nor these again the Grecian masses break,  
And force their passage through the ships and tents  
As by a rule to cunning workman's hand,  
Who all his art by Pallas and his learnt,  
A vessel's plank is smooth and level laid,  
So level lay the balance of the fight  
Others round other ship, maintain'd the war,  
But Hector that of Ilys sought alone  
For that one ship they two uncarried told,  
Nar Hector Ajax from his post could move,  
And burn the ship with fire nor he repel  
The foe who came protected by a God

480

Then noble Ajax with his jav'lin smote  
Caletor, son of Clytus, through the breast,  
As tow'rd the ship a blazing torch he bore,  
Thund'ring he fell and dropp'd his hand the torch  
But Hector when his eyes his Linsman saw  
By the dark vessel prostrate in the dust,  
On Trojans and on Lancers call'd aloud

490

(Who flying from Cythera's lovely isle  
 With guilt of bloodshed, near to Ajax dwelt),  
 Standing beside the chief, above the car  
 He struck, and pierc'd the brain from the tall prow  
 Backwards he fell, his limbs relax'd in death  
 Then Ajax, shudd'ring, on his brother call'd

" Good Teucer, we have lost a faithful friend, 510  
 The son of Mastor, our Cytheran guest,  
 Whom as a father all rever'd, who now  
 Lies slain by noble Hector Where are then  
 Time arrows, swift-wing'd messengers of fate,  
 And where thy trusty bow, Apollo's gift? "

Thus Ajax, Teucer heard, and ran in haste,  
 And stood beside him, with his banded bow,  
 And well-stor'd quiver on the Trojans fast  
 He pour'd his shafts, and struck Pisenor's son,  
 Citus, the comrade of Polydamas, 520

The noble son of Panthōus, he the reins  
 Held in his hand, and all his care bestow'd  
 To guide his horses, for, where'er the throng  
 Was thickest, there in Hector's cause, and Troy's,  
 He still was found, but o'er him hung the doom  
 Which none might turn aside, for from behind  
 The fateful arrow struck him through the neck,  
 Down from the car he fell, swerving aside,  
 The startled horses whirr'd the empty car  
 Them first the King Polydamas beheld, 530

And stay'd their course, to Prothoon's son,  
 Astynous, then he gave them, with command  
 To keep good watch, and still be near at hand,  
 Then 'mid the foremost join'd again the fray  
 Again at Hector of the brazen helm  
 An arrow Teucer aim'd, and had the shaft  
 The life of Hector quench'd in mid career,  
 Not long the fight had rag'd around the ships  
 But Jove's all-seeing eye beheld, who watch'd  
 O'er Hector's life, and Teucer's hopes deceiv'd 540

The bow's well-twisted string he snapp'd in twain,  
 As Teucer drew, the brass-tipp'd arrow flew  
 Wide of the mark, and dropp'd his hand the bow  
 Then to his brother, all aghast, he cried  
 " O Heav'n, some God our best laid schemes of war  
 Confound, who from my hands hath wrench'd the bow,

And snatch'd the newly-twisted string, which I  
But late attach'd, my swift-wing'd shafts to bear."

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon  
"O friend, leave there thine arrows and thy bow, 550  
Murr'd by some God who gaudges our renown,  
But take in hand thy pond'rous spear, and cast  
Thy shield about thy shoulders, and thyself  
Stand forth, and urge the rest, to face the foe  
Let us not tamely yield, if yield we must,  
Our well built ships, but nobly dare the fight."

Thus Ajax spoke, and Teucer in the tent  
Restor'd his bow, and o'er his shoulders threw  
His fourfold shield, and on his firm-set head  
A helm he plac'd well wrought, with horsehair plume, 560  
That nodded, fearful o'er his brow his hand  
Grasp'd the firm spear, with sharpen'd point of brass  
Then ran, and swiftly stood by Ajax' side  
Hector mean while who saw the weapon marr'd,  
To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardians arm'd  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men,  
Against the ships your wonted valour show  
Ev'n now, before our eyes, hath Jove destroy'd  
A chieftain's weapon—Easy 'tis to trace 570  
O'er human wars th' overruling hand of Jove,  
To whom he gives the prize of victory,  
And whom, withholding aid he munnishes,  
As now the Greeks, while we his favour gam  
Pour then your force wated on the ships,  
And if there be among you, who this day  
Shall meet his down, by sword or arrow slain,  
E'en let him die! a glorious death is his  
Who for his country falls, and dying, leaves  
Preserv'd from danger, children, wife, and home, 580  
His heritage unjur'd, when the Greeks  
Embarking hence shall take their homeward way."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast  
Ajax, on th' other side, address'd the Greeks

"Shame on ye, Greeks! this very hour decides  
If we must perish, or be sav'd, and ward  
Destruction from our ships, and can ye hope  
That each, if Hector of the glancing helm  
Shall burn our ships, on foot can reach his home?

Or hear ye not, how, burning to destroy  
Our vessels, Hector cheers his forces on? 590  
Not to the dance, but to the fight he calls,  
Nor better counsel can for us be found,  
Than in close fight with heart and hand to join  
'Twere better far at once to die, than live  
Hamm'd in and straiten'd thus, in dire distress,  
Close to our ships, by meaner men beset "

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast  
Then Hector Schedius Penmedes' son,  
The Thracian leader, slew, on th' other side 600  
Ajax the captain of the foot o'ercame,  
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,  
While of his arms Polydamas despoil'd  
Cyllenian Otus, friend of Phyleus' son,  
The proud Epeians' leader, Meges saw,  
And rush'd upon him, but Polydamas,  
Stooping, the blow evaded, him he miss'd,  
For Phoebus wili'd not Panthous' son should fall  
In the front rank contending, but the spear  
Smote Croesmus through the breast, thund'ring he fell, 610  
And from his corpse the victor strapp'd his arms  
Him Dolops, son of Lampus, spearman skill'd,  
Well train'd in ev'ry point of war, assail'd  
(The son of Lampus he, the prince of men,  
Son of Laomedon), from close at hand  
Forward he sprang, and thrust at Meges' shield,  
But him the solid corslet which he wore,  
With breast and back piece fitted, sav'd from harm  
The corslet Phyleus brought from Ephyræ,  
By Sellen's stream, Euphetes, King of men, 620  
Bestow'd it as a friendly gift, to wear  
In battle for a guard from hostile spears,  
Which from destruction now preserv'd his son  
Next Meges struck, with keen edg'd spear, the crown  
Of Dolops' brass bound, horsehair crested helm,  
Sev'ring the horsehair plume, which, brilliant late  
With crimson dye, now lay defil'd in dust  
Yet fought he on, and still for vict'ry hop'd,  
But warlike Menelaus to the aid  
Of Meges came, of Dolops unobserv'd 630  
He stood, and from behind his shoulder pierc'd,  
The point, its course pursuing, through his breast

Was driv'n, and headlong on his face he fell  
 Forthwith advanc'd the two to seize the spoils;  
 But loudly Hector on his Linsmen call'd,  
 On all, but chief on Ictæon's son,  
 The valiant Melanippus, he erewhile,  
 In far Percote, ere the foes appear'd,  
 Pastur'd his herds, but when the ships of Greece  
 Approach'd the shore, to Ilium back he came, 640  
 There, 'mid the Trojans eminent, he dwelt  
 In Priam's house belov'd as Priam's son  
 Him Hector call'd by name, and thus address'd

"Why, Melanippus, stand we idly thus?  
 Doth not thy slaughter'd Linsman touch thy heart?  
 See how they rush on Dolops' arms to seize,  
 Then on ' no distant war must now be wag'd,  
 But hand to hand, till or the Greeks be slain,  
 Or lofty Troy, with all her children, fall "

He said, and led the way, him follow'd straight 650  
 The godlike chief, great Ajax Telamon  
 Meanwhile the Greeks encourag'd to the fight,  
 And cried, ' Brave comrades, quit ye now like men,  
 Bear a stout heart, and in the stubborn fight  
 Let each to other mutual succour give,  
 By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall,  
 In turn'd flight nor fame nor safety lies "

He said, and pond'ring well his words, they stood,  
 Firm in defence, as with a wall of brass  
 The ships they guarded, though against them Jove 660  
 Led on the Trojans, Menelaus then  
 With stirring words Antilochus address'd  
 "Antilochus, than thou, of all the Greeks  
 Is none more active, or more light of foot,  
 None stronger hurls the spear, then from the crowd  
 Spring forth, and aim to reach some Trojan's life "

Thus saying, he withdrew, fir'd by his words,  
 Forth sprang the youth, and pos'd his glitt'ring spear,  
 Glancing around him, back the Trojans drew  
 Before his aim, nor flew the spear in vain, 670  
 But through the breast it pierc'd, as on he came,  
 Brave Melanippus, Ictæon's son  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang  
 Forth sprang Antilochus, as springs a hound  
 Upon a lawn, which from its lair disturb'd

A hunter's shaft has struck, and quell'd its power,  
 So, Melampus, sprang to seize thy spoils  
 The stout Antilochus, but not unmark'd  
 Of Hector's eye, who, hast'ning through the press,  
 Advanc'd to meet him, wated not th' attack, 680  
 Bold warrior as he was, Antilochus,  
 But trembling fled as when a beast of prey,  
 Conscious of evil deed, amid the herd  
 The guardian dog or herdsman's self has slain,  
 And flies, ere yet th' avenging crowd collect,  
 So fled the son of Nestor, onward press'd,  
 By Hector led, the Trojans, loud their shouts,  
 As on the Greeks their murd'rous shafts they pour'd  
 Yet turn'd he, when his comrades' ranks he reach'd  
 Then on the ships, as raving lions, fell 690  
 The Trojans. They but work'd the will of Jove,  
 Who still their courage rais'd, and quell'd the Greeks,  
 Of vict'ry these debar'd, and those inspir'd,  
 For so he will'd, that Hector, Priam's son,  
 Should wrap in fire the beaked ships of Greece,  
 And Thetis to the uttermost obtain  
 Her over-bold petition, yet did Jove,  
 The Lord of counsel, wait but to behold  
 The flames ascending from the blazing ships  
 For from that hour the Trojans, backward driv'n, 700  
 Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave  
 With such design, to seize the ships, he fir'd  
 Th' already burning zeal of Priam's son,  
 Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars  
 With brandish'd spear, or as a raging fire  
 'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side  
 The suant was on his lips, bright flash'd his eyes  
 Beneath his awful brow, and terribly  
 Above his temples wav'd amid the fray  
 The helm of Hector, Jove himself from Heaven 710  
 His guardian hand extending, him alone  
 With glory crowning 'mid the host of men,  
 But short his term of glory, for the day  
 Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas aid,  
 The might of Pelas' son should work his doom  
 Oft n' away'd to break the ranks, where'er  
 The densest throng and noblest arms he saw,  
 But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain

They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood,  
 Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high, 700  
 Close by the hoarv sea, which meets unmov'd  
 The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,  
 And the big waves that bellow round its base  
 So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and underr'y'd  
 At length, all blazing in his arms he sprung  
 Upon the mass so plunging down as when  
 On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds  
 A giant billow tempest nurs'd, descends  
 The deck is drench'd in foam, the stormy wind  
 Howls in the shrouds, th' affrighted seamen quail 730  
 In fear but little way from death remov'd,  
 So quail'd the spirit in ev'ry Grecian breast  
 'Tis when a raving lion on a herd  
 Of heifers falls which on some marshy mead  
 Feed numberless beneath the care of one  
 Unskill'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge  
 And while beside the front or rear he walks,  
 The lion on th' unguarded centre springs  
 Seizes on one and scatters all the rest  
 So Hector, led by Jove in wild alarm 740  
 Scatter'd the Grecians all, but one alone  
 Brave Periphetes of Mycenæ slew  
 The son of Copreus whom Eurystheus sent  
 His envoy to the might of Hercules  
 Far nobler than the father was the son  
 In speed of foot in warlike might in mind  
 In all among Mycenians foremost he  
 Who now on Hector fresh rode in complete d  
 For backw'ard as he stepp'd, and 'unst the rim  
 Of the broad shield which for defence he bore 750

Now hardly press'd, the Greeks perforce retir'd,  
 But cloely mass'd before the tents they stood,  
 Not scatter'd o'er the camp, by shame restrain'd,  
 And fear and loudly each exhorted each  
 Generous Nestor cheer, the prop of Greece,  
 Thus by their fathers singly each adjur'd  
 'Quit ye like men, dear friends, and think it shame  
 To torter now the praise of other men,  
 Let each man now his children and his wife,  
 His fortunes and his parents, bear in mind,  
 And not the living only, but the dead,  
 For them, the abent, I, your suppliant, pray  
 That firm ye stand, and scorn disgraceful flight "

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast,  
 And from their eyeballs Pallas purg'd away  
 The film of darkness, and on ev'ry side,  
 Both tow'rd the ships and tow'rd the level light,  
 Clear light diffus'd there Hector they discern'd.  
 And all his comrades, those who stood aloof,  
 And that was near the ships maintain'd the war  
 Then was not Ajax' mighty soul content  
 To stand where stood the other sons of Greece,  
 Along the vessels' lofty decks he mov'd  
 With haughty stride, a pond'rous boarding pike  
 Well-polish'd, and with rivets well secur'd,  
 Of two and twenty cubits length, he bore  
 As one well skill'd in feats of horsemanship,  
 Who from a troop of horses on the plain  
 Has parted four, and down the crowded road,  
 While men and women all in wonder gaze,  
 Drives tow'rd the city, and with force untir'd  
 From one to other springs, as on they fly,  
 O'er many a vessel's deck so Ajax pass'd  
 With lofty stride, and voice that reach'd to Heav'n.

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790

Pierce round the ships again the battle rag'd,  
 Well might ye deem no previous toil had worn  
 Their strength, who in that dread encounter met,  
 With edge so keen, and stubborn will they fought  
 But varying far their hopes and fears the Greeks  
 Of safety and escape from death despair'd, 810  
 While high the hopes in ev'ry Trojan's breast,  
 To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks  
 So minded each, oppos'd in arms they stood

On a swift sailing vessel's stern, that bore  
 Proteuslaus to the coast of Troy,  
 But to his native country bore not thence,  
 Hector had laid his hand, around that ship  
 Trojans and Greeks in mutual slaughter join'd  
 The arrows or the jav lin's distant flight  
 They wasted not, but, fir'd with equal rage, 820  
 Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,  
 And mighty swords and double pointed spears  
 Many a fair hilted blade, with iron bound,  
 Dropp'd from the hands, or from the sever'd arms,  
 Of warrior chiefs, the dark earth ran with blood  
 Yet loos'd not Hector of the stern his hold,  
 But grasp'd the poop, and on the Trojans call'd

"Bring fire, and all together loud and clear  
 Your war cry raise, this day will Jove repay  
 Our labours all, with capture of those ships, 830  
 Which hither came, against the will of Heav'n,  
 And which on us unnumber'd ills have brought,  
 By our own Elders' fault, who me, desiring  
 Ev'n at their vessels' stern to urge the war,  
 Withheld, and to the town the troops confin'd  
 But Jove all seeing, if he then o'errul'd  
 Our better mind, himself is now our aid"

Thus he they onward press'd with added zeal,  
 Nor Ajax yet endur'd, by hostile spears  
 Now sorely gall'd, yet but a little space, 840  
 Back to the helmsman's seven-foot board he mov'd,  
 Expecting death, and left the lofty deck,  
 Where long he stood on guard, but still his spear  
 The Trojans kept aloof, whoe'er caus'd  
 Amid the ships to launch th' unquenched flames,  
 And, loudly shouting, to the Greeks he call'd

"Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Vengeance,

Quit ye like men ! dear friends, remember now  
Your wanted valour ! think ye in your rear  
To find supporting forces, or some fort 850  
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe ?  
No city is nigh, whose well appointed tow'rs,  
Mann'd by a friendly race, may give us aid,  
But here upon the well arm'd Trojans' soil,  
And only resting on the sea, we lie  
Far from our country, not in hant retreat,  
But in our own good arms our safety lies "

He said, and with his sharp edg'd spear his words  
He follow'd up, if any Trojan dar'd,  
By Hector's call inspir'd, with fiery brand 860  
To assail the ships, him with his sharp edg'd spear  
Would Ajax meet, and thus before the ship  
Twelve warriors, hand to hand, his prowess felt

# BOOK XVI

## ARGUMENT

ACHILLES, at the want of Patroclus grants him his own armour and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They rally, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon and Hector when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Lucheros wounded him slays Patroclus.

Thus round the well mann'd ship they wagg'd the war  
 Meanwhile by Pelus son Patroclus stood  
 Weeping hot tears, as some dark water'd fount  
 Pours o'er a crag, & rock its gloomy stream,  
 Achilles swift of foot with pen and  
 And to his friend these winged words address'd  
 Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl,  
 That prays her mother by whose side she runs,  
 To take her up, and clinging to her gown,  
 Impedes her way, and still with tearful eyes  
 Looks in her face until she take her up? 10  
 Be thou as that girl, Patroclus such art thou  
 Shedding soft tears hast thou some tidings brought  
 Touching the general wall or me alone?  
 Or have some evil news from Phthia come,  
 Known but to thee? Menelaus, Hector's son,  
 Yet surely lives and mid his Myrmidons  
 Lives aged Pelus son of Laus  
 Their deaths indeed might well demand our tears  
 Or were'st thou for the Greeks who round their ships 20

My anger to abate, till my own ships  
 Should hear the wail cry, and the battle hear  
 But go, and in my well-known armour clad,  
 Lead forth the valiant Myrmidons to war,  
 Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round  
 The ships in force, and on the shingly beach,  
 Punt up in narrow limits, lie the Greeks,  
 And all the city hath pour'd its numbers forth  
 In hope undoubting, for they see no more  
 My helm among them flashing, else in flight  
 Their dead would choke the streams, if but to me  
 Great Agamemnon bore a kindly mind  
 But round the camp the battle now is wag'd  
 No more the hands of valiant Diomed  
 The Greeks protecting, hurl his fiery spear,  
 Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,  
 The shout of Agamemnon, all around  
 Is heard the warrior slayer Hector's voice,  
 Cheering his Trojans with triumphant cries  
 They, from the vanquish'd Greeks, hold all the plain  
 Notless do thou, Patroclus, in defence  
 Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire  
 Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat  
 But hear, and ponder well the end of all  
 I have to say, and so for me obtain  
 Honour and glory in the eyes of Greece,  
 And that the beautiful maiden to my arms  
 They may restore, with costly gifts to boot  
 The ships retriev'd, return forthwith, and though  
 The Thund'rer, Juno's Lord, should deign to crown  
 Thine arms with triumph, be not over bold  
 To combat with the warlike sons of Troy,  
 (So should my name in less repute be held)  
 Nor, in the keen excitement of the fight  
 And slaughter of the Trojans, lend thy troops  
 On tow'rd the city, lest thou find thyself  
 By some one of th' immortal Gods oppos'd,  
 For the far darting Phoebus loves them well,  
 But when in safety thou hast plac'd the ships,  
 Delay not to return, and leave the rest  
 To battle on the plain for would to Jove,  
 To Pallas and Apollo, that not one,  
 Or Greek or Trojan, might escape from death,

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Save only thou and I, that so we two  
Alone might rize the sacred tow'rs of Troy."

Such converse held they, while by hostile spears  
Hard press'd no longer Ajax might endure, 120  
At once by Jove's high will and Trojan foes  
O'ermaster'd loud beneath repeated blows  
Clatter'd around his brow the glittering helin,  
As on the well wrought crest the weapons fell,  
And his left arm grew faint, that long had borne  
The burthen of his shield yet nought avail'd  
The press of spears to drive him from his post,  
Ladring he drew his breath his ev'ry limb  
With sweat was reeking, breathing space was none,  
Blow follow'd blow, and ill was heap'd on ill 130

Say now ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
How first the first assail'd the Grecian ships

Hector approach'd, and on the ashun spear  
Of Ajax close behind the head, let fall  
His mighty sword right through he clove the wood,  
And in his hand the son of Filamon  
The headless shaft held henthless, far av'g,  
Loud ringing, fell to earth the brazen point  
Great Atreus' son and dear his noble soul

Mighty and strong and on his firm set head 160  
 A helm he wore, well wrought with horse-hair plume.  
 That nodded, & curled o'er his brow his hand  
 Grasp'd two stout spears, familiar to his hold  
 One spear Achilleus had long ponderous tough  
 But this he touch'd not, none of all the Greeks,  
 None save Achilles self that spear could pose,  
 The far fam'd Pelion ash which to his sire  
 On Pelion's summit fell'd to be the bane  
 Of mightiest chiefs the Centaur Chiron gave  
 Then to Automedon he gave command 170  
 To yoke the horses him he honour'd most,  
 Next to Achilles self the trustiest he  
 To battle to meet his chief's latest  
 The flying steeds he harness'd to the car  
 Xanthus and Bithys faster than the wings  
 Whom grazing in the marsh by ocean's stream  
 Pedarge snail of foot to Zephyr bore  
 And by their side the matchless Pedasus  
 Whom from the capture of Eetion's town  
 Achilles bore away a mortal horse 180  
 But with immortal coursers meet to vie  
 Menantine Achilles through their several tents  
 Summon'd to arms the warlike Myrmidons  
 They all like raving wolves of courage high  
 That on the mountain side have hunted down  
 An antler'd stag and batten'd on his flesh  
 Their chaps all dyed with blood in troops they go,  
 With their lean tongues from some black water'd fount  
 To lap the surface of the dark cool wave,  
 Their jaws with blood yet reeking unsubdued 190  
 Their courage and their bellies gorg'd with flesh  
 So round Pelides valiant follower throng'd  
 The chiefs and rulers of the Myrmidons  
 Achilles in the midst to charioters  
 And buckler'd warriors issued his commands  
 Fifty swift ships Achilles dear to Jove  
 Led to the coast of Troy and rang'd in each  
 Fifty brave comrades mann'd the rowers' seats  
 O'er these five ships he whom he most relies  
 He plac'd himself the Sovereign Lord of all 200  
 One band Menestheus led with glancing mail  
 Son of Speerchius Heaven descended stream,

Hym Pelcus' daughter, Polydora fair,  
 A mortal in a God's embrace compress'd,  
 To stout Sperchius bore, but, by repute,  
 To Borus, Penere's son, who her  
 In public, and with ample dow'r, espous'd  
 The brave Eudorus led the second band,  
 Whom Phylas daughter, Polymele fair,  
 To Hermes bore, the maid he saw, and lov'd, 210  
 Amid the virgins, mingling in the dance  
 Of golden shafted Dian, Huntress Queen,  
 He to her chamber access found, and gain'd  
 By stealth her bed, a valiant son she bore,  
 Eudorus, swift of foot in battle strong  
 But when her infant, by Lucina's aid,  
 Was brought to light, and saw the face of day,  
 Her to his home, with ample dow'r enrich'd,  
 Echeclus, son of Actor, bore away,  
 While him the aged Phylas kept, and nurs'd 215  
 With tender care, and cherish'd as his own  
 The brave Pensander, son of Mæmalus,  
 The third commanded, of the Myrmidons,  
 Next to Pelides' friend, the noblest spear  
 The fourth, the aged warrior Phoenix led,  
 The fifth, Alcimedon, Laertes' son  
 These in their order due Achilles first  
 Array'd, and next with stirring words address'd  
 "Ye Myrmidons, forget not now the vaunts  
 Which, while my wrath endur'd, ye largely pour'd 230  
 Upon the Trojans, me ye freely blam'd,  
 'Ill omen'd son of Pelcus, sure in wrath  
 Thou wast conceiv'd, implacable, who here  
 In idleness enforc'd thy comrades keep st'  
 'Twere better far our homeward way to take,  
 If such pernicious rancour fill thy soul!'  
 Thus ye reproach'd me oft! Lo! now ye have  
 The great occasion which your souls desire  
 Then on, and with brave hearts the Trojans meet!"  
 His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast, 240  
 And more compact, beneath their monarch's eye,  
 Their ranks were form'd, as when the builder lays  
 The closely fitting stones, to form the wall  
 Of some great house, and brave the winds of Heav'n,  
 So close were fitted helm and bossy shield,

Buckler on buckler press'd, and helm on helm,  
 And man on man, the horsehair plumes above,  
 That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's brows,  
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood  
 Before them all stood prominent in arms 250  
 Two chiefs, Patroclus and Automedon,  
 Both with one thought possess'd, to lead the fight  
 In the fore-front of all the Myrmidons  
 Achilles then within his tent withdrew,  
 And of a gorgeous coffer rais'd the lid,  
 Well wrought, by silver footed Thetis plac'd  
 On board his ship, and fill'd with rich attire,  
 With store of wind proof cloaks, and carpets soft  
 There lay a goblet richly chas'd, whence none,  
 But he alone, might drink the ruddy wine, 260  
 Nor might libations thence to other Gods  
 Be made, save only Jove, thus brought he forth,  
 And first with sulphur purified, and next  
 Wash'd with pure water then his hands he wash'd,  
 And drew the ruddy wine, then standing forth  
 Made in the centre of the court his pray'r,  
 And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,  
 Not unbeheld of Jove, the lightning's Lord  
 "Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelagian Jove,  
 Who dwell'st on high, and rulest with sov'reign sway 270  
 Dodona's wintry heights, where dwell around  
 Thy Sælian priests men of unwashed feet,  
 That on the bare ground sleep, thou once before  
 Hast heard my pray'r, and me with honour crown'd,  
 And on the Greeks inflicted all thy plagues,  
 Hear yet again, and thus my boon accord  
 I 'mid the throng of ships myself remain,  
 But with a num'rous force of Myrmidons  
 I send my comrade in my stead to fight  
 On him, all seeing Jove, thy favour pour, 280  
 Strengthen his heart, that Hector's self may learn  
 If, ev'n alone, my follower knows to fight,  
 Or only then resisters pow'r displays,  
 When I myself the toil of battle share  
 And from our vessels when the foe is driv'n,  
 Grant that with all his arms and comrades true  
 He may in safety to the ships return "  
 Thus pray'd he, Jove, the Lord of counsel, heard,

And half his pray'r he granted, half denied  
 For from the ship, the battle to repel  
 He granted, but denied his safe return  
 His pray'rs and off'rings ended, to the tent  
 Achilles turn'd again, and in the chest  
 Replac'd the cup, then issuing forth, he stood  
 Before the tent, for much he long'd to see  
 The Greeks and Trojans join in battle strife  
 They who in arms round brave Patroclus stood  
 Their line of battle form'd, with courage high  
 To dash upon the Trojans, and as wasps  
 That have their nest beside the public road,  
 Which boys delight to vex and irritate  
 In wanton play, but to the gen'ral harm,  
 When some passing trav'ler unawares  
 Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush  
 In one continuous swarm, to guard their nest  
 Even with such courage pour'd the Myrmidons  
 Forth from the ships, then uproar wild arose,  
 And loud Patroclus on his comrades call'd

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"Ye valiant Myrmidons, who boast yourselves  
 Achilles' comrades, quit ye now like men,  
 Your ancient valour prove, to Pelus' son,  
 Of all the Greeks the noblest, so shall we,  
 His faithful followers, highest honour give,  
 And Agamemnon's haughty self shall mourn  
 The slight on Greece's bravest warrior cast"

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast  
 Thick on the Trojan host their masses fell,

Through the right shoulder, backwards in the dust,  
 Groaning, he fell, around him quail'd with fear  
 His Pacons all, such terror in their ranks  
 Patroclus threw, *their bravest leader slain,*  
 The foremost in the fight, the crowd he drove  
 Far from the ships, and quench'd the blazing fire  
 There lay the half burnt ship, with shouts confus'd  
 The Trojans fled, and from amid the ships  
 Forth pour'd the Greeks, and loud the clamour rose 340

As when around a lofty mountain's top  
 The lightning's Lord dispegs a mass of cloud,  
 And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak  
 Is plainly seen, and ev'ry forest glade,  
 And the deep vault of Heav'n is open'd wide,  
 So when the Greeks had clear'd the ships of fire,  
 They breath'd awhile, yet ceas'd not so the strife,  
 For not in headlong panic from the ships  
 The Trojans by the valiant Greeks were driv'n,  
 But, though perforce retiring, still made head 350

'Then of the chiefs, as wider spread the fight,  
 Each singled each, Menoetius' noble son  
 First threw his pointed spear, and on the thigh  
 Struck Areolochus, in act to turn,  
 Right through the point was driv'n, the weighty spear  
 Shatter'd the bone, and prone to earth he fell  
 The warlike Menelaus aim'd his spear  
 Where 'Ithias' breast, unguarded by his shield,  
 Was left expos'd, and slack'd his limbs in death  
 Phyleus' brave son, as rush'd Amphiacus on, 360  
 Stood firm, with eye observant, then th' attack  
 Preventing, through his thigh, high up, where lie  
 The strongest muscles, smote, the weapon's point  
 Sever'd the tendons, darkness clos'd his eyes  
 Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus, the first,  
 Atymnus wounded, driving through his flank  
 The brazen spear, prone on his face he fell  
 Then, burning to avenge his brother's death,  
 Stood Mars o'er the corpse, and hand to hand  
 Engag'd Antilochus, but on a blow 370  
 Was struck, the godlike Thrasymedes drove  
 Through his right shoulder, with pushing arm,  
 His glitt'ring spear the point his upper arm  
 Tore from the muscles, shatt'ring all the bone

Thund'ring he fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes  
 So to the shades, by those two brethren's hands  
 Subdued, Sarpedon's comrades brave were sent,  
 The sons of Araisodarus, who rear'd  
 The dread Chumera, bane of mortal men  
 On Cleobolus, wounded in the press, 380  
 Ajax Oileus sprang, and captive took,  
 Alive, but sudden on his neck let fall  
 His hilted sword, and quench'd the fire of life  
 The hot blood dyed the sword, the darkling shades  
 Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread  
 Then Peneleus and Lycon, hand to hand,  
 Engag'd in combat, both had muss'd their arm,  
 And bootless hurl'd their weapons, then with sword  
 They met, first Lycon on the crested helm  
 Dealt a fierce blow, but in his hand the blade 390  
 Up to the hilt was shiver'd, then the sword  
 Of Peneleus his neck, below the ear,  
 Dissever'd, deeply in his throat the blade  
 Was plung'd, and by the skin alone was stay'd,  
 Down droop'd his head, his limbs relax'd in death  
 Menones by speed of foot o'ertook,  
 And, as his car he mounted, Acamas  
 Through the right shoulder pierc'd, down from the car  
 He fell, the shades of death his eyes o'erspread  
 Full on the mouth of Erymas was thrust 400  
 The weapon of Idomeneus, right through,  
 The white bones crushing, pass'd the brazen spear  
 Below the brain, his teeth were shatter'd all,  
 With blood, which with convulsive sobs he blew  
 From mouth and nostril, both his eyes were fill'd,  
 And death's dark cloud encompass'd him around  
 Thus slew the Grecian leaders each his man  
 As rav'ning wolves, that lambs or kids assail,  
 Stray'd from their dams, by careless shepherds left  
 Upon the mountain scatter'd, these they see, 410  
 And tear at once their unresisting prey,  
 So on the Trojans fell the Greeks, in rout  
 Disastrous they, unmann'd by terror, fled  
 Great Ajax still, unwearied, long'd to hurl  
 His spear at Hector of the brazen helm,  
 But he, well skill'd in war, his shoulders broad  
 Protected by his shield of tough bull's hide,

Watch'd for the whizzing shafts, and jav'lines' whurr  
 Full well he knew the tide of battle turn'd,  
 Yet held his ground, his trusty friends to save .120

As from Olympus, o'er the clear blue sky  
 Pour the dark clouds, when Jove the vault of Heav'n  
 O'erspreads with storm and tempest, from the ships  
 So pour'd with panic cries the flying host.  
 And in disorder'd rout recross'd the trench  
 Then Hector's flying coursers bore him safe  
 Far from the struggling masses, whom the ditch  
 Detain'd perforce, there many a royal car  
 With broken pole th' unharness'd horses left  
 On, shouting to the Greeks, Patroclus press'd 430  
 The flying Trojans, they, with panic cries,  
 Dispers'd, the roads encumber'd, high uprose  
 The storms of dust, as from the tents and ships  
 Back to the city stretch'd the flying steeds,  
 And ever where the dustiest thrung appear'd  
 With furious threats Patroclus urg'd his course,  
 His glowing axle trac'd by prostrate men  
 Hurl'd from their cars, and chariots overthrown  
 Flew o'er the deep sunk trench th' immortal steeds,  
 The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave, 440  
 Still onward straining, for he long'd to reach,  
 And hurl his spear at Hector, him meanwhile  
 His flying steeds in safety bore away

As in th' autumnal season, when the earth  
 With weight of rain is saturate, when Jove  
 Pours down his fiercest storms in wrath to men,  
 Who in their courts unrighteous judgments pass,  
 And justice yield to lawless violence,  
 The wrath of Heav'n deepening, every stream  
 Is brimming o'er, the hills in gulches deep 450  
 Are by the torrents scarr'd, which, rushing down  
 From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea,  
 With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,  
 Wasting the works of man, so urg'd their flight,  
 So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groan'd  
 The foremost ranks cut off, back tow'rd the ships  
 Patroclus drove them, baffling their attempts  
 To gain the city, and in middle space  
 Between the ships, the stream, and lofty wall,  
 Dealt slaughter round him, and of many a chief 460

The bitter penalty of death requir'd  
 Then Pronous with his glitt'ring spear he struck,  
 Where by the shield his breast was left expos'd,  
 And slack'd his limbs in death, thund'ring he fell  
 Next Thestor, son of Ceneus, he assaul'd,  
 He on his polish'd car, down crouching, sat,  
 His mind by fear disorder'd, from his hands  
 The reins had dropp'd, him, thrusting with the spear,  
 Through the right cheek and through the teeth he smote,  
 Then dragg'd him, by the weapon, o'er the rail 470  
 As when an angler on a prominent rock  
 Drags from the sea to shore with hook and line  
 A weighty fish, so him Patroclus dragg'd,  
 Gaping, from off the car, and dash'd him down  
 Upon his face, and life forsook his limbs  
 Next Eryalus, eager for the fray,  
 On the mid forehead with a mighty stone  
 He struck, beneath the pond'rous helmet's weight  
 The skull was split in twain, prostrate he fell,  
 By life consuming death encompass'd round 480  
 Forthwith Amphoterus, and Erymas,  
 Echnus, Epaites, and Tlepolemus,  
 Son of Damastor, Pyris, Ipheus brave,  
 Euippus, Polymelus, Argeas' son,  
 In quick succession to the ground he brought  
 Sarpedon his ungridded forces saw  
 Prometheus fall before Menestus' son,  
 And to the Lycians call'd in loud reproof  
 "Shame, Lycians! whether fly ye? why this haste?  
 I will myself this chief confront, and learn 490  
 Who this may be of bearing proud and high,  
 Who on the Trojans grievous harm hath wrought,  
 And many a warrior's limbs relax'd in death"  
 He said, and from his car, accoutred, sprang,  
 Patroclus saw, and he too leap'd to earth  
 'As on a lofty rock, with angry screams,  
 Hook-beak'd, with talons curv'd, two vultures fight,  
 So with loud snouts these two to battle rush'd  
 The son of Saturn petying saw and thus  
 To Juno spoke, his sister and his wife 500  
 "Woe, woe! that fate decrees my best belov'd,  
 Sarpedon, by Patroclus' hand to fall,  
 Ev'n now conflicting thoughts my soul divide,

To bear him from the fatal strife unhurt,  
And set him down on Lycia's fertile plains,  
Or leave him by Patroclus' hand to fall."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
Wouldst thou a mortal man from death withdraw  
Long since by fate decreed? Do what thou wilt, 510  
Yet cannot we, the rest, applaud thine act  
This, too, I say, and turn it in thy mind  
If to his home Sarpedon thou restore  
Alive, bethink thee, will not other Gods  
Their sons too from the stubborn fight withdraw?  
For in the field around the walls of Troy  
Are many sons of Gods, in all of whom  
Thine act of thine will angry feelings rouse  
But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore  
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight 520  
Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall  
Then, when his spirit hath fled, the charge assign  
To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms  
They bear him safe to Lycia's wide spread plains  
There shall his brethren and his friends perform  
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,  
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

Thus she, the Sire of Gods and men complied  
But to the ground some drops of blood let fall,  
In honour of his son, whom fate decreed, 530  
Far from his country, on the fertile plains  
Of Troy to perish by Patroclus' hand  
As near the champions drew, Patroclus first  
His weapon hurl'd, and Thrasymedes brave,  
The faithful follower of Sarpedon struck  
Below the waist, and slack'd his limbs in death  
Thrown in his turn, Sarpedon's glitt'ring spear  
Flew wide, and Podasus, the gallant horse,  
Through the right shoulder wounded, with a scream  
He fell, and in the dust breath'd forth his life, 540  
As, shrieking loud, his noble spirit fled  
This way and that his two companions swerv'd,  
Creak'd the strong yoke, and tangled were the reins,  
As in the dust the prostrate courser lay  
Automedon the means of safety saw,  
And drawing from beside his brassy thigh

Among the foremost, so, against the Greeks,  
 With fiery zeal they rush'd, by Hector led,  
 Grief'd for Sarpedon's loss, on th' other side  
 Patroclus men heart the Greeks around,  
 And to the Ajaxes first, themselves inspir'd  
 With martial ardour, thus address'd his speech

Ye sons of Ajax, now is come the time

You former time to rival or surpass

640

The man hath fallen, who ne'er o'erleap'd our wall,  
 Sarpedon, nor remains, that, having lain,  
 We should his corpse dishonour, and his arms  
 Strip off, and should some comrade dare attempt  
 His rescue him too with our spears subdue "

He said, and they, with martial ardour fir'd,

Rush'd to the conflict. When on either side

The reforc'd battalions were array'd,

Trojans and Licians, Myrmidons and Greeks

Around the dead in sternest combat met,

650

With fearful shout, and loud their armour rang

Then, to enhance the horror of the strife

Fell on his neck, and all the muskles crush'd  
Back drew great Hector and the chiefs of Troy,  
Far as a javelin's flight, in sportive strife,  
Or in the deadly battle, hurl'd by one  
His utmost strength exerting, back so far 680  
The Trojans drew, so far the Greeks pursued  
Glaucus, the leader of the Lycian spears,  
First turning slew the mighty Bathycles,  
The son of Chalcon—he in Hellas dwelt,  
In wealth surpassing all the Myrmidons  
Him, as he gain'd upon him in pursuit  
Quick turning, Glaucus through the breast transfix'd,  
Thund'ring he fell—deep grief possess'd the Greeks  
At loss of one so valiant—fervent joy'd  
The Trojans, and around him crowded thick, 690  
Nor of their wonted vilears were the Greeks

Address'd with grave rebuke " Menones,  
 Brave warrior, why thus waste the time in words? 72x  
 Trust me, good friend, 'tis not by vaunting speech,  
 Unseparated by deeds, that we may hope  
 To scare away the Trojans from the slain.  
 Hands are for battle, words for council meet,  
 Boots it not now to wrangle, but to fight "

He said, and led the way, him follow'd straight  
 The godlike chief, forthwith, as loudly rings,  
 Amid the mountain forest's deep recess,  
 The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound,  
 So from the wide spread earth their clamour rose, 73x  
 As brazen arms, and shields, and tough bull's hide  
 Encounter'd swords and double pointed spears  
 Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,  
 From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust  
 Disfigur'd, thickly round the dead they swarm'd  
 As when at spring tide in the cattle sheds  
 Around the milk-cans swarm the buzzing flies,  
 While the warm milk is frothing in the pail,  
 So swarm'd they round the dead, nor Jove the while  
 Turn'd from the stubborn fight his piercing glance, 74x  
 But still look'd down with gaze intent, and mus'd  
 Upon Patroclus' coming fate in doubt.  
 If he too there beside Sarpedon slain,  
 Should perish by illustrious Hector's hand,  
 Spoil'd of his arms, or yet be spar'd awhile  
 To swell the labours of the battle field  
 He judg'd it best at length, that once again  
 The gallant follower of Peleus' son  
 Should tow'rd the town with fearful slaughter drive  
 The Trojans, and their brazen-helm'd chief 75x  
 First Hector's soul with panic fear he fill'd,  
 Mounting his car, he fled, and urg'd to flight  
 The Trojans, for he saw the scales of Jove  
 Then nor the valiant Lycians held their ground,  
 All fled in terror, as they saw their King  
 Pierc'd through the heart, amid a pile of dead,  
 For o'er his body many a warrior fell,  
 When Saturn's son the conflict fierce inflam'd  
 Then from Sarpedon's breast they stripp'd his arms,  
 Of brass refulgent, these Menestius' son 76x  
 Sent by his comrades to the ships of Greece.

To Phoebus then the Cloud compeller thus

    Hie thee, good Phoebus, from amid the spears  
 Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds  
 Cleanse the dark gore: then bear him far away,  
 And lave his body in the flowing stream,  
 Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs  
 Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes  
 To two swift bearers give him then in charge,  
 To Sleep and Death: twin brothers in their arms  
 To bear him safe to Lycia's wide spread plains  
 There shall his brethren and his friends perform  
 His funeral rites, and mound and column raise,  
 The fitting tribute to the mighty dead

779

    He said, obedient to his father's words,  
 Down to the battle field Apollo sped  
 From Ida's height: and from amid the spears  
 Withdrawn he bore Sarpedon far away  
 And lav'd his body in the flowing stream,  
 Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs  
 Anointing cloth'd him in immortal robes  
 To two swift bearers gave him then in charge,  
 To Sleep and Death: twin brothers in their arms

780

In hostile attitude, for Troy's defence  
 The jutting angle of the lofty wall  
 Patroclus thrice assai'd, his onset thrice  
 Apollo, with his own immortal hands  
 Repelling, backward thrust his glitt'ring shield  
 But when again, with more than mortal force 810  
 He made his fourth attempt, with swift men  
 And threat'ning voice the Far destroyer spoke  
 "Back, Heav'n-born chief, Patroclus! not to thee  
 Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy  
 The warlike Trojan city, no, nor yet  
 To great Achilles, mightier far than thou."

Thus as he spoke, Patroclus backward stepp'd,  
 Shrinking before the Far destroyer's wrath.  
 Still Hector kept before the Scæan gates  
 His coursers, doubtful if again to dare 820  
 The battle-throng, or summon all the host  
 To seek the friendly shelter of the wall  
 Thus as he mused, beside him Phœbus stood,  
 In likeness of a warrior stout and brave,  
 Brother of Hecuba, the uncle thence  
 Of noble Hector, Asius, Dymas' son,  
 Who dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' stream,  
 His form assuming, thus Apollo spoke  
 "Hector, why shrink'st thou from the battle thus?  
 It ill becomes thee! Would to Heaven that I 830  
 So far thy greater were, as thou art mine,  
 Then surely shouldst thou rue this abstinence  
 But, forward thou! against Patroclus urge  
 Thy fiery steeds, so haply by his death  
 Apollo thee with endless fame may crown."

Thus said, the God rejoic'd the strife of men,  
 And noble Hector bade Cebriones  
 Drive 'mid the fight his car, before him mov'd  
 Apollo, scatt'ring terror 'mid the Greeks,  
 And lustre adding to the arms of Troy 840  
 All others Hector pass'd unnotic'd by,  
 Nor stay'd to shy, Patroclus was the mark  
 At which his coursers' clatt'ring hoofs he drove  
 On th' other side, Patroclus from his car  
 Leap'd to the ground—his left hand held his spear,  
 And in the right a pond'rous mass he bore  
 Of rugged stone, that fill'd his ample grasp

This sent he whirling, not in vain it flew,  
 Nor miss'd its mark, but Hector's charioteer  
 It struck, Cebriones, a bastard son 850  
 Of royal Priam, in the reins he held  
 Full on his temples fell the jagged mass  
 Drove both his eyebrows in and crush'd the bone,  
 Before him in the dust his eyeballs fell,  
 And, like a diver, from the well wrought car  
 Headlong he plung'd, and life forsook his limbs  
 O'er whom Patroclus thus with bitter jest  
 "Heav'n! what agility! how dextrously thrown  
 That somersault! if only in the sea  
 Such feats he wrought with him nought few compete, 860  
 Diving for oysters, if with such a plunge  
 He left his boat, how rough see'er the waves,  
 As from his car he plunges to the ground  
 Troy can it seem, accomplish'd tumblers boast!"

Thus saying on Cebriones he sprang,  
 As springs a lion, through the breast transi'd,  
 In act the sheepfold to despoil and dies  
 The victim of his courage, so didst thou  
 Upon Cebriones, Patroclus spring 870  
 Down from his car too Hector leap'd to earth  
 So, o'er Cebriones, oppos'd they stood,  
 As on the mountain, o'er a slaughter'd stag,  
 Both hunger-punch'd, two lions fiercely fight,  
 So o'er Cebriones two mighty chiefs,  
 Menestus' son and noble Hector, strive,  
 Each in the other bent to plunge his spear  
 The head, with grasp unyielding, Hector held,  
 Patroclus seiz'd the foot, and, crowding round,  
 Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict clos'd 880  
 As when encount'ring in some mountain glen,  
 Eurus and Notus shake the forest deep,  
 Of oak, or ash, or slender cornel tree,  
 Whose top ring branches are together thrown,  
 With fearful din, and crash of broken boughs  
 So mix'd confus'dly, Greeks and Trojans fought,  
 No thought of flight by either entertain'd  
 Thick o'er Cebriones the war has flew,  
 And feather'd arrows, bounding from the string,  
 And ponderous stones that on the bucklers rang,  
 As round the dead they fought, amid the dust 890

Me fate hath slain, and Phœbus, and, of men,  
Euphorbus, thou wast but the third to strike  
This too I say, and bear it in thy mind,  
Not long shalt thou survive me, death e'en now 980  
And final doom hangs o'er thee, by the hand  
Of great Achilles, Peleus' matchless son "

Thus as he spoke, the gloom of death his eyes  
O'erspread, and to the shades his spirit fled,  
Mourning his fate, his youth and strength cut off

To whom, though dead, the noble Hector thus  
" Patroclus, why, predict my coming fate?

Or who can say but fair hair'd Thetis' son,  
Achilles, by my spear may first be slain? "

He said, and planting firm his foot, withdrew 990  
The brazen spear, and backward drove the dead  
From off the weapon's point, then, spear in hand,  
Intent to slay, Automedon pursued,  
The godlike follower of Æacides  
But him in safety bore th' immortal steeds,  
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave

## BOOK XVII

### ARGUMENT

SHARP contest ensues round the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus having dispatched Antiochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle and together with Menelaus bears Patroclus off the field while the Ajaxes cover their retreat.

Not was Patroclus fall, by Trojans slain,  
Of warlike Menelaus unhscerv'd,  
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,  
And round him mov'd as round her new dropp'd calf,  
Her first a heifer moves with plaintive moan  
So round Patroclus Menelaus mov'd  
His shield's broad orb and spear before him held,  
To all who might oppose him threatening death  
Nor, on his side, was Panthous noble son  
Unmindful of the slain not standing near,  
The warlike Menelaus thus address'd

" Illustrious son of Atreus, Heav'n's born chief,  
Quit thou the dead, yield up the bloody spoils,  
For, of the Trojans and their fund Allies,  
Mine was the hand that in the stubborn fight  
First struck Patroclus, leave me then to wear  
Among the men of Troy my honours due,  
Lest by my spear thou lose thy cherish'd life "

To whom in anger Menelaus thus  
" O Father Jove, how ill this vaunting tone  
Beseems this braggart ' In their own esteem,  
With Panthous' sons for courage none may vie,  
Nor pard, nor lion, nor the forest boar,  
Fiercest of beasts, and proudest of his strength  
Yet nought avail'd to Hyperenor's might  
His youthful vigour, when he held me cheap,  
And my encounter dar'd, of all the Greeks  
He deem'd my prowess least, yet he, I ween,  
On his own feet return'd not, to rejoice  
His tender wife's and honour'd parents' sight

So shall thy pride be quell'd, if me thou dare  
 Encounter, but I warn thee, while 'tis time,  
 Ere ill beude thee, and the gen'ral throng  
 That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd  
 After the event may even a fool be wise."

He spoke in vain, Euphorbus thus replied

"Now Heav'n's horn Menelaus, shalt thou pay  
 The forfeit for my brother's life, o'er whom,  
 Slain by thy hand thou mak'st thy boasting speech  
 Thou in the chambers of her new found home  
 Hast made his bride a weeping widow, thou  
 Hast fill'd with bitterest grief his parents' hearts  
 Some solace might those hapless mourners find,  
 Could I thy head and armour in the hands  
 Of Panthous and of honour'd Phrontis place,  
 Nor contested shall the proof remain,  
 Nor long deferred, of victory or defeat

40

He said, and struck the centre of the shield,  
 But broke not through, against the stubborn brass  
 The point was bent—then with a prayer to Jove  
 The son of Atreus in his turn advanc'd,  
 And, backward as he stepp'd, below his throat  
 Took aim, and pressing hard with stalwart hand  
 Drove through the yielding neck the pond'rous spear  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang  
 Those locks, that with the Graces' hair might vie,  
 These tresses bright, with gold and silver bound,  
 Were dabbled all with blood—As when a man  
 Hath rear'd a fair and stately olive plant

50

60

To meet his rage, for fear is on them all,  
 So there was none so bold, with dauntless breast  
 The noble Menelaus' wrath to meet  
 Now had Atrides borne away with ease  
 The spoils of Panthous' son, but Phœbus grudg'd  
 His prize of vict'ry, and against him launch'd  
 The might of Hector, terrible as Mars  
 To whom his wingéd words, in Mantes' form,  
 Chief of the Cicones, he thus address'd

30

"Hector, thy labour all is vain, pursuing  
 Pelides' flying steeds, and hard are they  
 For mortal man to harness, or control,  
 Save for Achilleus' self, the Goddess born  
 The valiant Menelaus Atræus son,  
 Defends meanwhile Patroclus, and ev'n now  
 Hath slain a noble Trojan, Panthous' son,  
 Euphorbus, and his youthful vigour quell'd "

90

He said, and yon'd again the strife of men  
 Hector's dark soul with bitter grief was fill'd,  
 He look'd amid the ranks, and saw the two,  
 One slain, the other stripping off his arms,  
 The blood outpouring from the gaping wound  
 Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,  
 Loud shouting, blazing like the quenchless flames  
 Of Vulcan. Menelaus heard the shout,  
 And, troubled, commin'd with his valiant heart

"Oh, woe is me! for should I now the spoil

100

Abandon, and Patroclus, who for me  
 And in my cause lies slain, of any Greek  
 Who saw me, I might well incur the blame  
 And yet if here alone I dare to fight  
 With Hector and his Trojans, much I fear,  
 Singly, to be by numbers overwhelm'd,  
 For Hector all the Trojans hither brings  
 But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
 Who straves, against the will divine, with one  
 Belov'd of Heaven, a bitter doom must meet  
 Then none may blame me, though I should retreat  
 From Hector, who with Heaven's assistance wars  
 Yet could I hear brave Ajax' battle-cry,  
 We two, returning, would th' encounter dare,  
 Ev'n against Heaven, if so far Pelens' son  
 We might regain, and bear away the dead

110

Some solace of our loss might then be ours."

While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,  
By Hector led, the Trojan ranks advanc'd  
Backward he mov'd, abandoning the dead, 120  
But turning oft, as when with shouts and spears  
A bearded lion from the fold is driv'n  
By men and dogs, yet grieves his mighty heart,  
And with reluctant step he quits the yard  
So from Patroclus Menelaus mov'd,  
Yet when he reach'd his comrades' ranks, he turn'd,  
And look'd around, as haply he might find  
The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon

Him on the battle's farthest left he spied,  
Cheering his friends and urging to the fight, 130  
For sorely Phœbus had their courage tried,  
And hast'ning to his side, address'd him thus

"Ajax, haste hither, to the rescue come  
Of slain Patroclus, if perchance we two  
May to Achilles, Peleus' son, restore  
His body—his naked body, for his arms  
Are prize to Hector of the glancing helm."

He said, and Ajax' spirit within him stirr'd,  
Forward he sprang, and with him Atreus' son  
Hector was dragging now Patroclus' corpse, 140  
Stripp'd of its glitt'ring armour, and intent  
The head to sever with his sword, and give  
The mangled carcass to the dogs of Troy  
But Ajax, with his tow'r like shield, approach'd,  
Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrawn,  
Rush'd to his car, and bade the Trojans bear  
The glitt'ring arms, his glorious prize, to Troy  
While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread  
Menœtus' car, and stood, as for his kins

A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware, 150  
Have with his offspring met amid the woods  
Proud in his strength he stands, and down are drawn,  
Cov'ring his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow  
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,  
And by his side, his heart with grief oppress'd,  
The warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son

Then Glæous, leader of the Lycian host,  
To Hector thus, with scornful glance, address'd  
His keen reproaches. "Hector, fair of form,

How art thou wanting in the fight! thy fame,  
 Coward and runaway, thou hast belied  
 Bethink thee now, if thou alone couldst save  
 The city, aided but by Trojans born,  
 Henceforth no Lycian will go forth for Troy  
 To fight with Greeks, since favour none we gain  
 By unremitting toil against the foe  
 How can a meaner man expect thus aid,  
 Who basely to the Greeks a prize and spoil  
 Sarpedon leav'st thy comrade and thy guest?  
 Greatly he serv'd the city and thyself.

160

170

While yet he liv'd and now thou dar'st not save  
 His body from the dogs! By my advice  
 If Lycians will be rul'd we take at once  
 Our homeward way, and Troy may meet her doom  
 But if in Trojan bosoms there abide  
 The daring dauntless courage, meet for men  
 Who in their country's cause against the foe  
 Endure both toil and war we soon should see  
 Patroclus brought within the walls of Troy,  
 Him from the battle could we bear away,  
 And, lifeless, bring to royal Priam's town,  
 Soon would the Greeks Sarpedon's arms release,  
 And we to Ilium's heights himself might bear  
 For with his valiant comrades there lies slain  
 The follower of the bravest chief of Greece  
 But thou before the mighty Ajax stood'st  
 With downcast eyes, nor durst in manly fight  
 Contend with one thy better far confess'd!

180

190

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
 With stern regard, replied Why, Glaucus, speak,  
 Brave as thou art in this orbearing strain?  
 Good friend I heretofore have held thee wise  
 O'er all who dwell in Lycia's fertile soil,  
 But now I change, and hold thy judgment cheap,  
 Who changest me with flying from the might  
 Of giant Ajax, never have I shrunk  
 From the stern fight and clatter of the cars,  
 But all o'erwhelming is the mind of Jove,  
 Who strikes with panic and of victory robs  
 The bravest, and anon events to war  
 Stand now beside me and behold my deeds,  
 And see if through the day I merit blame,

200

Or suffer that a Greek, how brave so'er,  
Shall rescue from my hands Patroclus' corpse "

He said, and loudly on the Trojans call'd  
" Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardians, fam'd  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men,  
Maintain awhile the stubborn fight, while I  
The splendid armour of Achilles don,  
My glorious prize from slain Patroclus torn " 210

So saying, Hector of the glancing helm,  
Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps  
His comrades follow'd, and ere long o'ertook,  
Who tow'rd the town Achilles' armour bore,  
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof  
The armour he exchange'd, his own he bade  
The warlike Trojans to the city bear,  
While he, of Peleus' son, Achilles, donn'd  
The heav'nly armour, which th' immortal Gods  
Gave to his sire, he to his son convey'd, 220  
Yet in that armour grew not old that son

Him when apart the Cloud compeller saw  
Girt with the arms of Peleus' godlike son,  
He shook his head, as only thus he mus'd  
" Ah hapless! little deem'st thou of thy fate,  
Though now so nigh! Thou of the prime of men,  
The dread of all, hast donn'd th' immortal arms,  
Whose comrade, brave and good, thy hand hath slain,  
And sham'd him, stripping from his head and breast  
Helmet and cuirass, yet thy latest hours 230  
Will I with glory crown, since ne'er from thee,  
Return'd from battle, shall Andromache  
Receive the spoils of Peleus' godlike son "

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows,  
Then with the armour, fitted to his form  
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars  
The fierce and terrible, with vigorous strength  
His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies  
He sprang, loud shouting, glitt'ring in his arms,  
To all he seem'd Achilles' godlike self 240  
To each and all in cheering tones he spoke,  
Menthis and Glaucus and Thersilochus,  
Asteropeus and Hippothous,  
Medon, Deisenor, Phorcys, Chromus,  
And Eonemus the seer to all of these

His wing'd words he cheeringly address'd

"Hear me, ye countless tribes, that dwelling round  
Assist our cause! You from your sev'ral homes  
Not for display of numbers have I call'd,  
But that with willing hearts ye should defend  
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks  
For this I drain my people's stores, for food  
And gifts for you, exalting your estate,  
Then, who will boldly onward, he may fall,  
Or safe escape, such is the chance of war,  
But who within our valiant Trojans' ranks  
Shall but the body of Patroclus bring,  
Despite the might of Ajax, half the spoils  
To him I give, the other half myself  
Retaining, and his praise shall equal mine"

250

260

He said, and onward with uplifted spears,  
They march'd upon the Greeks, high rose their hopes  
From Ajax Telamon to snatch the dead,  
Vain hopes which cost them many a life! Then thus  
To valiant Menelaus Ajax spoke

270

"O Hector's born Menelaus, noble friend,  
For safe return I dare no longer hope  
Not for Patroclus' corpse so much I fear,  
Which you will glut the dogs and birds of Troy,  
As for my life and mine I tremble now  
For, like a war cloud, Hector's might I see  
O'ershadowing all around, now is our doom  
Apparent, but do thou for succour call  
On all the chiefs, if haply they may hear"  
Thus Ajax spoke obedient to his word,  
On all the chiefs Atides call'd aloud

"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
All ye that banquet at the gen'ral cost  
With Atreus' sons, and o'er your sev'ral states  
Dominion hold, whose honour is of Jove,  
'Twere hard to call by name each single man,  
So fierce the combat rages, but let each  
And all their aid afford, and deem it shame  
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy"

280

He said—first heard Odysseus' active son,  
And hast'ning through the fray, beside him stood.  
Next him Idomeneus, with whom there came,  
Valiant as Mars, his friend Meriones

But who can know or tell the names of all,  
 Who, following, swell'd the battle of the Greeks? 290  
 Onward the Trojans press'd, by Hector led  
 With such a sound as when the ocean wave  
 Meets on the beach th' outpouring of a stream,  
 Swell'n by the rains of Heav'n, the lofty cliffs  
 Resound, and bellows the big sea without,  
 With such a sound advanc'd the Trojan host  
 While round Patroclus with one heart and mind,  
 The Greeks a fence of brass clad bucklers rais'd  
 O'er their bright helms the son of Saturn shed  
 A veil of darkness for Menæceus son, 300  
 While yet he liv'd, Achilles faithful friend,  
 Jove hated not, nor would that now his corpse  
 Should to the dogs of Troy remain a prey,  
 But to the rescue all his comrades stir'd  
 At first the Trojans drove the keen-ey'd Greeks,  
 Leaving the corpse, they fled, nor with their spears  
 The valiant Trojans reach'd a single Greek,  
 But on the dead they seiz'd, yet not for long  
 Endur'd their flight, then Ajax rallied soon, 310  
 In form pre-eminent, and deeds of arms,  
 O'er all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son  
 Onward he sprang, as springs a mountain bear,  
 Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,  
 Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths,  
 So Ajax scatter'd soon the Trojan ranks,  
 That round Patroclus closing, hop'd to bear,  
 With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy  
 Hippothoüs, Pelasgian Lethus' son,  
 Was dragging by the feet the noble dead,  
 A leathern belt around his ancle bound, 320  
 The favour seeking of the men of Troy,  
 But on himself he brought destruction down,  
 Which none might turn aside, for from the crowd  
 Outsprang the son of Telamon, and struck  
 In close encounter, on the brass-check'd helm,  
 The plumed helm was smit'er'd by the blow,  
 Dealt by a weighty spear and stalwart hand,  
 Gush'd from the wound the mingled blood and brain,  
 His vital spirit quench'd, and on the ground  
 Fell from his powerful grasp Patroclus' foot, 330  
 While he himself lay stretch'd beside the dead,

Far from his own Larissa's beaming soul  
 Not destin'd he his parents to repay  
 Their early care, nor short his term of life,  
 By godlike Ajax mighty spear subdued  
 At Ajax Hector threw his glittering spear  
 He saw, and narrowly the brazen neck  
 Escap'd, but Schedius son of Iphitus,  
 (The bravest of the Phocian chiefs, who dwelt  
 In far famed Penopæus the mighty Lord  
 Of numerous hosts) below the collar bone  
 It struck, and passing through the brazen point  
 Came forth again beneath his shoulder blade  
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang

340

As Phœreus, son of Phreopæ kept his watch  
 O'er slain Hippothoos him Ajax smote  
 Below the waist the weighty spear broke through  
 The hollow breastplate and th' intestines tore,  
 Prone in the dust he fell and clutch'd the ground  
 At this the Trojan chiefs and Hector's self

350

Gave to give way the Greeks with joyful shouts,  
 Seiz'd both the dead, and stripp'd their armour off.  
 To them now, before the warlike Greeks,  
 O'ercome by panic, had the Trojans fled,  
 And now had Greeks despite the will of Jove,  
 By their own strength and courage won the day,  
 Had not Apollo's self Æneas rous'd,  
 In likeness of a herid, Periphas,  
 The son of Epytus, now aged grown  
 In service of Æneas aged sire,  
 A man of kindest soul his form assum'd  
 Apollo, and Æneas thus address'd

360

' Æneas, how, against the will of Heaven,  
 Could ye defend your city, as others now  
 In their own strength and courage confident,  
 Their numbers, and their troops undaunted hearts,  
 I see their cause maintaining if when Jove  
 Rather to us than them the victory will.  
 With fear unspeakable ye shun the fight?

He said the presence of the Archer God  
 Æneas knew and loud to Hector call'd

370

Hector, and all the other chiefs of Troy,  
 And brave Ulysses too shunn'd it were that we,  
 O'ercome by panic, should to them run

In flight be driv'n before the warlike Greeks,  
 And by my side, but now, some God there stood,  
 And told how Jove, the sov'reign arbiter  
 Of battle on our side bestow'd his aid,  
 On then! nor undisturb'd allow the Greeks  
 To bear Patroclus' body to their ships "

380

He said, and far before the ranks advanc'd,  
 They rallying turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks

Then first Aeneas spear the comrade brave  
 Of Lycomedes struck, Leocritus,  
 Son of Arisbas Lycomedes saw

With pitying eyes his gallant comrade's fall,  
 And standing near, his glittering spear he threw,  
 And through the midriff Apisaon struck,  
 His people's guardian chief, the valiant son  
 Of Hippasus, and slack'd his limbs in death

390

He from Phrygia's fertile fields had come,  
 O'er all his comrades eminent in fight,  
 All save Asteropæus who with eyes  
 Of pity saw his gallant comrade's fall,  
 And forward sprang to battle with the Greeks,

Yet could not force his way, for all around  
 Patroclus rose a fence of serried shields,  
 And spears projecting such the orders giv'n  
 By Ajax, and with earnest care enforc'd,  
 That from around the dead should none retire,  
 Nor any to the front advance alone

400

Before his fellows, but their steady guard  
 Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage  
 So order'd Ajax, then with crimson blood  
 The earth was wet, and hand to hand they fell,  
 Trojans alike, and brave Albes, and Greeks,  
 For neither these a bloodless fight sustain'd,  
 Though fewer far their losses, for they stood  
 Of mutual succour mindful, and support

410

Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought,  
 Nor might ye deem the glorious sun himself  
 Nor moon was safe, for darkest clouds of night  
 O'erspread the warriors, who the battle wag'd  
 Around the body of Menætiüs' son

Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-gear'd Greeks  
 Fought, undisturb'd, in the clear light of day,  
 The sun's bright beams were shed abroad, no cloud

Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops,  
 They but by fits, at distant intervals,  
 And far apart, each seeking to avoid  
 The hostile missiles, fought, but in the midst  
 The bravest all, in darkness and in strife  
 Sore press'd, toild on beneath their armour's weight

420

As yet no tidings of Patroclus' fall  
 Had reach'd two valiant chiefs, Antilochus  
 And Thrasymedes, but they deem'd him still  
 Alive, and fighting in the foremost ranks  
 They, witnessing their comrades' flight and death,  
 Fought on apace by Nestor so enjoin'd,  
 When from the ships he bade them join the fray  
 Great was meanwhile their labour, who sustain'd,  
 Throughout the livelong day that weary fight,  
 Reek'd with continuous toil and sweat, the knees,  
 And legs and feet, the arms, and eyes of all  
 Who round Achilles' faithful comrade fought  
 As when a chief has people bade to stretch  
 A huge bull's hide, all drench'd and soak'd with grease,  
 They in a circle ring'd, thus way and that,  
 Pull the tough hide, till cut'ring in, the grease  
 Is all absorb'd, and dragg'd by num'rous hands  
 The supple skin to th' utmost length is stretch'd,  
 So these in narrow space thus way and that  
 The body dragg'd, and hush the hopes of each  
 To bear it off in triumph, to their ships  
 The Greeks, to Troy the Trojans, fiercely rag'd  
 The struggle, spirit stirring Mars himself,  
 Or Pallas to her utmost fury rous'd,  
 Had not that struggle with contempt beheld  
 Such grievous labour o'er Patroclus' corpse  
 Had Jove to horses and to men decreed

430

440

450

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet  
 Had reach'd Achilles, for the war was wag'd  
 Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy,  
 Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd  
 That when the Trojans to their gates were driv'n,  
 He would return in safety, for no hope  
 Had he of taking by assault the town,  
 With, or without, his aid, far oft apart  
 His Goddess mother had his doom foretold,  
 Revealing to her son the mind of Jove,

460

Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,  
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss

Still round the dead they held their pointed spears,  
Fought hand to hand, and mutual slaughter dealt,  
And thus perchance some brass-clad Greek would say

"O friends, 'twere shameful should we to the ships  
Ingloriously return, ere that should be,  
Let earth engulph us all, so better far  
Than let these Trojans to their city bear  
Our dead, and boast them of their triumph gam'd " 470  
On th' other hand some valiant Trojan thus  
Would shout "O friends, though fate decreed that here  
We all should die, yet let not one give way "

Thus, cheering each his comrades, would they speak,  
And thus they fought, the iron clangour pierc'd  
The empty air, and brazen vault of Heav'n  
But, from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds  
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid  
Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand  
Automedon, Dioces' valiant son, 480  
Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,  
In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats,  
Nor to the ships would they return again  
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray,  
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb  
Of man or woman, so immovable  
Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads  
Down-dropping to the ground, while scalding tears  
Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd  
Their charioteer, and o'er the yoke band shed 490  
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust defil'd  
The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,  
And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mus'd

"Ah hapless horses! wherefore gave we you  
To royal Peleus, to a mortal man,  
You that from age and death are both exempt!  
Was it that you the miseries might share  
Of wretched mortals? for of all that breathe,  
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought  
More wretched than th' unhappy race of man  
Yet shall not ye, nor shall your well-wrought car,  
By Hector, son of Priam, be controll'd,  
I will not suffer it, enough for him

To hold, with vaunting boast, Achilles' arms,  
 But to your limbs and spirits all I impart  
 Such strength, that from the battle to the ships  
 Ye shall in safety bear Automedon,  
 For yet I will the Trojans shall prevail,  
 And slay, until they reach the well mann'd ships,  
 Till sets the sun, and darkness shrouds the earth." 520

He said, and in their breasts fresh spirit infus'd,  
 They, shaking from their manes the dust, the car  
 Amid the Greeks and Trojans lightly bore  
 Then, as a vulture 'mid a flock of geese,  
 Amid the battle rush'd Automedon,  
 His horses' course directing, and their speed  
 Evering, though he mourn'd his comrade slain  
 Swiftly he fled from out the Trojan host,  
 Swiftly again assail'd them in pursuit  
 Yet, speedy to pursue, he could not slay, 530  
 Nor, in the car alone, had pow'r at once  
 To guide the flying steeds, and hurl the spear  
 At length a comrade brave Alcimedon,  
 Laertes' son, beheld, behind the car  
 He stood, and thus Automedon address'd

"Automedon, what God has fill'd thy mind  
 With counsels vain, and thee of sense bereft?  
 That with the Trojans in the foremost ranks,  
 Thou fain wouldst fight alone, thy comrade slain,  
 While Hector proudly on his breast displays  
 The glorious arms of great Achilles?" 530

To whom Automedon, Dioces' son  
 "Alcimedon, since none of all the Greeks  
 May vie with thee, the mettle to control  
 Of these immortal horses save indeed,  
 While yet he liv'd, Patroclus, godlike chief,  
 But him stern death and fate have overtaken,  
 Take then the whip and shining reins, while I,  
 Descending from the car, engage in fight."

He said, and, mounting on the war-car straight, 540  
 Alcimedon the whip and reins assum'd,  
 Down leap'd Automedon, great Hector saw,  
 And thus address'd Menas at his side

"Meneas, prince and counsellor of Troy,  
 I see, committed to unskilful hands,  
 Achilles' horses on the battle-field

These we may hope to take, if such thy will,  
For they, methinks, will scarcely stand oppos'd,  
Or dare th' encounter of our joint assault."

He said. Anchises valiant son complied, 350  
Forward they went, their shoulders cover'd o'er  
With stout bull's hide, thick overlaid with brass  
With them both Chromius and Aretus went,  
And high their hopes were rais'd, the warriors both  
To slay, and make the strong neck'd steeds their prize  
Blind fools! nor destin'd scatheless to escape  
Automedon's encounter. He his prayer  
To Jove address'd, and straight with added strength  
His soul was fill'd, and to Automedon,  
His trusty friend and comrade, thus he spoke 560

Automedon, do thou the horses keep  
Not far away, but breathing on my neck,  
For Hector's might will not, I deem, be stay'd,  
Ere us he slay, and mount Achilles car  
And carry terror 'mid the Grecian host,  
Or in the foremost ranks himself be slain

Thus spoke Automedon, and loudly call'd  
On Menelaus and th' Ajaxes both

Ye two Ajaxes, leaders of the host,  
And, Menelaus with our dearest all, 570  
Ye on the dead alone your care bestow,  
To guard him, and stave off the hostile ranks  
But haste, and us, the living, save from death,  
For Hector and Æneas hitherward,  
With weight enormous, through the bloody press,  
The bravest of the Trojans, force their way  
Yet is the issue in the hands of Heaven,  
I hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow."

He said, and, poised, hurl'd his ponderous spear,  
Full on Aretus' broad orb'd shield it struck, 580  
Nor stay'd the shield its course, the brazen point  
Drove through the belt, and in his body lodg'd  
As with sharp axe in hand a stalwart man,  
Striking behind the horns a sturdy bull,  
Severs the neck, he, forward, plunging, falls,  
So forward first he sprang, then backwards fell  
And quiv'ring, in his vitals deep mix'd,  
The sharp spear soon relax'd his limbs in death  
Then at Automedon great Hector threw

His glittering spear, he saw, and forward stoop'd,  
 And shunn'd the brazen death, behind him far  
 Deep in the soil infix'd, with quivering shaft  
 The weapon stood. there Mars its impulse stay'd  
 And now with swords, and hand to hand, the fight  
 Had been renew'd, but at their comrades call  
 The two Ajaxs, pressing through the throng,  
 Between the warriors interpos'd in haste  
 Before them Hector and Aeneas both,  
 And godlike Chromus in alarm recoil'd,  
 Pierc'd through the heart. Aeneas there they left,  
 And, terrible as Mars, Automedon  
 Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried  
 "Of some small portion of its lord of grief,  
 For slain Patroclus, is my heart releav'd,  
 In slaying thee, all worthless as thou art."

Then, throwing on the car the bloody spoil,  
 He mounted, hands and feet imbued with blood,  
 As 'twere a lion, fresh from his repast  
 Upon the carcase of a slaughter'd bull

Again around Patroclus' body rag'd  
 The stubborn conflict, direful, sorrow fraught  
 From Heav'n descending, Pallas start'd the strife,  
 Sent by all seeing Jove to stimulate  
 The warlike Greeks, for so his will inclin'd  
 As o'er the face of Heav'n when Jove extends  
 His bright hued bow, a sign to mortal men  
 Of war, or wintry storms, which bid surcease  
 The rural works of man, and preach the flocks,  
 So Pallas, in a bright hued cloud array'd,  
 Pass'd through the ranks, and rous'd each several man  
 To noble Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
 Who close beside her stood, the Goddess first,  
 The form of Pheax and his powerful voice  
 Assuming, thus her stirring words address'd

"On thee O Menelaus, foul reproach  
 Will fasten, if Achilles' faithful friend  
 The dogs devour beneath the walls of Troy,  
 Then hold thou firm, and all the host inspire."

To whom thus Menelaus, good in fight  
 "O Pheax, aged warrior, honour'd sire,  
 If Pallas would the needful pow'r impart,  
 And o'er me spread her wings, then would I

Undaunted for Patroclus' rescue fight,  
 For deeply by his death my heart is touch'd,  
 But valiant Hector, with the strength of fire  
 Still rages, and destruction deals around  
 For Jove is with him, and his triumph wills "

He said the blue-ey'd Goddess heard with joy  
 That, chief of all the Gods, her aid he sought  
 She gave fresh vigour to his arms and knees,  
 And to his breast the boldness of the fly,  
 Which, oft repell'd by man, renews th' assault  
 Incessant, lur'd by taste of human blood,  
 Such boldness in Atreides' manly breast  
 Pallas inspir'd, beside Patroclus' corpse  
 Again he stood, and poas'd his glitt'ring spear

640

There was one Podes in the Trojan ranks,  
 Son of Ecton, rich, of blameless life,  
 Of all the people most to Hector dear,  
 And at his table oft a welcome guest  
 Him, as he turn'd to fly, beneath the waist  
 Atreides struck, right through the spear was driv'n,  
 Thund'ring he fell, and Atreus' son the corpse  
 Dragg'd from the Trojans 'mid the ranks of Greece

650

Then close at Hector's side Apollo stood,  
 Clad in the form of Phænops, Asius' son,  
 Who in Abydos dwelt, of all th' Allies  
 Honour'd of Hector most, and best belov'd,  
 Clad in his form, the Far destroyer spoke

" Hector, what other Greek will scare thee next?  
 Who shrink'st from Menelæus, heretofore  
 A warrior deem'd of no repute, but now,  
 Alone, he robs our Trojans of their dead.  
 And in the foremost ranks e'en now hath slain  
 Podes, thine own good friend, Ecton's son "

660

He said, dark grief o'erclouded Hector's brow,  
 As to the front in dazzling arms he sprang  
 Then Saturn's son his tassell'd ægis wav'd,  
 All glitt'ring bright, and Ida's lofty head  
 In clouds and darkness shrouded, then he bade  
 His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar,  
 That shook the mountain; and with victory crow'd  
 The Trojan arms, and panic struck the Greeks

670

The first who turn'd to fly was Peneus,  
 Boeotian chief, him, facing still the foe,

And by our own return rejoice those friends  
 Who look with sorrow on our plight, and deem 720  
 That we, all powerless to resist the might  
 Of Hector's arm, beside the ships must fall  
 Would that some comrade were at hand, to bear  
 A message to Achilles, him, I ween,  
 As yet the mournful tidings have not reach'd,  
 That on the field his dearest friend lies dead.  
 But such I see not, for a veil of cloud  
 O'er men and horses all around is spread  
 O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece  
 Remove this cloudy darkness, clear the sky, 730  
 That we may see our fate, and die at least,  
 If such thy will, in th' open light of day."

He said, and, pitying, Jove beheld his tears,  
 The clouds he scatter'd, and the mist dispers'd,  
 The sun shone forth, and all the field was clear,  
 Then Ajax thus to Menelaus spoke

"Now, Heav'n-born Menelaus, look around  
 If haply 'mid the living thou mayst see  
 Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son,  
 And bid him to Achilles bear in haste 740  
 The tidings, that his dearest friend lies dead."

He said, nor did Atreides not comply,  
 But slow as moves a lion from the fold,  
 Which dogs and youths with ceaseless toil hath worn,  
 Who all night long have kept their watch, to guard  
 From his assault the choicest of the herd,  
 He, hunger pinch'd, hath oft th' attempt renew'd,  
 But nought prevail'd, by spears on ev'ry side,  
 And jav'lines met, wielded by stalwart hands,  
 And blazing torches, which his courage daunt, 750  
 Till with the morn he sullenly withdraws,  
 So from Patroclus, with reluctant step  
 Atreides mov'd, for much he fear'd the Greeks  
 Might to the Trojans, panic struck, the dead  
 Abandon, and departing, he besought  
 The two Ajaxes and Menones

"Ye two Ajaxes, leaders of the Greeks,  
 And thou, Menones, remember now  
 Our lost Patroclus' gentle courtesy,  
 How kind and genial was his soul to all, 760  
 While yet he liv'd—now sunk, alas! in death."

Thus saying, Menelaus took his way,  
 Casting his glance around on ev'ry side,  
 Like to an eagle, fam'd of sharpest sight  
 Of all that fly beneath the vault of Heav'n,  
 Whom, soaring in the clouds, the crouching hare  
 Eludes not, though in leafiest covert hid,  
 But swooping down, he rends her life away  
 So, Menelaus, through the ranks of war  
 Thy piercing glances ev'ry way were turn'd,  
 If Nestor's son, Aliaen, thou might'st descrie,  
 Him on the field's extremest left he found,  
 Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight,  
 He stood beside him, and address'd him thus

770

" Antiochus, come hither, godlike friend,  
 And woful tidings hear, which would to Heav'n  
 I had not to impart, thyself thou seest  
 How Jove hath heap'd disaster on the Greeks,  
 And vict'ry giv'n to Troy, but one has fall'n,  
 Our bravest best! Patroclus lies in death,  
 And deeply must the Greeks his loss deplore  
 But haste thee to the ships, to Peleus' son  
 The tidings bear, if haply he may save  
 The body of Patroclus from the foe.  
 His naked body, for his arms are now  
 The prize of Hector of the glancing helm "

780

He said, and at his words Antiochus  
 Astonished stood, long time his tongue in vain  
 For utterance strove, his eyes were fill'd with tears  
 His cheerful voice was mute, yet not the last  
 To Menelaus' bidding gave his care  
 Swiftly he sped but to Laodocus,  
 His comrade brave who waited with his car  
 In close attendance, first consign'd his arms,  
 Then from the field with active limbs he flew,  
 Weeping, with mournful news, to Peleus' son  
 Nor, noble Menelaus, did thy heart  
 Incline thee to remain, and aid thy friends,  
 Where from their war-worn ranks the Pylian troops  
 Deplored the absence of Antiochus,  
 But these in godlike Thrasymedes' charge  
 He left, and to Patroclus hast'ning back,  
 Beside th' Ajaxes stood, as thus he spoke  
 " Haste to Achilles, to the ships, in haste

790

800

I have despatch'd, yet fiercely as his wrath  
 May burn tow'rd Hector, I can scarce expect  
 His presence here, for how could he, unarm'd,  
 With Trojans fight? But take we counsel now  
 How from the field to bear away our dead,  
 And 'scape ourselves from death by Trojan hands " 810

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon  
 "Illustrious Menelaus, all thy words  
 Are just and true. Then from amid the press,  
 Thou and Meniones, take up in haste,  
 And bear away the body, while behind  
 We two, in heart united, as in name,  
 Who side by side have still been wont to fight,  
 Will Hector and his Trojans hold at bay " 820

He said, they, lifting in their arms the corpse,  
 Uprais'd it high in air, then from behind  
 Loud yell'd the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks  
 Retiring with their dead, and on they rush'd,  
 As dogs that in advance of hunter youths  
 Pursue a wounded boar, awhile they run,  
 Eager for blood, but when, in pride of strength,  
 He turns upon them, backward they recoil,  
 This way and that in fear of death dispers'd  
 So onward press'd awhile the Trojan crowd,  
 With thrust of swords, and double pointed spears,  
 But ever as th' Ajaces turn'd to bay, 830  
 Their colour chang'd to pale, not one so bold  
 As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse  
 Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field  
 Bore tow'rd the ships their dead, but on their track  
 Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce,  
 As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire  
 Seizes some populous city, and devours  
 House after house amid the glare and blaze,  
 While roar the flames before the gusty wind,  
 So fiercely press'd upon the Greeks' retreat 840  
 The clatt'ring tramp of steeds and armed men  
 But as the mules, with stubborn strength caded,  
 That down the mountain through the trackless waste  
 Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships,  
 And spent with toil and sweat, still labour on  
 Unflinching, so the Greeks with patient toil  
 Bore on their dead, th' Ajaces in their rear

Stemming the war as stems the torrent's force  
Some wooded cliff, far stretching o'er the plain,  
Cher'ing the mighty river's rushing stream, 850  
And flinging it aside upon the plain,  
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood  
So firmly, in the rear, th' Ajaxes stemm'd  
The Trojan force, yet these still onward press'd,  
And, 'mid their contrivances proudly eminent,  
Two chiefs, *Aeneas*, old Anchises' son,  
And glorious *Hector*, in the van were seen  
Thro', as a cloud of starlings or of doves  
Fly screaming, as they see the hawk approach,  
To lesser birds the messenger of death, 860  
So before *Hector* and *Aeneas* fled,  
Screaming, forgetful of their warlike name,  
The sons of Greece, and scatter'd here and there  
Around the ditch lay store of goodly arms,  
By Greeks abandon'd in their hasty flight  
Yet still, uninterrupted, rag'd the war

Loud was the wailing of the female band,  
 Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,  
 As round Achilles, rushing out of doors,  
 Beating their breasts, with tott'ring limbs they press'd  
 In tears beside him stood Antilochus  
 And in his own Achilles' hand he held,  
 Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief  
 In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword. 40  
 Loud were his means, his Goddess mother heard,  
 Beside her aged father where she sat  
 In the deep ocs in caves she heard and wept  
 The Nereids all, in ocean's depths who dwell,  
 Encircled her around, Cymodoce<sup>1</sup>  
 Nesce, Spio, and Cymothoe,  
 The stag-eyed Halia and Amphithoe,  
 Actæa, Limnorea, Melite,  
 Doris, and Galatæa Panope. 50  
 There too were Oerethyia Clymene  
 And Ananthea with the golden hair  
 And all the demona of ocean's depths  
 Full'd was the glassy cave, in unison  
 They beat their breasts as Thetis led the wail  
 'Give ear, my sister Nereids all and learn  
 How deep the grief that in my breast I bear  
 Me miserable! me, of noblest son  
 Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,  
 My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief! 60  
 Like a young tree he thrrove I tended him,  
 In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant,  
 Till in the beak'd ships I sent him forth  
 To war with Troy, him ne'er shall I behold,  
 Returning home, in aged Peleus' house  
 Even while he lives, and sees the light of day,  
 He lives in sorrow, nor, to soothe his grief  
 My presence can avail, yet will I go,  
 That I may see my dearest child, and learn  
 What grief hath reach'd him, from the war withdrawn.'

<sup>1</sup>L. 45 et seqq. I hope I may be pardoned for having somewhat curtailed the list of these ladies which in the original extends over ten lines of names only. In doing so I have followed the example of Virgil who represents the same ladies evidently the daughters of Nereus (G. 4. 326) in attendance on Cyrene and has not only reduced the list but added some slight touches illustrating their occupations and private history—a liberty permissible to an imitator but not to a translator.

Not to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks  
 Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have tender'd aid,  
 But idly here I sit, cumbering the ground  
 I, who amid the Greeks no equal own  
 In fight, to others, in debate, I yield  
 Accus'd of Gods and men be hateful strife  
 And anger, which to violence provokes  
 Ev'n temperate souls, though sweeter be its taste 120  
 Than dropping honey, in the heart of man  
 Swelling, like smoke, such anger in my soul  
 Hath Agamemnon kindled, King of men  
 But pass we that, though still my heart be sore,  
 Yet will I school my angry spirit down  
 In search of Hector now, of him who slew  
 My friend, I go, prepar'd to meet my death,  
 When Jove shall will it, and th' Immortals all  
 From death not ev'n the might of Hercules,  
 Though best beloved of Saturn's son, could fly, 130  
 By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdued  
 I too, since such my doom must lie in death,  
 Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will win,  
 And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosom'd dames,  
 Dardan and Trojan, bitter tears shall wipe,  
 And groan in anguish then shall all men know  
 How long I have been absent from the field,  
 Then, though thou love me, seek not from the war  
 To stay my steps, for bootless were thy speech '

Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen 140  
 " True are thy words, my son and good it is,  
 And commendable, from the stroke of death  
 To save a worsen comrade, but those arms,  
 Thy brass, flashing arms, the Trojans hold  
 Them Hector of the glancing helm himself  
 Bears on his breast, sculling, yet not long  
 Shall be his triumph, for his doom is near  
 But thou, engage not in the toils of war,  
 Until thine eyes again behold me here,  
 For with to-morrow's sun will I return 150  
 With arms of heavenly mould, by Vulcan wrought "

Thus saying, from her son she turn'd away,  
 And turning, to her sister Nereids spoke  
 ' Hark to our spacious bosom of the deep  
 Retire ye not, and to my father's house,

The aged Ocean God, your wings bear,  
While I to high Olympus sped, to crave  
At Vulcan's hand, the skill'd artificer,  
A boon of dazzling armour for my son."

She said, and then beneath the ocean wave 160  
Descended while to high Olympus sped  
The silver-footed Goddess, thence in hope  
To bear the dazzling armour to her son  
She to Olympus sped, the Greeks meanwhile  
Before the warrior slayer Hector fled  
With wild, tumultuous uproar, till they reach'd  
Their vessels and the shore of Hellespont  
Nor hid the well-grav'd Greeks Achilles' friend,  
Patroclus, from amid the fray withdrawn,  
For close upon him follow'd horse and man, 170  
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as flame,  
Thrice noble Hector, sailing from behind,  
Sought by the feet to drag away the dead,  
Cheering his friends, thrice, clad in warlike might,  
The two Ajaxes drove him from his prey  
Yet, fearless in his strength, now rushing on  
He dash'd amid the fray, now, shouting loud,  
Stood firm, but backward not a step retir'd  
As from a carcase herdsmen strive in vain  
To scare a tawny lion, hunger punch'd, 180  
E'en so th' Ajaxes, mail-clad warriors, fail'd  
The son of Priam from the corpse to scare  
And now the body had he borne away,  
With endless fame, but from Olympus' height  
Came storm-swift Iris down to Peleus' son,  
And bade him don his arms, by Juno sent,  
Unknown to Jove, and to th' Immortals all  
She stood beside him, and address'd him thus:

'Up, son of Peleus! up, thou prince of men!  
Haste to Patroclus' rescue, whom around, 190  
Before the ships, is wag'd a fearful war,  
With mutual slaughter, these the dead defending,  
And those to Sum's breezy heights intent  
To bear the body, noble Hector chief,  
Who longs to sever from the tender neck,  
And fix upon the spikes, thy comrade's head  
Up then! delay no longer, deem it shame  
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,

Dishon'ring thee, if aught dishonour him "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

200

' Say, heav'nly Iris, of th' immortal Gods

Who bade thee seek me, and this message bring ?

To whom saist Iris thus To thee I come

By Juno sent, th' imperial wife of Jove,

Unknown to Saturn's son, and all the Gods

Who on Olympus' snowy summit dwell "

To whom again Achilles, swift of foot

" How in the battle toil can I engage ?

My arms are with the Trojans, and to boot

My mother warn'd me not to arm for fight,

210

Till I again should see her, for she hop'd

To bring me heav'nly arms by Vulcan wrought

Yur know I well whose armour I could wear,

Save the broad shield of Mars Pelamion,

And he, methinks, amid the foremost ranks

Ev'n now is fighting o'er Patroclus' corpse

Whom answer'd a storm swift Iris " Will we know

The glorious arms are by the Trojans held,

But go thou forth, and from above the ditch

Appear before them, daunted at the sight,

220

Steady the Trojans may forsake the field,

And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,

Toil worn, for little pause has yet been theirs "

Said Iris sad, and vanish'd, then arose

Achilles, dear to Jove, and Pallas threw

Her tassell'd argos o'er his shoulders broad,

His head encircling with a coronet

Of golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleam'd

As from an island city up to Heaven

The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round

230

Besieger, and all day with cruel war

From its own state cut off, but when the sun

Hath set, blast frequent forth the beacon fire,

High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round

Their signal flash, if haply o'er the sea

Now come the needful aid, so brightly flash'd

That starry light around Achilles' head

He left the wall, and stood above the ditch

But from the Greeks apart, musing all

His mother's prudent counsel there he stood,

240

And shouted loudly, Pallas join'd her voice,

And fill'd with terror all the Trojan host  
 Clear is the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms  
 Some town encompass'd round with hostile bands,  
 Rang out the voice of great Æneas.  
 But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,  
 They quail'd in spirit—their sleek skinn'd steeds themselves,  
 Conscious of coming ill, bore back the cars  
 Their charioteers, dismay'd, beheld the flame  
 Which, kindled by the blue ey'd Goddess, blaz'd  
 Unquench'd around the head of Peleus' son.  
 Thrice shouted from the ditch the godlike chief,  
 Thrice terror struck both Trojans and Æneas,  
 And there and then beside their chariots fell  
 Twelve of their bravest, while the Greeks well pleas'd,  
 Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,  
 And on a litter laid—around him stood  
 His comrades, mourning, with them, Peleus' son,  
 Shedding hot tears—as on his friend he gaz'd,  
 Laid on the bier, and pierc'd with deadly wounds 260  
 Him to the war with horses and with cars  
 He sent—but never to welcome his return.

By stag ey'd Juno sent, reluctant sink  
 Th' unwearied sun beneath the ocean wave,  
 The sun had set, and breath'd awhile the Greeks  
 From the fierce labours of the balanc'd field,  
 Nor less the Trojans, from the stubborn fight  
 Retiring, from the chariots leav'd their steeds  
 But ere they shar'd the ev'ning meal, they met  
 In council—all stood up, none dar'd to sit, 270  
 For fear had fall'n on all, when reappear'd  
 Achilles, from the battle long withdrawn.  
 First Panthous' son, the sage Polydamas  
 Address'd th' assembly, his sagacious mind  
 Alone beheld the future and the past  
 The friend of Hector, born the selfsame night,  
 One in debate, the other best in arms,  
 Who thus with prudent speech began, and said  
 "Be well advis'd, my friends! my counsel is  
 That we regain the city, nor the morn  
 Here in the plain, beside the ships, await  
 So far remov'd from our protecting walls  
 While fiercely burn'd 'gainst Atreus' godlike son  
 That mighty warrior's wrath, 'twas easier far

With th' other Greeks to deal, and I rejoice'd  
 When by the ships we pass'd the night, in hope  
 We soon might call them ours, but now, I own,  
 Achilles, swift of foot, excites my fear  
 His proud, impetuous spirit will spur on the plain,  
 Where Greeks and Trojans oft in warlike strife      290  
 Their balanc'd strength exert, if he come forth,  
 Our fight will be to guard our homes and wives  
 Gave we the city, trust me, so 'twere best  
 Now, for a while, ambrosial night detains  
 The son of Peleus, but at early morn  
 If issuing forth in arms he find us here,  
 His prowess we shall know, and happy he  
 Who, flying, shall in safety reach the walls  
 Of sacred Troy, for many a Trojan slain  
 Shall feed the vultures. Heav'n avert such fate!      300  
 But if, though loth, we will by me be rul'd,  
 This night in counsel hush and we our strength,  
 While towers, and lofty gates, and folding doors  
 Close join'd well fitting, shall our city guard  
 Then issuing forth in arms at early morn  
 Man we the tow'rs, so harder were his task  
 If, from the ships advancing, round the wall  
 He offer battle, bootless to return  
 His strong neck'd horses worn with labour vain  
 In coursing, purposeless, around the town      310  
 To force an entrance, or the town destroy,  
 Is not his aim, and ere that end be gain'd,  
 The dogs of Troy upon his flesh shall feed."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
 With stern regard "Polydama, thy words  
 Are such as grate unkindly on mine ear,  
 Who fain wouldst have us to the walls retire  
 What? have ye not already sung enough  
 Been snatch'd within the tow'rs? the wealth of Troy,  
 Its brass, its gold, were once the common theme      320  
 Of ev'ry tongue, our hoarded treasures now  
 Are gone, to Phrygian and Macedonian shores  
 For sale exported, costly merchandise,  
 Since on our city fell the wrath of Jove  
 And now, when deep designing Saturn's son  
 Such glory gives me as to gain the ships,  
 And, crowded by the sea, hem in the Greeks,

Fool! put not thou these timid counsels forth,  
 Which none will follow, nor will I allow.  
 But hear ye all, and do as I advise 330  
 Share now the meal, by ranks, throughout the host,  
 Then set your watch, and each keep careful guard,  
 And whom his spoils o'erload if such there be,  
 Let him divide them with the gen'ral crowd,  
 Better that they should hold them than the Greeks  
 And with the morn, in arms, beside the ships,  
 Will we again awake the furious war  
 But if indeed Achilles by the ships  
 Hath reappear'd, himself, if so he choose,  
 Shall be the sufferer, from the perilous strife 340  
 I will not shrink, but his encounter meet  
 So he, or I, shall gain immortal fame,  
 Impartial Mars hath oft the slayer slam "

Thus Hector spoke, the Trojans cheer'd aloud  
 Fools, and by Pallas of their sense beru'd,  
 Who all applauded Hector's ill advice,  
 None the sage counsel of Polydamas!

Then through the camp they shar'd the evening meal

Meantime the Greeks all night with tears and groans  
 Bewail'd Patroclus on his comrade's breast 350  
 Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,  
 And led with bitter groans the loud lament  
 As when the hunters, in the forest's depth,  
 Have robb'd a bearded lion of his cubs,  
 Too late arriving, he with anger chafes,  
 Then follows, if perchance he may o'ertake,  
 Through many a mountain glen, the hunters' steps,  
 With grief and fury fill'd, so Peleus' son,  
 With bitter groans, the Myrmidons address'd

" Vain was, alas! the promise which I gave, 360  
 Seeking the brave Menelaus to console,  
 To bring to Opus back his gallant son,  
 Rich with his share of spoil from Troy o'erthrown,  
 But Jove fulfils not all that man designs  
 For as dark fate decreed that here or Troy  
 We two one sod shouldadden with our blood,  
 Nor me, returning to my native land,  
 Shall aged Peleus in his halls receive,  
 Nor Teucus, here must earth retain my bones  
 Since, Patroclus, I am doom'd on earth! 370

Behind thee to remain, thy funeral rites  
I will not celebrate, till Hector's arms  
And head, thy haughty slayer: here I bring  
And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Troy  
Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death  
Thou by our leaked ships till then must lie  
And weeping or thee shall deep besom'd dimes,  
Troyan and Dardan, mourn both night and day,  
The prizes of our toil, when wealthy to was  
Before our valour and our spears have fail'd

380

He said, and bade his comrades on the fire  
An ample tripod place, without delay,  
To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore  
Then on the burning fire the tripod plac'd  
With water fill'd and kindled wood beneath:  
Around the bellying tripod rose the flames  
Heating the bath: within the gilt ring he lay  
Soon as the water boil'd they wash'd the corpse  
With sponges oak mountain and the wounds  
With scarvant ointments till'd of nine years old  
Then in fine linen they the body wrapp'd  
From head to feet and laid it on a couch  
And cover'd over with a fur white sheet

390

Him sweat'ring at his forge she found, intent  
 On forming twenty tripods, which should stand  
 The wall surrounding or his well built house,  
 With golden wheels beneath he furnish'd each,  
 And to th' assembly of the Gods endued  
 With power to move spontaneous, and return  
 A marvel to behold! thus far his work

420

He had completed but not yet had fix'd  
 The rich-wrought handles, these his labour now  
 Engag'd, to fit them and to rivet fast  
 While thus he exercis'd his practis'd skill,  
 The silver-footed Queen approach'd the house  
 Chorus, the stiall artist's wedded wife,  
 Beheld her coming, and advanc'd to meet,  
 And as her hand she clasp'd, address'd her thus

"Say Thetis on the flowing robe, belov'd  
 And honour'd, whence this visit to our house,  
 An unaccustom'd guest? but come thou in,  
 That I may welcome thee with honour due."

430

Thus, as he spoke, the Goddess led her in,  
 And on a seat with silver studs adorn'd,  
 Fair, richly wrought, a footstool at her feet,  
 She bade her sit, then thus to Vulcan call'd  
 "Haste hither, Vulcan, Thetis asks thine aid."

Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer

"An honour'd and a venerated guest  
 Our house contains who sav'd me once from woe,

440

When by my mother's act from Heaven I fell,  
 Who, for that I was crippled in my feet,  
 Deem'd it not shame to lodge me—hard had then  
 My fortune been, had not Eurynome  
 And Thetis in their bosoms shelter'd me,  
 Eurynome, from old Oceanus  
 Who drew her birth, the ever-circling flood  
 Nine years with them I dwelt, and many a work  
 I labour'd there of metal, clasps, and chains  
 Of spiral coil, rich cups, and collars fair,

450

Hid in a cave profound, where in ocean stream  
 With ceaseless murmur foam'd and moan'd around,  
 Unknown to God or man, but to two or two  
 Who sav'd me, Thetis and Eurynome  
 Now to my house hath fair hair'd Thetis come  
 To her, my life preserv'd its tribute owes

Then thou the hospitable rites perform,  
While I my bellows and my tools lay by."

He said, and from the anvil rear'd upright  
His massive strength, and as he limp'd along, 460  
His tott'ring knees were bow'd beneath his weight

The bellows from the fire he next withdrew,  
And in a silver casket plac'd his tools,  
Then with a sponge his brows and lusty arms  
He wip'd, and sturdy neck and hairy chest  
He down'd his robe, and took his weighty staff,  
Then through the door with halting step he pass'd,  
There waited on their king th' attendant maids,  
In form as living maids, but wrought in gold,  
Instant with consciousness, with voice endued, 470  
And strength, and skill from heavenly teachers drawn

These waited, dutious, at the Monarch's side,  
His steps supporting, he, with halting gait,  
Pass'd to a gorgeous chamber by Thetis' side,  
And as her hand he clasp'd, address'd her thus

"Say, Thetis, of the flowing robe, belov'd  
And honour'd, whence has visit to our house  
An unaccustom'd guest? say what thy will,  
And, if within my pow'r esteem it done."

To whom in answer Thetis, weeping, thus 480  
"Vulcan, of all the Goddesses who dwell

On high Olympus, lives there one whose soul  
Hath borne such weight of woe, so many griefs,  
As Saturn's son hath heap'd on me alone?

Me whom he chase from all the sea-born nymphs,  
And gave to Peleus, son of Æacus,  
His subject, I endur'd a mortal's bed,

Though sore against my will, he now, bent down  
By feeble age, lies helpless in his house  
Now adds he farther grief, he granted me 490  
To bear, and rear a son, of heroes chief,

Like a young tree he thrives, I banded him,  
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant

Till in the beak'd ships I sent him forth  
To war with Troy, him ne'er shall I behold,  
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.

Ev'n while he lives, and sees the light of day,  
He lives in sorrow, nor, to soothe his grief,  
My presence can avail, a girl, his prize,

Selected for him by the sons of Greece, 500  
 Great Agamemnon wrested from his arms  
 In grief and rage he pin'd his soul away,  
 Then by the Trojans were the Greeks hemm'd in  
 Beside their ships, and from within their camp  
 No outlet found, the Grecian Elders then  
 Implor'd his aid, and promis'd costly gifts  
 With his own hand to save them he refus'd,  
 But, in his armour clad, to battle sent  
 His friend Patroclus, with a num'rous band  
 All day they fought before the Scæan gates, 510  
 And in that day had Ilium been destroy'd,  
 But in the van, Menætrus' noble son,  
 After great deeds achiev'd, Apollo slew,  
 And crown'd with glory Hector, Priam's son  
 Therefore a suppliant to thy knees I come,  
 If to my son, to early death condemn'd,  
 Thou wilt accord the boon of shield and helm,  
 And well wrought greaves with silver clasps secur'd,  
 And breastplate, for his own, his faithful friend,  
 By Trojan hands subdued, hath lost, and he, 520  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, lies prostrate on the earth "

Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer  
 " Take comfort, nor let this disturb thy mind,  
 Would that as surely, when his hour shall come,  
 I could defend him from the stroke of death,  
 As I can promise that he shall possess  
 Such arms as they shall marvel who behold "

He left her thus, and to his forge return'd  
 The bellows then directing to the fire,  
 He bade them work, through twenty pipes at once 530  
 Forthwith they pour'd their diverse temper'd blasts,  
 Now buskily seconding his eager haste,  
 Now at his will and as the work requir'd  
 The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,  
 And silver, first he melted in the fire,  
 Then on its stand his weighty anvil plac'd,  
 And with one hand the hammer's ponderous weight  
 He wielded, while the other grasp'd the tongs

And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong, 540  
 With rich adornment, circled with a rim,  
 Threefold, bright gleaming, whence a silver belt  
 Depended, of five folds the shield was form'd,

And on its surface in one a rare design  
Of curious art his printings d skill had wrought;  
Thereon were figur'd earth and sky, and sea,  
The ever circling sun and full orb'd moon,  
And all the signs that crown the vault of Heaven  
Pleiadis and Hyads, and Orion's might  
And Arctos call'd the Wain who wheels on high  
His circling course, and on Orion's side,  
Sol star that never bathes in th' ocean wave.

350

And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there  
In one were marriage pomp and torches  
And brides in gay procession, through the streets  
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,  
While frequent rose the hymeneal song  
Youths whirl'd around in joyous dance, with sound  
Of flute and harp, and, standing at their door,  
Admiring women on the p'gent gaz'd

360

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum fill'd  
There between two a fierce contention rose

For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,  
 Conspicuous shone, of lesser height the rest  
 But when the destin'd ambuscade was reach'd,  
 Beside the river, where the shepherds drove  
 Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay, 590  
 In glutting arms accoutred, and apart  
 They plac'd two spies, to notify batimes  
 'Th' approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds  
 These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appear'd,  
 Who, unsuspecting as they mov'd along,  
 Enjoy'd the music of their pastoral pipes  
 They on the booty, from afar discern'd,  
 Sprang from their ambuscade, and cutting off  
 The herds, and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew  
 Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat 600  
 Before their sacred altars, and forthwith  
 Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds  
 Pursued the plund'ers, and o'ertook them soon  
 There on the river's bank they met in arms,  
 And each at other hurl'd their brazen spears  
 And there were figur'd Strife, and Tumult wild,  
 And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp  
 One newly wounded, one unwounded bore,  
 While by the feet from out the press she dragg'd  
 Another slain about her shoulders hung 610  
 A garment crimson'd with the blood of men  
 Like living men they seem'd to move, to fight,  
 To drag away the bodies of the slain

And there was grav'n a wide extended plain  
 Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil,  
 Thrice plough'd, where many ploughmen up and down  
 Their teams were driving, and as each attain'd  
 The limit of the field, would one advance,  
 And tender him a cup of gen'rous wine  
 Then would he turn, and to the end again 620  
 Along the furrow charriv drive his plough  
 And still behind them darker show'd the soil,  
 The true presentment of a new-plough'd field,  
 Though wrought in gold, a miracle of art

There too was grav'n a corn-field, rich in grain,  
 Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,  
 The binders, following close, the bundles tied  
 Three were the binders, and behind them boys

In close attendance waiting, in their arms  
Gather'd the bundles, and in order pass'd  
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood  
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe  
A little way remov'd, the heralds slew  
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak  
Prepar'd the feast, while women mix'd hard by,  
White barley porridge for the lab'ring men.

630

And with rich clusters laden there was grow'n  
A vineyard fair, all gold, of glossy black.

The bunches were, on silver poles sustain'd,  
Around, a darksome trench, beyond, a fence  
Was wrought, of shining tin, and through it led  
One only path, by which the bearers pass'd,  
Who gather'd in the vineyard's bounteous store  
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,  
In wicker baskets bore the luscious fruit.

640

A boy, amid them, from a clear tun'd harp  
Drew lovely music—well his liquid voice  
The strings accompanied, they all with dance  
And song harmonious join'd, and joyous shouts,  
As the gay bevy lightly tripp'd along.

650

Of straight horn'd cattle too a herd was grow'n,  
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought.  
They to the pasture, from the cattle yard,  
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,  
Where quivering reeds bed-rustled, slowly mov'd  
Four golden shepherds walk'd beside the herd,  
By nine swift dogs attended, then amid  
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce  
Upon the lordly bull—he, bellowing loud,  
Was dragg'd along by dogs and youths pursued.  
The tough bull's hide they tore, and gorging lapp'd  
The intestines and dark blood, with vain attempt  
The herdsmen following closely, to th' attack  
Cheer'd their swift dogs, these shunn'd the lions' jaws,  
And close around them having, held aloof.

660

And there the skilful artist's hand had trac'd  
A pasture broad, with fenny flocks o'er-spread,  
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and pens.

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought,  
With curious workmanship, a merry dance,  
Like that which Dedalus in Cnosus erst

670

At fair hair'd Anadæ's bidding fram'd  
 There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,  
 Bright youths and many suitor'd maidens danced  
 In fair white linen these, in tunics those,  
 Well woven shining soft with fragrant oils  
 These with fair coronets were crown'd, while those  
 With golden swords from silver belts were girt  
 Now whirled they round with nimble practis'd feet,  
 Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns 680  
 A wheel, new fashion'd by his skilful hand,  
 And spins it round, to prove if true it run  
 Now featly mov'd in well becoming ranks  
 A numerous crowd, around, the lovely dance  
 Survey'd delighted while with measur'd chant  
 Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round  
 About the margin of the massive shield  
 Was wrought the mighty strength of th' ocean stream  
 The shield completed, vast and strong, he forg'd  
 A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire, 690  
 And next, a weighty helmet for his head,  
 Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above,  
 Then last, well fitting greaves of pliant tan  
 The skilful'd artificer his works complete  
 Before Achilles' Goddess mother laid  
 She, like a falcon, from the snow clad heights  
 Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,  
 Charg'd with the glittering arms by Vulcan wrought

# BOOK XIX

## ARGUMENT

ACHILLES is reconciled to Agamemnon and clothed in new armour  
 forged by Vulcan leads out the Myrmidons to battle

Now morn in saffron robe, from th' ocean stream  
 Ascending, light diffus'd o'er Gods and men,  
 As Thetis, to the ships returning bore  
 The gift of Vulcan, there her son she found,  
 Who o'er Patroclus hang in latter grief  
 Around him ween'd his comrades in the nudst  
 She stood, and clasp'd his hand as thus she spoke

Leave we my son though deep our grief, the dead,  
 Here let him lie since Heav'n hath doom'd his fall,  
 But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent, 10  
 Fairer than e'er on mortal breast were borne  
 The arms before Achilles as she spoke,  
 The Goddess had, loud rang the wondrous work  
 With awe the Myrmidons beheld, nor dur'd  
 Afraid the sight but as Achilles gas'd,  
 More fiery burn'd his wrath beneath his brows  
 His eyes like lightning flash'd with fierce delight  
 He seiz'd the glorious gift, and warm his soul  
 Had feasted on the miracle of art,  
 To Thetis thus his winged words address'd 20

"Mother, the God hath giv'n me arms indeed,  
 Worthy a God, and such as mortal man  
 Could never forge, I go to arm me straight,  
 Yet fear I for Menelaos noble son,  
 Lest in his spear inflicted wounds the Piers  
 May gender worms, and decorate the dead,  
 And, life extinct, corruption reach his flesh

Whom answer'd thus the silver-tongued Queen  
 "Let not such fears, my son, disturb thy mind,  
 I will myself the swarms of flies disperse, 30  
 That on the flesh of slaughter'd warriors prey,  
 And should he here remain a year complete,

Still should his flesh be true and fresh as now  
 But thou to council call the chiefs of Greece  
 Against the monarch Agamemnon there,  
 The leader of the host, abjure thy wrath,  
 Then arm thee quickly and put on thy might

Her words with dauntless courage fill'd his breast  
 She in Patroclus' nostrils to preserve  
 His flesh, red nectar and ambrosia pour'd

40

Along the ocean beach Achilles pass'd,  
 And loudly shouting call'd on all the chiefs  
 Then all who heretofore remain'd on board  
 The seamen who the vessel's rudders hold  
 The very stewards that serv'd the daily bread  
 All to the assembly throng'd, when reappear'd  
 Achilles from the fight so long withdrawn

Two noble chiefs, two ministers of Mars  
 Ulysses sage and valiant, Diomed  
 Appear'd, yet crippled by terrific wounds  
 The halting steps supporting with their spears  
 And on the foremost seats their places took

50

Next follow'd Agamemnon King of men  
 He also wounded for Anchises' son  
 Coon, had stabb'd him in the stubborn fight  
 When all the Greeks were closely throng'd around  
 Up rose Achilles swift of foot, and said

Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain  
 To thee or me since heart-consuming strife  
 Hath fiercely rag'd between us for a girl

60

Will gladly rest his limbs, who safe shall fly,  
 My spear escaping, from the battle field."  
 He said: the well-great'd Greeks rejoic'd to hear  
 His wrath abjur'd by Peleus' godlike son,  
 And from his seat, not standing in the midst, 80  
 Thus to th' assembly Agamemnon spoke  
 "Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars,  
 When one stands up to speak, 'tis meet for all  
 To lend a patient ear, nor interrupt,  
 For ev'n to practis'd speakers hard the task  
 But, in this vast assembly, who can speak  
 That all may hear? the clearest voice must I bid  
 To Peleus' son, Achilles, I my word  
 Will frankly open ye among yourselves  
 Impart the words I speak, that all may know" 90  
 On hath this matter been by Greeks discuss'd,  
 And I their frequent censure have incur'd  
 Yet was not I too true, not Jove, and I alone  
 And glorious Emrys, who counsel'd to throw  
 A strong delusion o'er my mind, that day  
 I robb'd Achilles of his lawful prize  
 What could I do? a Goddess all o'errul'd,  
 Daughter of Jove, dread Ate, careful pow'r,  
 Misleading all, with lightest step she moves,  
 Not on the earth, but o'er the heads of men, 100  
 With blighting touch, and many hath caus'd to err  
 Ev'n Jove, the wisest deem'd of Gods and men,  
 In errors she involv'd, when Juno's art  
 By female stratagem the God deceiv'd,  
 What in well-girdled Thebes Alcmæa lay  
 In travail at the night of Hercules  
 In tedious time amid the Gods he rook'd  
 "Hear all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,  
 The words I speak, the pumpings of my soul  
 The day Lucina shall to light bring forth 110  
 A child, the future Lord of all around,  
 Of mortal men, who trace to me their blood"  
 Whom answer'd Juno thus, with deep deceit  
 "I need not bathe, nor wait fulfil thy word  
 Come now, Olympian, swear a solemn oath  
 That he shall be the Lord of all around  
 Who on this day shall be of woman born,  
 Of mortal men, who trace to thee their blood"

She said, and Jove, the snare unseeing, swore  
 A solemn oath, but found his error soon 120  
 Down from Olympus' height she sped in haste  
 To Argos of Achæa, for the wife  
 Of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, there,  
 She knew, was seven months pregnant of a son  
 Whom, though untimely born, she brought to light,  
 Staying meanwhile Alcmena's labour pangs  
 To Saturn's son herself the tidings brought,  
 And thus address'd him ' Jove, the lightning's Lord,  
 I bring thee news, this day a mighty man,  
 By thee ordain'd to be the Argives' King, 130  
 Is born, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus,  
 The son of Perseus, issue of thy blood,  
 Well worthy he to be the Argives' King '  
 She said. Keen sorrow deeply pierc'd his soul,  
 Then Ate by the glossy locks he seiz'd  
 In mighty wrath, and swore a solemn oath,  
 That to Olympus and the starry Heav'n  
 She never should return, who all misleads  
 His arm then whirling, from the starry Heav'n  
 He flung her down, to vex th' affairs of men 140  
 Yet oft her fraud remember'd he with groans,  
 When by Eurystheus' hard commands he saw  
 Condemn'd to servile tasks his noble son  
 So, oft as Hector of the glancing helm  
 Beside the ships the Greeks to slaughter gave,  
 Back to my mind my former error came  
 I err'd, for Jove my judgment took away,  
 But friendly reconciliation now I seek,  
 And tender costly presents, then thyself 150  
 Uprouse thee, and excite the rest to arms  
 While I prepare the gifts, whatever of late <sup>1</sup>  
 The sage Ulysses promis'd in thy tent  
 Or, if thou wilt, though eager for the fray,  
 Remain thou here awhile, till from my ship  
 My followers bring the gifts, that thou may'st see  
 I make my offerings with no niggard hand  
 Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

<sup>1</sup> L. 151 *ἄρῃς* yesterday. But either the word must have a more extended signification than is usually given to it, or Homer must here have fallen into an error, for two complete nights and one day, that on which Patroclus met his death, had intervened since the visit of Ajax and Ulysses to the tent of Achilles. See also l. 215

"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
 The gifts thou deem'st bestowing, tis for thee  
 To give, or to withhold, but now at once  
 Prepare we for the battle, 'tis not meet  
 On trivial pretences here to waste our time,  
 Or idly loiter, much remains to do  
 Again be seen Achilles in the van,  
 Scattering with brazen spear the Trojan ranks,  
 And ye, forget not man with man to fight  
 To whom in answer sage Ulysses thus  
 "Brave as thou art, Achilles, godlike chief,  
 Yet fasting had not forth the sons of Greece  
 To fight the Trojans, for no little time  
 Will last the struggle, when the sordid ranks  
 Are once engag'd in conflict and the Gods  
 With equal courage either side inspire  
 But bid them by the ships, of food and wine  
 (Wherein are strength and courage) first partake,  
 For none throughout the day till set of sun,  
 Fasting from food, may bear the toils of war,  
 His spirit may still be eager for the fray,  
 Yet are his limbs by slow degrees weigh'd down,  
 Himself by thirst and hunger worn, his knees  
 Unstable, as he moves, to bear his weight  
 But he who, first with food and wine refresh'd,  
 All day maintains the combat with the foe,  
 His spirit remains unbroken, and his limbs  
 Unweaned, till both armies quit the field  
 Disperse then now the crowd, and bid prepare  
 The morning meal, mountains to public view  
 Let Agamemnon, King of men, display  
 His costly gifts, that all the Greeks may see,  
 And that thy heart within thee melt with joy,  
 And there in full assembly let him swear  
 A solemn oath that he hath ne'er approach'd  
 The fair Briseis' bed, nor held with her  
 Such intercourse as man with woman holds  
 Be thou propitious and accept his oath  
 Then at a sumptuous banquet in his tent  
 Let him receive thee, that thine honour due  
 May nothing lack, and so, Atreides, thou  
 Shalt stand in sight of all men clear of blame,  
 For none can wonder that man's tongue should speak

160

170

180

190

200

Should rouse the anger of a sceptred King "

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men

" Son of Laertes, I accept thy speech

With cordial welcome all that thou hast said

Is well and wisely spoken, for the oath,

I am prepar'd, with willing mind, to swear,

Nor in the sight of Heav'n will be forsworn

Let then Achilles here awhile remain,

Though eager for the fray, ye too remain,

Until the presents from my tent be brought,

210

And we our solemn compact ratify

Then this command upon thyself I lay

That thou the noblest youths of all the Greeks

Select, and bid them from my vessel bear

The gifts, which to Achilles yesternight

We promis'd, and withal the women bring

And let Talthybous through the host seek out

A bear, for sacrifice to Jove and Sol "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

" Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,

220

These matters to some future time were best

Deferr'd, some hour of respite from the fight,

Of rage less fiercely burning in my breast,

But slaughter'd now they lie, whom Priam's son,

Hector, hath slain, by Jove to vict'ry led

Ye bid us take our food, if I might rule,

I would to battle lead the sons of Greece,

Unfed, and fasting, and at set of sun,

Our shame aveng'd, an ample feast prepare,

Till then, nor food nor drink shall pass my lips,

230

My comrade slain, who pierc'd with mortal wounds,

Turn'd tow'rd the doorway, lies within my tent,

His mourning friends around, while there he lies,

No thought have I for these or aught beside

Save carnage, blood, and groans of dying men "

To whom Ulysses, sage in counsel, thus

" O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,

How far, Achilles, thou surpashest me

In deeds of arms, I know, but thou must yield

To me in counsel, for my years are more,

240

And my experience greater far than thine

Then to my words incline a patient ear

Men soonest weary of battle, where the sword

The bloodiest harvest reaps the lightest crop  
 Of slaughter is when Jove inclines the scale,  
 Dispenser it his will of human wars  
 The Greeks by fasting cannot mourn their dead  
 For day by day successive numbers fall  
 Where were the respite then from ceaseless fate?  
 Behoves us bury out of sight our dead  
 Stealing our hearts and rapturing but a day  
 And we the rest whom cruel war hath spared  
 Should first with food and wine recruit our strength  
 Then girding on our arms the living day  
 Maintain the war unceasing then let none  
 Require a farther summons to the field  
 (And now to him who lost ring by the ships  
 That summons he us) but with united force  
 Against the Trojans make the furious war

\*50

\*60

He said and call'd on noble Nestor's sons  
 On Melanippus and Meriones  
 Thoon and Lycomedes Creon's son  
 And Meges Phyleus son with these he sought  
 The mighty monarch Agamemnon's tent  
 Soon as the word was giv'n the work was done  
 Seven tripods brought they out the promised gifts  
 Twelve horses twenty caldrons glitt'ring bright  
 Seven beautiful women skill'd in household cares  
 With whom the eighth the fair Briseis came  
 Ulysses led the way and with him brought  
 Ten talents full of gold th' attendant youths  
 The other presents bore and in the midst  
 Display'd before th' assembly then arose  
 The monarch Agamemnon by his side  
 With voice of godlike power Talthylus stood  
 Holding the victim then Atides drew  
 The dagger, ever hanging at his side,  
 Close by the scabbard of his mighty sword  
 And from the victim's head the bristles shorn  
 With hands uplifted then to Jove he pray'd  
 While all around the Greeks in silence stood  
 Lasting decorous to the monarch's words  
 As looking up to Heaven he made his prayer  
 Be witness Jove thou King of Gods most high  
 And Sun and Earth and ye who vengeance wreak  
 Beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn

\*70

\*80

Furns! that never or to love such haste  
Soliciting or otherwise, my hand  
Hath fair Brises touch'd but in my tent  
Still pure and undefil'd hath she remain'd 190  
And it in this I be sworn, may Heaven  
With all the plagues afflict me due to thee  
Who art so perjur'd oath against the Gods '

Thus as he spoke, across the victim's throat  
He drew the pitiless blade Talithybus then  
To Ocean's hoar'd depths the carcass threw  
Food for the fishes When Achilles rose,  
And thus before the assembled Greeks he spoke

O Father Jove, how dost thou lead astray  
Our human judgments! ne'er had Atreus' son 200  
My bosom fill'd with wrath, nor from my arms,  
To his own loss, against my will had torn  
The girl I lov'd, but that the will of Jove  
To death predestin'd many a valiant Greek  
Now to the meal, anon the war return'

Thus said, to the assembly he dismiss'd in haste,  
The crowd dispersing to their several ships,  
Upon the gifts the warlike Myrmidons  
Restor'd their care, and bore them to the ships  
Of Peleus' godlike son, within the tent 310  
They laid them down and there the women plac'd,  
While to the drove the followers led the steeds  
Brises fair as golden Vents, saw  
Patroclus lying, pierc'd with mortal wounds,  
Within the tent, and with a bitter cry,  
She flung her down upon the corpse and tore  
Her breast her delicate neck, and beautiful cheeks,  
And, weeping, thus the lovely woman wail'd

" Patroclus dearly lov'd of this sad heart!  
When last I left this tent, I left thee full 320  
Of healing life returning now I find  
Only thy lifeless corpse thou Prince of men!  
So sorrow still, on sorrow heap'd, I bear  
The husband of my youth to whom my sire  
And honour'd mother gave me I beheld  
Slain with the sword before the city walls  
Three brothers whom with me one mother bore,  
My dearly lov'd ones all were doom'd to death  
Nor wouldst thou when Achilles's gift of rest

My husband slew, and royal Mynes' town  
 In ruin laid, allow my tears to flow,  
 But thou wouldest make me (such was still thy speech)  
 The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son  
 Thoo wouldest to Phthia bear me in thy ship,  
 And there, thyself, amid the Myrmidons,  
 Wouldest give my marriage feast, then, unconsol'd,  
 I weep thy death my ever gentle friend!"

330

Weeping, she spoke, the women join'd her wail  
 Patroclus' death the pretext for their tears,  
 But each in secret wept her private griefs

340

Around Achilles throng'd the elder men,  
 Urging to eat, but he, with groans, refus'd  
 "I pray you, would you show your love, dear friends,  
 Ask me not now with food or drink to appease  
 Hunger or thirst, a load of bitter grief  
 Weighs heavy on my soul, till set of sun  
 Fasting will I remain, and still endure"

The other monarchs at his word withdrew  
 The two Atreides, and Ulysses sage,

350

And Nestor and Idomeneus remain'd,  
 And aged Phemius, to divert his grief,  
 But comfort none, save in the bloody jaws  
 Of battle would he take, by mem'ry sturr'd,  
 He heav'd a deep drawn sigh as thus he spoke

"How oft hast thou, ill fated dearest friend,  
 Here in this tent with eager zeal prepar'd  
 The tempting meal, when'er the sons of Greece  
 In haste would arm them for the bloody fray!  
 Now hest thou there, while I, for love of thee,  
 From food and drink, before me plac'd, refrain  
 For ne'er shall I again such sorrow know,  
 Not though I heard of aged Peleus' death,  
 Who now in Phthia mourns, with tender tears,  
 His absent son, he on a foreign shore  
 Is warring in that hateful Helen's cause,  
 No, nor of his, who now in Seyros' isle  
 Is growing up, if yet indeed he live,  
 Young Neoptolemus, my godlike son  
 My hope had been indeed, that here in Trov,  
 Far from the plains of Argos, I alone  
 Was doom'd to die, and that to Phthia thou,  
 Return'd in safety, mightst my son convey

360

370

Around his chest, and o'er his shoulders flung  
 His silver studded sword, with blade of brass,  
 Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence gleam'd  
 A light refulgent as the full orb'd moon,  
 Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne  
 The watchfire's light which, high among the hills  
 Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold  
 As they, reluctant by the stormy winds  
 Far from their friends are o'er the waters driven  
 So from Achilles' shield bright radiance wrought  
 The light was thrown. The weighty helm he raised,  
 And plac'd it on his head: the plumed helm  
 Shone like a star: and wav'd the hairs of gold,  
 Thick set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest  
 Then all the arms Achilles prov'd to know  
 If well they fitted to his graceful limbs  
 Like wings, they seem'd to lift him from the ground  
 Last, from its case he drew his father's spear  
 Long, ponderous, tough: not one of all the Greeks  
 None, save Achilles self, could poise that spear  
 The far fam'd Pheonash which to his sire  
 On Pheon's summit fell'd to be the base  
 Of mighty chiefs: the Centaur Chiron gave  
 With care Automedon and Menelaus  
 The horses yok'd with collars fair attach'd  
 Plac'd in their mouths the bits and press'd the reins  
 Back to the well built car Automedon  
 Sprang on the car with shining lash in hand  
 Behind Achilles came, array'd for war  
 In arms all glittering as the gorgeous sun  
 And loudly to his father's steeds he call'd  
 Xanthos and Balios, noble progeny

Is nigh at hand, nor we shall cause thy death  
But Heaven's high will and Fate's imperious power 460  
By no default of ours nor lack of speed,  
The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms  
The mighty God! far hail'd Latona's son  
Achiev'd his death and Hector's victory gain'd  
Our speed of foot may vie with Zephyr's breeze  
Deem'd swiftest of the winds, but thou art doom'd  
To die, by force combin'd of God and man

He said his farther speech the Muses stay'd  
To whom in wrath Achilles swift of foot

Xanthus why thus predict my coming fate? 470  
It ill befits thee! well I know myself  
That I am fated here in Troy to die  
Far from my home and parents yet withal  
I cease not till these Trojans from the field  
Before me fly He said, and to the front  
His war cry shouting, urg'd his fiery steeds

## BOOK XX

### ARGUMENT

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Aeneas from death by the hand of Achilles from whom Apollo soon after rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

Round thee, Achilles eager for the fray,  
Stood thus accoutred by their beaked ships,  
The sons of Greece the Trojan host, opposed,  
Stood on the sloping margin of the plain  
Then Jove to Themis gave command to call  
The Gods to council from the lofty height  
Of many-ridged Olympus to the house  
Of Jove she summoned them from every side  
Thence of the Rivers save Oceanus  
Not one was absent nor of Nymphs who haunt  
Clear fount or shady grove or grassy mead  
They, at the Cloud compeller's house arrived  
Within the polished corridor reached  
Which Vulcan's cunning hand for Jove had built  
There were they gathered in the abode of Jove  
Nor did the Earth-shaking Neptune slight the call  
But came from ocean's depths, and in the midst  
He sat, and thus the will of Jove enquired  
Why, Lord of lightning hast thou summoned here  
The Gods to council? dost thou aught devise  
To weaken the Greeks and Trojans? what then now

To fight against the Trojans, not an hour  
 Will they before the son of Pelcus stand  
 They dreaded him before, but now, I fear,  
 Since rous'd to fury by his comrade's death,  
 He ev'n in late's despite may storm the wall."

Thus Saturn's son, and quenchless battle rous'd  
 The Gods, divided, hasten'd to the war  
 Juno and Pallas to the ships of Greece,  
 With them th' Earth shaker, and the helpful God, 40  
 Hermes, for cunning subtleties unmatch'd,  
 And Vulcan too exulting in his strength,  
 Yet halting, and on feeble limbs sustain'd  
 Mars of the glancing helm took part with Troy,  
 And golden Phœbus with his locks unshorn,  
 Latona too, and Dian, Archer Queen,  
 Xanthus, and Venus, laughter loving dame  
 While from the fight of men the Gods abstain'd,  
 High rose the Grecian warriors, as, long withdrawn,  
 Achilles on the field again appear'd, 50  
 And ev'ry Trojan's limbs with terror quak'd,  
 Trembling, as Pelcus' godlike son they saw  
 In arms all glittering, fierce as blood stain'd Mars  
 But when th' Immortals mingled in the throng,  
 Then furious war'd the spirit stirring strife,  
 Then Pallas rais'd her war-cry, standing now  
 Beside the deep dug trench, without the wall,  
 Now shouting loud along the sounding beach  
 On th' other side, as with the tempest's roar,  
 Mars to the Trojans shouted loud, one while 60  
 From Ithum's topmost height, anon again  
 From the fair hill, o'erhanging Simois' stream  
 Thus, either side exciting to the fray,  
 Th' immortal Gods unchain'd the angry war  
 Thunder'd on high the Sire of Gods and men  
 With awful din, while Neptune shook beneath  
 The boundless earth, and lofty mountain tops  
 The spring abounding Ida quak'd and rock'd  
 From her firm basis to her loftiest peak,  
 And Troy's proud city, and the ships of Greece 70  
 Pluto, th' infernal monarch, heard alarm'd,  
 And, springing from his throne, cried out in fear,  
 Lest Neptune, breaking through the solid earth,  
 To mortals and Immortals should lay bare

To whom the King Apollo, son of Jove  
 " Brave chief, do thou too to th' immortal Gods  
 Address thy prayer, men say that thou art sprung 110  
 From Venus, child of Jove, his mother owns  
 A humbler origin, one born to Jove,  
 The other to the aged Ocean God  
 On then with dauntless spear, nor be dismay'd  
 By his high tone and vaunting menaces."

His words with courage fill'd the hero's breast.  
 And on he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,  
 But not unmark'd of white arm'd Juno pass'd,  
 To meet Achilles, through the press of men,  
 Who thus address'd the Gods, to council call'd 120  
 " Neptune and Pallas both, betunk ye well  
 What now should be our course, Æneas comes,  
 In dazzling arms array'd, to meet in fight  
 The son of Peleus, Phœbus sends him forth  
 Say, then, shall we, encount'ring, to retreat  
 Perforce constrain him? or shall one of us  
 Beside Achilles stand, and give him strength  
 That he may nothing lack, and know himself 130  
 By all the mightiest of th' immortal Gods  
 Belov'd, and those how powerless, by whose aid  
 The Trojans yet maintain defensive war?  
 Therefore, to join the battle, came we all  
 From high Olympus, that in this day's fight  
 No ill befall him, though the time shall come  
 For him to meet the doom, by fate decreed,  
 When at his birth his thread of life was spun  
 But if Achilles from a voice divine  
 Receive not this assurance, he may well  
 Be struck with fear, if haply to some God  
 He find himself oppos'd as hard for man 140  
 To meet, in presence visible, a God"

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied  
 " Juno, thine anger carry not too far,  
 It ill befits thee Not with my consent  
 Shall we, the stronger far, provoke to arms  
 The other Gods, but rather, from the field  
 Retiring, let us from on high survey,  
 To mortals left, the turmoil of the war  
 Should Mars or Phœbus then begin the fight  
 Or stay Achilles, and his arm restrain, 150

Then in the contest let our men engage,  
 And soon, methinks, will they be fain to join,  
 Driv'n from the field, the Synod of the Gods,  
 Subdued perforce by our victorious hands.'

The dark haud monarch spoke, and led the way  
 To the high wall, by Troyan built of old,  
 With Pallas aid, for godlike Hector's  
 Within whose circle he sought safety seek,  
 When from the beach the monster of the deep  
 Came, raging, to the plain there Neptune sat, 170  
 And with him, th' other Gods, a veil of cloud  
 Impenetrable around their shoulders spread  
 On th' other side, upon the fair hill's brow,  
 Phobus with Mars the lost destroyer sat  
 On either side they sat, each taking each  
 With hostile counsels, yet reluctant both  
 To take th' initiative of ruthless war,  
 Till Jove, enthron'd on high, the signal gave  
 Then all the plain with men and horses throng'd,  
 The beaver gleam'd illum'd, rang the earth 180  
 Beneath their test, as to the battle-shock  
 They rush'd, but in the midst, both hosts between,  
 Rager for fight, stand forth two warriors bold,  
 Proudly pre-eminent, Anchises son  
 Eneas, and Achilles' godlike might

Eneas first with threat'ning men advanc'd,  
 Nodding his pond'rous helm before his breast  
 His shield he bore, and poen'd his brazen spear  
 Him met Achilles from th' opposing ranks,  
 Fierce as a rav'ning lion, whom to slay 190  
 Pour forth the stalwart youth, th' armed strength  
 Of the round village, the unhooding mares

Thus first Achilles, swift of foot began  
 ' Fools who so far before the ranks  
 Advance! dost thou presume with me to fight?  
 Perchance expecting that the throne of Troy  
 And Priam's roy'ly honours may be thine  
 Even if thou slay me, deem not to obtain  
 Such boon from Priam, valiant sons are his, 210  
 And he not weak but bears a constant mind  
 Or have the Trojans set apart for thee  
 Some favour'd spot the forest of the Lord,  
 Orchard or corn field shouldst thou work my death,  
 Which thou shalt find I trust, too hard a task?  
 Already hast thou fled before my spear,  
 Hast thou forgotten how amid thy herds  
 Alone I found thee, and with flying foot  
 Pursued thee down the steep of Ida's hill?  
 Nor didst thou dare to turn, or pause in flight 220  
 Thou to Lycaëssus fleddest, Lycaëssus I,  
 With Pallas aid and Jove's, assail'd and took  
 Their women thence, their days of freedom lost,  
 I bore away, my captives, thee from death  
 Jove and the other Gods defended then  
 But will not now bestow, though such thy hope,  
 Their succour, then I warn thee, while 'tis time,  
 Ere ill betide thee, to the gen'ral throng  
 That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd  
 After th' event may even a fool be wise 230

To whom in answer thus Menelaus spoke  
 " Achilles, thank not me, as though a fool,  
 To daunt with lofty speech, I too could well  
 With cutting words, and insult, answer thee  
 Each other's race and parents well we know  
 From tales of ancient days, although by sight  
 Nor mine to thee, nor thine to me are known  
 To noble Peleus thou, 'tis said, wast born  
 Of Thetis, fair hair'd daughter of the sea,  
 Of great Anchises, Heav'n descended chief, 240  
 I boast me sprung, to him by Venus borne  
 Of these shall one or other have this day  
 To mourn their son, since not with empty words  
 Shall thou and I from mortal combat part  
 But if thou farther wouldst enquire, and learn  
 The race I spring from, not unknown to men,

By Dardanus, of blood compell'd, Jove  
Begetting, was Dardania peopled first,  
Lycæ sacred Ilium populous city of men,  
Was founded on the plain, as yet they dwelt 250  
On spring abounding Ili's lowest spurs  
To Dardanus was Erichthonius born,  
Great king, the wealthiest of the sons of men,  
For him were pastur'd in the marshy mead  
Rejoicing with their foals three thousand mares  
Them Boreas in the pasture where they fed  
Beheld enmour'd and mind the herd  
In likeness of a coal black steed appear'd

Thy stronger far, and dearer to the Gods?  
 If e'er he cross thy path, do thou retire,  
 Lest ev'n, despite of fate, thou find thy death  
 But when Achilles hath to fate succumb'd,  
 Then, fearless, with the foremost join the fray  
 No other Greek shall bear away thy spoils "

380

Thus plainly warn'd, Æneas there he left  
 Then from Achilles' eyes he purg'd the film  
 Astonish'd, he with eyes wide open gaz'd,  
 As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart

" O Heav'n, what marvel do mine eyes behold?  
 My spear before me laid, and vanish'd he  
 At whom I hurl'd it with intent to slay!  
 Then is Æneas of th' immortal Gods

In truth belov'd, though vain I deem'd his boast  
 A curse go with him! yet methinks not soon  
 Will he again presume to prove my might,  
 Who gladly now in flight escapes from death  
 Then, to the valiant Greeks my orders giv'n,  
 Let me some other Trojan's mettle prove "

390

Then tow'rd the ranks he sprung, each sev'ral man  
 Exhorting " From the Trojans, valiant Greeks,  
 No longer stand aloof, but man to man  
 Confront the foe, and nobly dare the fight  
 'Twere hard for me, brave warrior though I be,  
 To face such numbers, and to fight with all  
 Not Mars, nor Pallas, though immortal Gods,  
 Could face, and vanquish, such a mighty mass  
 But what my single arm, and feet, and strength  
 May profit, not a jot will I relax,  
 Right through the ranks I mean to force my way,  
 And small shall be that Trojan's cause for joy,  
 Who comes within the compass of my spear "

400

Thus he, exhorting, Hector cheering on  
 Meanwhile the Trojans, with assurance giv'n  
 That he himself Achilles would confront

410

" Ye valiant Trojans, fear not Pelus' son,  
 I too in words could with the Gods contend,  
 Though not in arms, so much the stronger they  
 Not all his words Achilles shall make good,  
 Fulfilling some, in others he shall fail,  
 His course midway arrested. Him will I  
 Encounter, though his hands were hands of fire,

Of fire his hands, his strength as burnish'd steel

Thus he, exhorting with uplifted spears, 420

Advanc'd the Trojans from the mingling hosts

Loud rose the clamour then at Hector's side

Apollo stood, and thus address'd the chief

Hector, forbear Achilles to defy,

And mind the crowd withdraw thee from the fray,

Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far

Or with the sword in combat hand to hand

He said—and troubled by the heavenly voice

Hector amid the throng of men withdrew

Then, dart with might amid the Trojans' spring 430

With fearful shouts Achilles first he slew

Otryntes, son Iphionon valiant chief

Of numerous warriors—him a Naxos nymph,

In Hyades fertile vale beneath the feet

Of snow-clad Etna's to Otryntes bore

At him as on he rush'd Achilles hurl'd

And through his iron head drove his glittering spear

The head was cleft in twain—thundering he fell

And o'er him thus Achilles made his boast

Son of Otryntes he thou thou of men 440

The most vain glorious here thou find'st thy death

Far from thy place of birth beside the lake

Ev'n with such groans his noble spirit fled  
 The godlike Polydore he next assaul'd,  
 The son of Priam, him his aged sire  
 Would fain have kept at home, of all his sons  
 At once the youngest and the best-belov'd,  
 Among them all for speed of foot unmatched,  
 Whose youthful folly, in the foremost ranks  
 His speed displaying, cost him now his life  
 Him, as he darted by, Achilles' spear  
 Struck through the centre of the back, where met 470  
 The golden clasps that held the glut'ring belt,  
 And where the breastplate form'd a double guard  
 Right through his body pass'd the weapon's point,  
 Groaning, he fell upon his knees, dark clouds  
 O'erspread his eyes, supporting with his hand  
 His wounded bowels, on the ground he writh'd  
 When Hector saw his brother Polydore  
 Writhing in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes,  
 Nor longer could he bear to stand aloof,  
 But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire, 480  
 His keen spear brandishing, at sight of him  
 Up leap'd Achilles, and exulting cried

"Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,  
 Who slew my lov'd companion, now, methinks,  
 Upon the pass of war not long shall we  
 Stand separate, nor each the other shun."

Then, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus  
 "Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
 Unterrified "Achilles, think not me, 490  
 As though a fool and ignorant of war,  
 To daunt with lofty speech, I too could well  
 With cutting words and insult answer thee  
 I know thee strong and valiant, and I know  
 Myself to thee inferior, but th' event  
 Is with the Gods, and I, if such their will,  
 The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life  
 My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness prov'd."

He said, and, pouring, hurl'd his ponderous spear,  
 Which from Achilles Pallas turn'd aside 500  
 With lightest breath, and back to Hector sent,  
 And laid before his feet, intent to slay,  
 Onward Achilles rush'd, with fearful shout,

But Phoebus Hector from the field convey'd,  
 (As Gods can only,) veil'd in thickest cloud  
 Thrice Pelus' godlike son, with brazen spear,  
 His onset made, thrice struck the misty cloud,  
 But when, with pow'r as of a God, he made  
 His fourth essay, in fury thus he cried

" Yet once again, wile bound, hast thou escap'd, 510  
 Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath sav'd,  
 Phoebus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,  
 Well may'st thou pray! We yet shall meet again,  
 When I shall end thee, if a guardian God  
 I too may claim, meanwhile, from thee I turn,  
 And others seek on whom my hap may light "

He said, and drove through Dryops' neck his spear,  
 And stretch'd him at his feet, and pass'd him by  
 Next with his spear he struck below the knee  
 Phalestor's son, Demuchus, stout and tall, 520  
 And chuck'd his forward course, then rushing on  
 Dealt with his mighty sword the mortal blow  
 The sons of Bias next, Laogonus  
 And Dardanius, he hurl'd from off their car,  
 One with the spear, and one by sword struk slain  
 Thus too he slew, Alastor's son, who came  
 To meet him, and embrace his knees, and pray  
 To spare his life, in pity of his youth  
 Little he knew how vain would be his pray'r,  
 For not of temper soft, nor mild of mood 530  
 Was he, but sternly fierce, and as he knelt  
 And clasp'd his knees, and would his pray'r prefer,  
 Achilles clove him with his mighty sword,  
 Gash'd through the liver, as from out the wound  
 His liver dropp'd, the dark blood gushing forth  
 His bosom fill'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes,  
 As chok'd his life away Then through the ear  
 Molus he thrust, at th' other ear came forth  
 The brazen point Echeclus next he met,  
 Son of Agenor, and his halted sword 540  
 Fell on the centre of his head let fall  
 The hot blood dy'd the blade, the darkling shades  
 Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread  
 Next, where the tendons bend the elbow joint,  
 The brazen spear transfix'd Deucalion's arm,  
 With death in prospect, and disabled arm

He stood, till on his neck Achilles' sword  
 Descending, shar'd, and flung afar, both head  
 And helmet, from the spine's dissever'd joints  
 The marrow flow'd, as stretch'd in dust he lay 550  
 The noble son of Peireus next he slew,  
 Rigmus, who came from Thracia's fertile plains,  
 Him through the waist he struck, the brazen spear  
 Plung'd in his bowels, from the car he fell,  
 And as Arethōus, his charioteer,  
 His horses turn'd, Achilles through the neck  
 His sharp spear thrusting, hurl'd him to the ground,  
 The startled steeds in wild confusion thrown  
 As rage the fires amid the wooded glen  
 Or some parch'd mountain's side, and fiercely burns 560  
 The copse-wood dry, while eddying here and there  
 The flames are whurl'd before the gusty wind,  
 So fierces Achilles rag'd, on ev'ry side  
 Pursuing, slaught'ring, reek'd the earth with blood  
 As when upon a well roll'd threshing floor,  
 Two sturdy fronted steers, together yok'd,  
 Tread the white barley out, beneath their feet  
 Fast flies the grain out trodden from the husk,  
 So by Achilles driv'n, his flying steeds  
 His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain 570  
 And broken bucklers trampling, all beneath  
 Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails  
 Around the car, as from the horses' feet  
 And from the felices of the wheels were thrown  
 The bloody gouts, and onward still he press'd,  
 Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed  
 With gore and carnage his unconquer'd hands

# BOOK XXI

## ARGUMENT

ACHILLES having separated the Trojans, and drove one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander takes twelve young men alive his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him is opposed by Vulcan and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ceases. Apollo in the form of Agenor drags Achilles from the town which in the meantime the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,  
 Far flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,  
 Achilles cut in twain the flying host  
 Part daving toward the city, o'er the plain,  
 Where on the former day the routed Greeks,  
 When Hector rag'd victorious led amain  
 On, terror struck, they rush'd but Juno spread,  
 To buffet their retreat, before their path,  
 Clouds and thick darkness halt the fugitives  
 In the deep river's silv'ry eddies phung'd  
 With clamour loud they fell, the torrent roar'd,  
 The banks around re-echo'd, here and there,  
 They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam  
 As when, pursued by fire a how'ring swarm  
 Of locusts riverward direct their flight,  
 And, as th' insatiate flames advance, they cover  
 Amid the waters, so a mangled mass  
 Of men and horses, by Achilles driv'n,  
 The deeply whirling stream of Xanthus chok'd  
 His spear amid the tamarisks on the bank  
 The hero left, on savage deeds intent,  
 Arm'd with his sword alone, a God in pow'r,  
 He sprang amid the torrent, right and left  
 He smote, then fearful rose the groans of men  
 Slain with the sword, the stream ran red with blood  
 As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd  
 The shoal recesses of some open bay,  
 In fear, for whom he catches he devours,

10

20

So crouch'd the Trojans in the mighty stream  
 Beneath the banks, and when at length his hand 30  
 Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,  
 He dragg'd twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be  
 The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid  
 Helpless from fear, as sawns, he brought them forth,  
 Their hands secur'd behind them with the belts  
 Which o'er their shirts of twisted mail they wore,  
 And bade his comrades lead them to the ships  
 Then on again he dash'd, allorst for blood,  
 And first encounter'd, flying from the stream,  
 Lycaon, Pnam's son, him once before 40  
 He by a mighty onslaught had surpris'd,  
 And from his father's vineyard captive borne  
 Where, as he cut, to form his chariot rail,  
 A fig tree's tender shoots, unlook'd for ill  
 O'ertook him in the form of Peleus' son  
 Thence in his ship to Lemnos' thriving isle  
 He bore him, ransom'd there by Jason's son  
 His Imbrian host, Eetion, set him free  
 With lib'ral gifts, and to Arisba sent  
 Escaping thence, he reach'd his native home 50  
 Twelve days save one, rejoicing, with his friends  
 He spent, return'd from Lemnos' fate, the twelfth,  
 Again consign'd him to Achilles' hands,  
 From him, reluctant, to receive his death  
 Him when Achilles, swift of foot, beheld,  
 No spear in hand, of helm and shield bereft,  
 All flung in haste away, as from the stream,  
 Reeking with sweat, and faint with toil, he fled,  
 He commun'd, wrathful, with his mighty heart  
 "Ye Gods, what marvel do mine eyes behold" 60  
 Methinks the valiant Trojans slain by me  
 Ere long will from the realms of darkness rise,  
 Since, death escaping, but to slav'ry sold  
 In Lemnos' isle, this fellow hath return'd,  
 Despite the hoary sea's impediment,  
 Which many a man against his will hath stay'd  
 Now shall he taste my spear, that I may see  
 If thence too he return, or if the earth  
 May keep him safe, which ev'n the strongest holds "  
 Thus, as he stood, he mus'd, but all aghast 70  
 Approach'd Lycaon, and would fain have clasp'd

The Hero's knees, for longingly he sought  
 Escape from bitter death and evil fate  
 Achilles rais'd his spear, in act to strike,  
 He, stooping, ran beneath, and clasp'd his knees,  
 Above his back the murderous weapon pass'd,  
 And in the earth was fix'd — one suppliant hand  
 Achilles' knees embrac'd, the other held,  
 With unrelaxing grasp, the pointed spear,  
 As he with winged words, imploring, spoke 80  
 'I clasp thy knees, Achilles! look then down  
 With pity on my woes, and recognise,  
 Illustrious chief, a suppliant's sacred claim  
 For in thy tent I first broke bread, that day,  
 When, in my father's fruitful vineyard seiz'd,  
 I was thy captive, and to slavery sold,  
 Far from my wife and friends in Lemnos' isle  
 A hundred oxen were my ransom then,  
 At thrice so much I now would buy my life  
 This day is but the twelfth since, sorely tried 90  
 By lengthen'd suffering, back to Troy I came  
 Now to thy hands once more my cruel fate  
 Consigns me, surely by the wrath of Jove  
 Pursued, who gives me to thy power again  
 Me, doom'd to early death, my mother bore,  
 Old Altes' daughter, fair Laotice,  
 Altes, who rul'd the warlike Lelegians,  
 In lofty Pedasus, by Saron's stream  
 His child of Priam's many wives was one,  
 Two sons she bore, and both by thee must die 100  
 Already one, the godlike Polydore,  
 Amid the foremost ranks thy spear hath slain,  
 And now my doom is near, from thee to fly,  
 Since evil fate hath plac'd me in thy hands,  
 I may not hope, yet thus much let me say,  
 And weigh it in thy mind, to spare my life  
 I come not of that womb which Hector bore,  
 Who slew thy comrade, gentle, kind, and brave"  
 Thus Priam's noble son, imploring spoke,  
 But stern the answer fell upon his ear 110  
 "Thou fool! no more to me of ransom prate!  
 Before Patroclus met the doom of death,  
 To spare the Trojans still my soul inclin'd,  
 And many captives, ta'en alive, I sold,

But from henceforth, before the walls of Troy,  
 Not one of all the Trojans, whom the Gods  
 May to my hands deliver, least of all  
 A son of Priam, shall escape the death  
 Thou too, my friend, must die why vainly wail?  
 Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far  
 Me too thou see'st, how stalwart, tall, and fair,  
 Of noble sire, and Goddess mother born  
 Yet must I yield to death and stubborn fate,  
 Whene'er, at morn, or noon, or eve, the spear  
 Or arrow from the bow may reach my life "

120

He said, and sank Lycaon's limbs and heart,  
 He loos'd the spear, and sat, with both his hands  
 Uprais'd, imploring, but Achilles drew,  
 And on his neck beside the collar bone  
 Let fall his trenchant sword, the two edg'd blade  
 Was buried deep, prone on the earth he lay,  
 Forth gush'd the crimson blood, and dyed the ground

130

Him, dragging by the feet, Achilles threw  
 In the mid stream, and thus with vaunting speech

" Lie there amid the fishes, who shall cleanse,  
 But not with kindly thought, thy gory wounds  
 O'er thee, extended on thy bier, shall rise  
 No mother's wail, Scamander's eddying stream  
 Shall to the sea's broad bosom roll thee down,  
 And, springing through the darkly rippling wave,  
 Fishes shall rise, and banquet on thy flesh  
 On now the work of death! till, flying ye,  
 And slaught'ring I, we reach the city wall  
 Nor this fair flowing, silver eddying stream,  
 Shall aught avail ye, though to him ye pay  
 In sacrifice the blood of countless bulls,  
 And living horses in his waters sink

140

Ye all shall perish, till Patroclus' death  
 Be fully aveng'd, and slaughter of the Greeks,  
 Whom, in my absence, by the ships ye slew "

150

He said the mighty River at his words  
 Indignant chaf'd, and ponder'd in his mind  
 How best to check Achilles' warlike toil,  
 And from destruction guard the Trojan host

Meantime Achilles with his pond'rous spear  
 Asteropæus, son of Pelegon,  
 Assail'd with deadly purpose, Pelegon

To broadly flowing Axion on d his birth  
 The River God commingling with the blood  
 Of Periboa daughter eldest born 160

Of Icesamonus on him he sprang,  
 He, from the river rising stood oppos'd,  
 Two lances in his hand, his courage rous'd  
 By Xanthus, who, indignant, saw his stream  
 Polluted by the blood of slaughter'd youth.  
 By fierce Achilles hand, unpitying slain  
 When near the warriors each to other came,  
 Achilles, swift of foot, took up the word

' What man, and whence art thou, who dar'st to stand  
 Oppos'd to me? of most unhappy sires 170

The children they who my encounter meet'

To whom th' illustrious son of Pelion  
 ' Great son of Pelion why inquire my race?  
 From far Peonia's fertile fields I come  
 The leader of the long spear'd Peon host  
 Ten days have pass'd since I to them came.  
 From widely flowing Axios my descent

Three times relax'd his grasp, a fourth attempt  
 He made to bend and break the sturdy shaft,  
 But him, preventing, Peleus' godlike son  
 With deadly stroke across the belly smote,  
 And gush'd his bowels forth, upon the ground  
 Gasping he lay, and darkness seal'd his eyes.  
 Then on his breast Achilles sprang, and stripp'd  
 His armour off, and thus with vaunting speech  
 "So be thou there! 'tis hard for thee to fight,  
 'Though river born, against the progeny  
 Of mighty Jove, a widely flowing stream  
 'Thou claim'st as author of thy parentage,  
 My high descent from Jove himself I boast  
 My father Peleus, son of Æacus,  
 Reigns o'er the num'rous race of Myrmidons,  
 The son of Jove himself was Æacus  
 High o'er all rivers, that to th' ocean flow,  
 Is Jove exalted, and in like degree  
 Superior is his race in pow'r to theirs  
 A mighty River hast thou here at hand,  
 If that might aught avail thee, but his pow'r  
 Is impotent to strive with Saturn's son  
 With him, not Achelôus, King of streams,  
 Presumes to vie, nor ev'n the mighty strength  
 Of deeply flowing, wide Oceanus,  
 From whom all rivers, all the boundless sea,  
 All fountains, all deep wells derive their source,  
 Yet him appals the lightning bolt of Jove,  
 And thunder, pealing from the vault of Heav'n."

He said, and from the cliff withdrew his spear  
 Him left he lifeless there upon the sand  
 Extended, o'er him the dark waters wash'd,  
 And eels and fishes, thronging, gnaw'd his flesh  
 Then 'mid the Pæons' plumed host he rush'd,  
 Who fled along the eddying stream, when him,  
 Their bravest in the stubborn fight, they saw  
 Slain by the sword and arm of Peleus' son  
 Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
 Mnesus and Thrasus and Astypylus,  
 Æmus and Ophelestes, and yet more  
 Had been the slaughter by Achilles wrought,  
 But from his eddying depths, in human form,  
 With wrathful tone the mighty River spoke

210

220

230

240

" In strength, Achilles, and in deeds of arms,  
 All mortals thou surpassest, for the Gods  
 Themselves attend thee, and protect from harm,  
 If Saturn's son have giv'n thee utterly  
 The Trojans to destroy, yet, ere thou slay,  
 Far from my waters drive them o'er the plain,  
 For now my lovely stream is fill'd with dead, 350  
 Nor can I pour my current to the sea,  
 With floating corpses clog'd, whilst thou pursuest  
 The work of death, insatiate slay thy hand!  
 With horror I behold thee, mighty chief!"

When answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot  
 " Be it as thou wilt, Scamander, Heav'n born stream,  
 Yet cease I not to stay until I drive  
 These vanquish'd Trojans to their walls, and prove  
 The force of Hector, if, in single fight,  
 I be by him, or he by me subdued." 360

He said, and fierce as the Trojans rush'd,  
 A God is might' to Phœbus then his speech  
 The deeply eddying River thus address'd

" God of the silver bow great son of Jove,  
 Obey'st thou thus the will of Saturn's son,  
 Who charg'd thee by the Trojans still to stand,  
 And aid their cause, till Hector's late approach  
 Should cast its shadow o'er the fertile earth?"

Thus as he spoke, from off the lofty bank  
 Achilles springing in mad current plung'd 370  
 Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose  
 In all its angry flood, and with a roar  
 As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land  
 The num'rous corpses by Achilles slain,  
 And many living, in his unweary'd bed,  
 Conceal'd behind the whirling waters saw'd  
 Pierc'd, round Achilles, rose the boiling wave,  
 And on his shield descending, drove him down,  
 Nor might he keep his foothold, but he grasp'd  
 A lofty elm, well-grown, which from the cliff 380  
 Uprooted, all the bank had torn away,  
 And with its tangled branches check'd the flow  
 Of the fair river, which with all its length  
 It bridg'd across, then, springing from the deep,  
 Scarcely he fled in terror o'er the plain  
 Nor ceas'd the mighty River, but pursued,

With darkly ruffling crest, intent to stay  
 Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host  
 Far as a jav'lin's flight he rush'd, in speed  
 Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deem'd, 290  
 And swiftest wing'd of all the feather'd race  
 So on he sped, loud rattled on his breast  
 His brazen armour, as before the God,  
 Cow'ring, he fled, the God behind him still  
 With thund'ring sound pursued As when a man  
 From some dark water d spring through trenches leads,  
 'Mid plants and gardens, th' irrigating stream,  
 And, spade in hand, th' appointed channel clears  
 Down flows the stream anon, its pebbly bed  
 Disturbing, fast it flows with bubbling sound, 300  
 Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads  
 Achilles so th' advancing wave o'ertook,  
 Though great his speed, but man must yield to Gods  
 Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essay'd  
 To turn and stand, and know if all the Gods,  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, were leagu'd to daunt his soul,  
 So oft the Heav'n born River's mighty wave  
 Above his shoulders dash'd, in deep distress  
 He sprang on high, then rush'd the flood below,  
 And bore him off his legs, and wore away 310  
 The soil beneath his feet, then, groaning, thus,  
 As up to Heav'n he look'd, Achilles cried  
 "O Father Jove, will none of all the Gods  
 In pity save me from this angry flood?  
 Content, thereafter, would I meet my fate  
 Of all the pow'rs of Heav'n, my mother most  
 Hath wrong'd me, who hath buoy'd me up with hope  
 Deceptive, that, before the walls of Troy,  
 I should by Phoebus' swift wing'd arrows fall  
 Would that by Hector's hand 'twere mine to die, 320  
 The bravest of their brave! a warrior so  
 Were by a warrior slain! now am I doom'd  
 Ignobly here to sink, the mighty flood  
 O'erwhelming me, by a swart poor shepherd led  
 Borne down in crossing by a wintry brook "

He said, and quickly, cloth'd in mortal form,  
 Neptune and Pallas at his side appear'd,  
 With cheering words they took him by the hand,  
 And thus th' Earth shaking God his speech began

" Achilles, fear not thou, nor be dismay'd,  
 Such pow'riful aid, by Jove's consent, we bring,  
 Pallas and I, from Heav'n, 'tis not decreed  
 That thou shouldst by the River be o'erwhelm'd,  
 He shall retire ere long, and thou shalt see,  
 And more, if thou wilt hear, we undertake  
 That from the war thou art shall not be stay'd,  
 Till thou shalt drive beneath the walls of Troy  
 The crowd of flying Trojans, thou thyself  
 Shalt Hector slay, and safe regain the ships  
 Such high renown we give thee to achieve "

310

340

They to the other Gods, thus said, return'd,  
 He, greatly strengthen'd by the voice divine  
 Press'd onwards to the plain, the plain he found  
 All flooded o'er, and, floating, armour fair,  
 And many a corpse of men in battle slain,  
 Yet onward, lifting high his feet, he press'd  
 Right tow'rd the stream, nor could the mighty stream  
 Check his advance, such vigor Pallas gave,  
 Nor did Scamander vet his fury stay,  
 But fiercer rose his rage, and rearing high  
 His crested wave, to Simois thus he cried

350

" Dear brother, and me with united force  
 This mortal's course to check, he, unrestrain'd,  
 Will royal Priam's city soon destroy,  
 Nor will the Trojans his assault endure  
 Haste to the rescue then, and from their source  
 Fill all thy stream, and all thy channels swell,  
 Reuse thy big waves, and roll a torrent down  
 Of logs and stones, to whelm this man of might,  
 Who triumphs now, and bears him as a God  
 Nought shall his strength or beauty then avail,  
 Or gallant arms, beneath the waters sunk,  
 Deep hoied in the mud himself will I  
 In sand imbed, and o'er his corpse a pile  
 Of shingly gravel heap nor shall the Greeks  
 Be able to collect his bones, e'er's'd  
 By me so deep in slime His monument  
 They here may raise, but when they celebrate  
 His fun'ral rites, no mound will he require "

360

370

He said, and on Achilles, from on high  
 Came bounding, rushing down, with thund'ring roar,  
 With foam and blood and corpses intermix'd

High rose the Heav'n-born River's darling wave,  
 And bore Achilles downward, then in fear  
 Lest the broad waters of the eddying stream  
 Should quite o'erwhelm him, Juno cried aloud,  
 And Vulcan thus, her son, in haste address'd

"Up, Vulcan, up my son, for we had deem'd  
 That eddying Xanthus stood to thee oppos'd  
 Haste thee to aid, thy fiery strength display, 380  
 While from the sea I call the stormy blast  
 Of Zephyr and brisk Notus, who shall drive  
 The raging flames ahead, and burn alike  
 The Trojans and their arms—do thou the while  
 Burn down the trees on Xanthus' banks, himself  
 Assail with fire, nor by his honey'd words  
 Nor by his menaces be turn'd aside,  
 Nor, till thou hear my voice, restrain thy pow'r,  
 Then stay the raging flames unwearied course."

Thus Juno spoke—and Vulcan straight prepar'd 390  
 The heav'nly fire, and first upon the plain  
 The flames he kindled, and the dead consum'd,  
 Who lay, promiscuous, by Achilles slain  
 The plain was dried, and stay'd the wat'ry flood  
 As when the breath of Boreas quickly dries  
 In Autumn time a newly water'd field,  
 The tiller's heart rejoicing—so was dried  
 The spacious plain, then he, the dead consum'd,  
 Against the river turn'd the fiery glare  
 Burnt were the willows, elms, and tamarisk shrubs, 400  
 The lotus, and the reeds, and galangal,  
 Which by the lovely river grew profuse  
 The eels and fishes, mid the eddying whirl,  
 'Mid the clear wave were hurrying here and there,  
 In dire distress from Vulcan's fiery breath  
 Scorch'd by the flames, the mighty River spoke

Vulcan, no God against thy pow'r can stand,  
 Nor with thy fiery flames will I contend,  
 Restrain thy wrath—though Pelus' godlike son  
 Should from their city drive the Trojans straight, 410  
 With rival parties what concern have I?"

All scorch'd he spoke—his fair stream bubbling up,  
 As when a caldron, on a blazing fire,  
 Fill'd with the melting fat of well-fed swine,  
 Bobs up within and bubbles all around,

With well-dried wood beneath, so bubbling up  
 The waters of the lovely River boil'd  
 Nor onward would he flow, but check'd his course,  
 By the hot blast o'er borne, and fiery strength  
 Of skilful Vulcan, and to Juno thus,  
 Imploring, in his wing'd words address'd 420

" Juno, what cause impels thy son, my stream,  
 O'er all the rest, to visit with his wrath?  
 Ev'n less than others who the Trojans aid,  
 Have I offended, yet at thy command  
 Will I withdraw, but bid that he too cease,  
 And thus I swear, no Trojan more to save,  
 Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy  
 Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks "

Thus when the white arm'd Goddess Juno heard, 430  
 To Vulcan straight she thus address'd her speech  
 ' Vulcan, my glorious son, restrain thy hand  
 In mortal men's behalf, it is not meet  
 To prize thus hardly an Immortal God "

She said, and Vulcan stay'd his fiery strength,  
 And, back returning, in his wonted bed  
 Flow'd the fair River Xanthus thus subdued,  
 These two their warfare ceas'd, by Juno check'd,  
 Despite her wrath, but mid the other Gods  
 Arose contention fierce, and discord dire, 440  
 Their warring passions roas'd on either side  
 With fearful crash they met the broad Earth groan'd,  
 Loud rang the Heav'n as with a trumpet's sound  
 Jove, on Olympus' height, the tumult heard,  
 And in his heart he laugh'd a joyous laugh,  
 To see the Gods in angry battle met  
 Not long they stood aloof, led on by Mars  
 The buckler breaker, who to Pallas first,  
 Posing his spear his bitter speech address'd

" What dost thou here, thou saucy jade, to war 450  
 The Gods exciting, over bold of mood,  
 Led by thy haughty spirit? dost thou forget  
 How thou the son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
 Didst urge against me, and with visible spear  
 Direct his aim, and aid to wound my flesh?  
 For all I suffer'd thee, thou now shalt pay "

Thus as he spoke, he struck the tassell'd shield,  
 Awful to view, which not the lightning bolt

Of Jove himself could pierce the blood stain'd Mars  
 Against it thrust in vain his pond'rous spear 450  
 The Goddess stoop'd, and in her ample hand  
 Took up a stone, that lay upon the plain,  
 Dark, rugged, vast, which men of elder days  
 Had set to mark the limits of their land  
 Full on the neck of Mars she hurl'd the mass,  
 His limbs relaxing o'er ev'n hundred feet  
 Prostrate he lay, his hair defil'd with dust  
 Loud rang his armour, and with scornful smile  
 Pallas address'd him thus with vaunting speech

Fool, hast thou yet to learn how mightier far 470  
 My strength than thine, that me thou dar'st to meet?  
 Bear thou the burthen of thy mother's curse,  
 Who works thee harm, in wrath that thou the Greeks  
 Deserting, aidst the haughty Trojans' cause.

She said, and turn'd away her piercing glance  
 Him, deeply groaning, scarce to life restor'd,  
 Jove's daughter Venus taking by the hand,  
 Led from the field, which when the white arm'd Queen  
 Beheld, in haste to Pallas thus she cried  
 "O Heav'n, brave child of eagle-bearing Jove, 480  
 Undaunted! lo, again this saucy jade  
 Amid the press, the bane of mortals, Mars  
 Leads from the field, but haste thee in pursuit."

Thus Juno Pallas hasten'd in pursuit  
 Well pleas'd, and Venus with her pow'ful hand  
 Assailing, struck upon the breast, at once  
 The Goddess' courage and her limbs gave way  
 There on the ground the two together lay,  
 While Pallas o'er them thus with vaunting speech  
 'Would all were such, who aid the Trojan cause, 490  
 As valiant and as stout as Venus proves,  
 Who brings her aid to Mars, confronting me,  
 Then had our warlike labours long been o'er,  
 And Ilium's strong built citadel o'erthrown.'

Thus Pallas spoke the white arm'd Goddess smil'd,  
 And to Apollo thus th' Earth shaker spoke

'Phœbus, why stand we idly thus aloof?  
 The war begun by others, 'tis not meet,  
 And shame it were, that to Olympus' height  
 And to the brazen floor'd acode of Jove 500  
 We two without a contest should return

Thou then begin, as younger 'twere not well  
 For me, in age and practice more advanc'd,  
 Feeble of soul, how senseless is thy heart!  
 Hast thou forgotten all the cruel wrongs  
 We two, alone of all th' Immortals, bore,  
 When here, in Ilium, for a year, we serv'd,  
 By Jove's command, the proud Laomedon,  
 For promis'd hire and he our tasks assign'd?  
 His fortres, and a wall both broad and fair  
 I built, the town's unpregnable defence,  
 While thou didst on his plodding herds attend,

510

In many crested Ida's woody glens  
 But when the joyous seasons, in their course,  
 Had brought our labour's term, the haughty King  
 Denied our gerdan, and with threats dismiss'd  
 Bound hand and foot, he threaten'd thee to send  
 And sell to slavery in the distant isles,  
 And with the sword cut off the ears of both  
 So in indignant sorrow we return'd,  
 Robb'd of the hire he promis'd, but deputed  
 For this thy favour dost thou show to Troy,  
 And dost not rather join thy force to ours,  
 That down upon their knees the Trojans all  
 Should perish, with their babes and matrons chaste "

520

Whom answer'd thus the far destroying King  
 " Earth shaking God, I should not gain with thee  
 Th' esteem of wiss, if I with thee should fight  
 For mortal men, poor wretches, who like leaves  
 Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth,  
 But, sapless, soon decay from combat then  
 Refrain we, and to others leave the strife "

530

He turn'd, thus saying for he deem'd it shame  
 His father's brother to ussail in arms,  
 But him his sister, Goddess of the chase,  
 Rebuk'd, and thus with scornful speech address'd

' First thou, Apollo? and to Neptune leav st  
 The triumph and the fruitless victory?  
 Why o'er thy shoulder hangs thine idle bow?  
 Ne'er in our father's halls agars, as erst  
 Among th' Immortals, let me hear thee boast  
 How thou with Neptune wouldest in arms contend "

540

Thus she. Apollo answer'd not a word,  
 But Jave's imperial consort, fill'd with wrath,

Assail'd with bitter words the Archer Queen

"How canst thou dare, thou saucy nunx,<sup>1</sup> to stand  
Oppos'd to me, too great for thine assault,  
Despite thy bow<sup>2</sup> though Jove hath giv'n thee pow'r  
O'er tesble women, whom thou vait, to slay,  
Ev'n as a lion, better warr't for thee

350

To chase the mountain beasts and flying birds,  
Than thy superiors thus to meet in arms  
But since thou dar'st confront me, thou shalt know  
And feel how far my might surpasses thine "

She said, and with the left hand both the wrists  
Of Dian grasping, with her ample right  
The bow and quiver from her shoulders tore,  
And with them, as she turn'd away her head,  
With scornful laughter buffeted her ears  
The arrows Leen were scatter'd on the ground  
Weeping, the Goddess fled, as flies a dove  
The hawk's pursuit, and in a hollow rock  
Finds refuge, doom'd not yet to fall a prey,  
So, weeping, Dian fled, and left her bow

360

Then Hermes to Latona thus With thee  
I strive not, shame it were to meet in fight  
-I consort of the cloud-compelling Jove  
Freely amid th' Immortals make thy boast,  
That by thy prowess thou hast vanquish'd me "

Thus be Latona gather'd up the bow,  
And fallen arrows, scatter'd here and there  
Amid the whirling dust, then, these regain'd,  
Following her daughter, from the field withdrew  
Meanwhile to high Olympus fled the Maid,  
And to the brazen-floor'd abode of Jove  
There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,  
While quiver'd round her form th' ambrosial robe  
The son of Saturn tow'rd's him drew his child,  
And thus, with gracious smile, enquiry made  
"Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wrong'd thee thus, 380  
My child, as guilty of some open shame?"

To whom the bright crown'd Goddess of the chase  
 " Thy wife, my father, white arm'd Juno, she  
 Hath dealt thus rudely with me, she, from whom  
 All jars and strife among the Gods proceed "

Such converse while they held, the gates of Troy  
 Apollo enter'd, for the well built wall  
 Alarm'd, lest ev'n against the will of fate  
 The Greeks that day should maze it to the ground  
 The other Gods were to Olympus gone, 590  
 Triumphant these, and those in angry mood,  
 And took their seats before the cloud-curt Sirr  
 But on the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son  
 Horses and men alike, promiscuous, slain  
 As in a city, which the Gods in wrath  
 Have fir'd, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heav'n,  
 On all her people grievous toil is cast,  
 On many, harm and loss, such toil, such loss  
 Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host

Upon a lofty tow'r, the work of Gods, 600  
 The aged Priam stood, and thence beheld  
 Achilles raging with restless might,  
 The Trojans too he saw in fearful rout  
 Before him driv'n. their courage quite subdued  
 And, groaning, from the tow'r he hasten'd down,  
 And to the wailers cried along the wall

" Stand to the gates, and hold them open'd wide,  
 That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,  
 And refuge find, for close upon their flight  
 Achilles hangs, disaster now is near 610  
 But while our friends, receiv'd within the walls,  
 Find time to breathe again, replace in haste  
 The closely fitting portals for I fear  
 That man of blood may ev'n the city storm "

He said, the gates they open'd, and drew back  
 The solid bars, the portals, op'ning wide,  
 Let in the light, but in the vacant space  
 Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save  
 The flyers, parch'd with thirst and dust begun'd,  
 Straight for the city and the lofty wall 620  
 Made from the plain, Achilles spear in hand,  
 Press'd hotly on the rearmost, for his soul  
 With rage was fill'd, and madd'ning lust of fame  
 And now the lofty gated city of Troy

The sons of Greece had won, but Phoebus rous'd  
 Agenor's spirit, a valiant youth and strong,  
 Son of Antenor, he his bosom fill'd  
 With dauntless courage, and beside him stood  
 To turn aside the heavy hand of death,  
 As, veil'd in cloud, against the oak he lean'd  
 He, when Achilles' awful form he knew,  
 Yet firmly stood, though much perplex'd in mind,  
 As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart

639

" Oh woe is me! should I attempt to fly  
 Before Achilles' might, where fly the rest  
 Across the plain, disorder'd, he would soon  
 Overtake me, and in flight ignoble slay  
 Or should I leave the others to their fate,  
 Scatter'd by Peleus' son, and from the wall  
 And o'er the plain of Troy direct my flight,  
 Far as the foot of Ida's hill, and there  
 Lie hid in thickest covert, and at eve,  
 Refresh'd by bathing in the cooling stream,  
 And purg'd the sweat, retrace my steps to Troy?  
 Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these?  
 For should he mark me flying from the town,  
 And overtake me by his speed of foot,  
 No hope we e left me of escape from death,  
 So far his strength exceeds the strength of man  
 But how if boldly I await him here  
 Before the wall? his flesh is not to wound  
 Impervious but a single life is his,  
 Nor is he more, they say, than mortal man,  
 Though Jove assists him, and his triumph wills

649

659

He said, and stood collected, to await  
 Achilles' onset, and his manly heart,  
 With courage fill'd, was eager for the fray  
 As when a panther from the thicket's depth  
 Comes forth to meet the hunter, undismay'd,  
 Nor turn'd to flight by baying of the hounds,  
 Nor, wounded or by javelin or by sword,  
 Or by the spear transfix'd, renits her rage,  
 But fights, until she reach her toe, or die,  
 Agenor so, Antenor's godlike son,  
 Disdain'd to fly, ere prove Achilles' might  
 Before his breast his shields broad orb he bore,  
 And poiz'd his spear, as thus he call'd aloud

669

"Thy hope, renown'd Achilles, was this day  
 The valiant Trojans' city to destroy,  
 Unconscious of the toils, the woes, that yet  
 Around her walls await ye! for within  
 Are warriors brave and num'rous, who will fight  
 In her defence, for parents, children, wives  
 Thou too, Achilles, here shalt meet thy doom,  
 All pow'ful as thou art, and warrior bold "

670

He said, and threw with stalwart hand the spear,  
 Achilles' leg he struck, below the knee,  
 Nor miss'd his aim, and loudly rang the greaves  
 Of new-wrought tin, but back the brazen point  
 Rebounded, nor the heav'nly armour pierc'd  
 In turn Achilles on Agenor sprang  
 But Phrebus robb'd him of his hop'd for prize,  
 Who, veil'd in thickest cloud, convey'd away  
 Antenor's son, and from the battle bore  
 To rest in peace, while he by guile withdrew  
 The son of Pelous from the flying crowd  
 For in Agenor's very likeness clad,  
 Before him stood the far destroying King  
 Then led, Achilles hast'ning in pursuit  
 He o'er the fertile plain with flying foot  
 Pursu'd, beside Scamander's eddying stream  
 Apollo turn'd, and still but little space  
 Before him flying, subtly lur'd him on,  
 Each moment hoping to attain his prize  
 Meantime the gen'ral crowd, in panic flight,  
 With eager haste the city's refuge sought,  
 And all the town with fugitives was fill'd  
 Nor did they dare without the walls to stand  
 For mutual aid, nor halt to know what friends  
 Were safe who left upon the battle field,  
 But through the gates pour'd in the hurrying mass  
 Who to their active limbs their safety ow'd

680

690

700

Whom men the dog-star of Orion call,  
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man  
Of evil augury, and fiery heat  
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast

The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high  
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice  
Call'd on his son, imploring, he, unmov'd,  
Held post before the gates, awaiting there  
Achilles' fierce encounter, him his sire,  
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd

40

"Hector, my son, await not here alone  
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb,  
Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!  
Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal Gods  
So favour'd him as I! then should his corpse  
Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!  
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose)  
By whom I am of many sons bereav'd,  
Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold  
To distant isles in slavery, and e'en now,  
Within the city walls I look in vain  
For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore,  
My gallant sons, by fair Laothoe  
If haply yet they live, with brass and gold  
Their ransom shall be paid, good store of these  
We can command, for with his daughter fair  
A wealthy dow'ry aged Hecuba gave  
But to the viewless shades should they have gone,  
Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own,  
But of the gen'ral public, well I know  
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard  
That thou hadst fallen beneath Achilles' hand  
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,  
And of the women and the men of Troy  
Be still the guardian, nor to Pelrus son,  
With thine own life, immortal glory give  
Look too on me with pity, me, on whom,  
Ev'n on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove  
A bitter burden cast, condemn'd to see  
My sons struck down, my daughters dragg'd away  
In servile bonds, our chambers' sanctity  
Invaded, and our babes by hostile hands  
Dash'd to the ground, and by ferocious Greeks

50

60

70

Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons  
 On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,  
 When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,  
 My soul shall from my body be divorc'd,  
 Those very dogs which I myself have bred,  
 Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,  
 Shall lap my blood, and over gorg'd shall be  
 Ev'n on my threshold That a youth should fall  
 Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,  
 May well beseem his years, and if he fall  
 With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!  
 But when the hoary head and hoary beard,  
 And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,  
 No sadder sight can wretched mortals see "

The old man spoke, and from his head he tore  
 The hoary hair, yet Hector firm remain'd  
 Then to the front his mother rush'd, in tears,  
 Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast  
 Sustaining, and with tears address'd him thus  
 " Hector, my child, thy mother's breast reverse,  
 And on this bosom if thine infant woes  
 Have e'er been hush'd, hear now in mind, dear child,  
 The debt thou ow'st, and from within the walls  
 Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field  
 Encounter, curs'd be he! should he prevail,  
 And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,  
 My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,  
 Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,  
 But far away, beside the Grecian ships,  
 Thy corpse shall to the rav'ning dogs be giv'n "

Thus they, with tears and earnest pray'rs imploring  
 Address'd their son, yet Hector firm remain'd,  
 Waiting th' approach of Pelcus' godlike son  
 As when a snake upon the mountain side,  
 With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole  
 Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,  
 Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts,  
 So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector stood,  
 Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd  
 Against the jutting tow'r, then, deeply mov'd,  
 Thus with his warlike soul commotion held

" Oh woe is met if I should enter now  
 The city gates, I should the just reproach

Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but left  
 The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled  
 Forward, with eager step, Pelides rush'd  
 As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,  
 From some high mountain top, on tim'rous dove  
 Swoops fiercely down, she, from beneath, in fear,  
 Evades the stroke, he, dashing through the brake,  
 Shril shreking, pounces on his destin'd prey, 170  
 So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,  
 So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,  
 Beneath the walls his active sinews plied  
 They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall  
 Where stood the wind-best fig-tree, rac'd amain  
 Along the public road, until they reach'd  
 The fairly flowing fount whence issued forth,  
 From double source, Scamander's eddying streams  
 One with hot current flows, and from beneath,  
 As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise, 180  
 'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold  
 As hail, or snow, or water crystalis'd,  
 Beside the fountains stood the washing troughs  
 Of well wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy  
 And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd,  
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece  
 There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing,  
 Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,  
 With fiery speed, for on that race was stak'd  
 No common victim, no ignoble ox. 190  
 The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life  
 As when the solid footed horses fly  
 Around the course, contending for the prize,  
 Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft,  
 So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy  
 With active feet, and all the Gods beheld  
 Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men  
 "A woful sight mine eyes behold, a man  
 I love in flight around the walls! my heart  
 For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown  
 Of deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again 200  
 On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest bulls  
 Hath pil'd mine altar, whom around the walls,  
 With flying speed, Achilles now pursues  
 Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death

If we shall rescue him, or must he die,  
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand? "

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus  
" O Father, lightning flashing, cloud girt King,  
What words are these? would'st thou a mortal man, 310  
Long doom'd by fate, again from death preserve?  
Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent "

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied  
" Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly  
I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose  
Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand "

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,  
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped  
Meriwale on Hector with untiring hate  
The swift Achilles press'd as when a hound, 320  
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,  
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side,  
And a awile it should evade pursuit,  
Low trouching in the copse, yet quests he back,  
Searching unweaned, till he find the trace,  
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,  
The keen pursuit of Pelcus' active son  
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates  
Beneath the well built tow'rs, if haply thence  
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford, 330  
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,  
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain  
He tow'rd the city still escap'd his flight,  
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,  
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks  
As vainly to pursue, so could not now  
Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe  
Yet how should Hector now the doom of death  
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again  
And for the last time, to his rescue come, 340  
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb? "

Then to the crowd Achilles with his head  
Made sign that none at Hector should presume  
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so  
The greater glory obtain, while he himself  
Must be contented with the second place  
But when the fourth time in their rapid course  
reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung

His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each  
 The lots of doom, for great Achilles one, 250  
 For Hector one, and held them by the midst  
 Down sank the scale, weight'd with Hector's death,  
 Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side

Then to Pelides came the blue ey'd Maid,  
 And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus  
 " Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that now  
 To thee and me great glory shall accrue  
 In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight  
 Escape he cannot now, though at the feet  
 Of ægis bearing Jove, on his behalf, 260  
 With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fall  
 But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I  
 Persuade him to return and dare the fight "

So Pallas spoke, and he with joy obeying,  
 Stood leaning on his brass barb'd ashen spear  
 The Goddess left him there, and went (the form  
 And voice assuming of Deiphobus)  
 In search of godlike Hector, him she found,  
 And standing near, with wing'd words address'd  
 " Soberly, good brother, hast thou been bested 270  
 By fierce Achilles who around the walls  
 Hath chas'd thee with swift foot, now stand we both  
 For mutual succour, and his onset wait "

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm  
 " Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons  
 Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been  
 Still dearest to my heart, and now the more  
 I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,  
 Seeing my peril, from within the walls  
 To sally forth, while others skulk behind " 280

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied  
 " With many pray'rs, good brother, both our sire  
 And honour'd mother, and our comrades all  
 Successively implored me to refrain,  
 Such fear is fall'n on all, but in my soul  
 On thine account too deep a grief I felt  
 Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears,  
 Make trial if Achilles to the ships  
 From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,  
 Or by thine arm himself may be subdued " 290

Thus Pallas hur'd him on with treach'rous wile,

But when the two were met, and close at hand,  
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm

"No more before thee, Pelus' son, I fly  
Thrice have I sped around the walls, nor dur'd  
Await thine onset, now my spirit is rous'd  
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay  
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke  
The surest witnesses and guardians they  
Of covenants— at my head no foul disgrace  
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory  
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy lot  
To me be lotient, of thine armour stripp'd  
I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks  
Thy body to restore, do thou the like."

With fierce regard Achilles answer'd thus  
"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,  
Talk not to me of compacts, as 'twere mine  
And hence no firm concord can exist,  
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,  
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells—  
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,  
Can thou and I unite, till one of us  
Gilt with his blood the grass clad warrior Mars  
Bind thee at all thy fence, behoves thee now  
To prove a spearman skill'd, and warrior brave  
For thee escape is none, now, by my spear,  
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death, my comrades' blood,  
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now aveng'd."

He said, and passing, hurl'd his weighty spear,  
But Hector saw, and shrank'd the blow, he stoop'd,  
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd spear,  
And in the ground was fix'd—but Pallas drew  
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,  
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back  
Then Hector thus to Pelus' matchless son

"Thine arm has fail'd—not truly has my fate,  
Immortal son of Pelus, been to thee  
From Heaven reveal'd, such was indeed thy boast,  
But now it seems that supposit was thy speech  
And cunningly devis'd, in hopes that I  
Might by thy vaunts be terrified, and so  
Forgetful of my arms and prowess prove.  
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,

But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove  
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n  
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude,  
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!  
For lighter were to Trov the load of war,  
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain!"

340

He said, and pouring, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,  
Nor miss'd his aim, full in the midst he struck  
Pelides' shield, but glancing from the shield  
The weapon bounded off. Hector was griev'd,  
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand  
He stood aghast, no second spear was nigh  
And loudly on Derphobus he call'd  
A spear to bring, but he was far away  
Then Hector knew that he was dop'd, and cried,

Oh Heav'n! the Gods above have doom'd my death!

I deem'd indeed that brave Derphobus

351

Was near at hand, but he within the walls

Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd

Now is my death at hand, nor far away

Escape is none, since so hath Jove decreed,

And Jove's far darting son, who heretofore

Have been my guards, my fate hath found me now.

Yet not without a struggle let me die,

Nor all inglorious, but let some great act,

Which future days may hear of, mark my fall!

350

Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he drew,

Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side,

Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd

As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,

Through the dark clouds sweeps downward on the plain,

To seize some tender lamb, or cow ring bare,

So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword

Achilles' wrath was rous'd with fury wild

His soul was fill'd, betwix his breast he bore

His well wrought shield, and fix'd on his brow

370

Nodd'd the four plum'd helm, as on the breeze

Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest

By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd,

And as around the stars' unnumber'd host,

When twilight yields to night, one star appears

Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,

Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right

Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom  
Intent, and staring eagerly to see  
Where from attack his body least was hurt'd  
All else the gilt ring armour guarded well,  
Which Hector from Patroclus corpse had stripp'd,  
One clank appear'd, just where the collar bent  
The neck and shoulder parts, betwixt the throat,  
Where lies expos'd the swiftest road of death  
There level'd he, as Hector onward rush'd,  
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driv'n,  
But sever'd not the windpipe, nor destroy'd  
His power of speech—prone in the dust he fell  
And o'er him, vaunting thus Achilles spoke  
"Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,  
Thy hope was that thyself wast safe, and I  
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul  
Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,

Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their feast "

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
Dying " I know thee well, nor did I hope  
To change thy purpose, iron is thy soul  
But see that on thy head I bring not down  
The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæmæ gate  
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,  
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down "

Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death,  
And to the viewless shades his spirit fled, 430  
Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost

To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied  
" Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whence'er  
Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so decree "

He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,  
And laid aside, then strapp'd the armour off,  
With blood besmear'd, the Greeks around him throng'd,  
Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,  
And none approach'd that did not add a wound 440  
And one to other look'd, and said, " Good faith,  
Hector is easier far to handle now,  
Than when erewhile he wrapp'd our ships in fire "  
Thus would they say, then stab the dead anew

But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
Had strapp'd the armour from the corpse, he rose,  
And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks address'd  
" O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to slay,  
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill 450  
Than all the rest combin'd, advance we now  
Before the city in arms, and tral make  
What is the mind of Troy, if, Hector slain,  
They from the citadel intend retreat,  
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies  
Patroclus, whom I never can forget,  
While number'd with the living, and my limbs  
Have pow'r to move, in Hades though the dead  
May be forgotten, yet ev'n there will I 460  
The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep  
Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,  
Glad praise singing! with us he shall go,

Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,  
 The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd "  
 ' He said, and sou'ly Hector's corpse meas'd,  
 Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,  
 That from the ankle passes to the heel,  
 And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,  
 Leaving the head to trail along the ground,  
 Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,  
 And urg'd his horses, nothing loth, they flew  
 A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd  
 Loose hung his glossy hair, and in the dust  
 Was laid that noble head, so graceful once,  
 Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,  
 In his own country, at a foeman's hand  
 So lay the head of Hector, at the sight  
 ' His aged mother tore her hair, and fur  
 From off her head the glittering veil she threw,  
 And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewail'd  
 Prieneus, his father groan'd, and all around  
 Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe  
 Such was the cry, as if the heaving height  
 Of Thun all were smould'ring in the fire  
 Scarce was the old man by the crowd restrain'd  
 From rushing forth beyond the Dardan gates,  
 Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all,  
 Entreating by his name each sev'ral man  
 " Forbear, my friends, though sorrowing, stay me not, 450  
 Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,  
 And there implore this man of violence,  
 This haughty chief, if haply he my years  
 May reverence, and have pity on my age  
 For he too has a father, like to me,  
 Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred,  
 The bane of Troy, and, most of all, to me  
 The cause of endless grief, who by his hand  
 Have been of many stalwart sons bereft  
 Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less lament,  
 Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave  
 Hector! oh would to Heav'n that in mine arms  
 He could have died, with mourning then and tears  
 We might have satisfied our grief, both she  
 Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself "  
 Weeping, he spok, and with him wept the crowd

470

480

500

Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd forth  
 Her vehement grief "My child, oh whither now,  
 Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,  
 Of thee, who wast to me by night and day 310  
 A glory and a boast, the strength of all  
 The men of Troy, and women? as a God  
 They worshipp'd thee for, living, thou on all  
 Great glory shedd'st but fate hath found thee now"

Weeping, she spoke, but nought as yet was known  
 To Hector's wife, to her no messenger  
 Had brought the tidings, that without the walls  
 Remain'd her husband, in her house withdrawn  
 A web she wove, all purple, double woof,  
 With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery, 320  
 And to her neat hair'd maids she gave command  
 To place the largest caldrons on the fire,  
 That with warm baths, returning from the fight,  
 Hector might be refresh'd, unconscious she,  
 That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,  
 Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain  
 The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r,  
 Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her hand,  
 And to her neat hair'd maidens thus she spoke  
 'Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know 330  
 What means these sounds, my honour'd mother's voice  
 I hear, and in my breast my beating heart  
 Leaps to my mouth, my limbs refuse to move,  
 Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends  
 Be unfulfill'd my words' yet much I fear  
 Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,  
 By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,  
 Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage quench'd,  
 Which ever led him from the gen'ral ranks  
 Far in advance, and bade him yield to none" 340

Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,  
 With beating heart, and with her went her maids  
 But when the tow'r she reach'd, where stood the crowd,  
 And mounted on the wall, and look'd around,  
 And saw the body trailing in the dust,  
 Which the fleet steeds were dragging to the ships,  
 A sudden darkness overspread her eyes,  
 Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away  
 Far off were flung th' adornments of her head,

The net, the fillet, and the woven bands,  
 The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,  
 That day when Hector of the glancing helm  
 Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride  
 The sisters of her husband round her press'd,  
 And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay  
 But when her breath and spirit return'd again,  
 With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried

"Hector, oh woe is met to misery  
 We both were born alike, thou here in Troy 560

In Priam's royal palace, I in Thebes,  
 By wooded Placus, in Eëtion's house,  
 Who nurs'd my infancy, unhappy he,  
 Unhappier I! would I had ne'er been born!  
 Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,  
 Gone to the viewless shades, and me hast left

A widow in thy house, in deepest woe,  
 Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,  
 Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him  
 Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee 570  
 For though he 'scape this tearful war with Greece,  
 Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless woe,

And strangers on his heritage shall seize  
 No young companions own the orphan boy  
 With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,  
 His father's friends approaching, pinch'd with want,  
 He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one  
 He plucks the cloak, perchance in pity some

May at their tables let him sip the cup,  
 Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch,  
 While youths, with both surviving parents bless'd, 580  
 May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts,

'Begone! thy father sits not at our board'  
 Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's arms  
 He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,

Who on his father's knees awhile was fed  
 On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs,  
 And, when in sleep his childish play was hush'd,  
 Was hush'd to slumber in his nurse's arms  
 On softest couch, by all delights surrounded  
 But grief, his father lost, awaits him now, 590  
 Astyanax, of Trojans so surnam'd,

Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard

But now on thee, beside the beak'd ships,  
Far from thy parents, when the raving dogs  
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed,  
On thee, all naked, while within thy house  
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work  
Of women's hands, these will I burn with fire,  
Not for thy need—thou ne'er shalt wear them more,—  
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy.” 600  
Weeping she spoke, the women join'd her wail

# BOOK XXIII

## ARGUMENT

THE body of Patroclus is burned and the funeral games resume

Thus they throughout the city made their moan,  
But when the Greeks had come where lay their ships  
By the broad Hellespont, their several ways  
They each pursued, dispersing, yet not so  
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse,  
But thus his warlike comrades he address'd

" My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,  
Loose we not yet our horses from the cars,  
But for Patroclus mourn, approaching near,  
With horse and car, such tribute claim the dead, 10  
Then, free indulgence to our sorrows giv'n,  
Loose we the steeds, and share the evening meal "

He said, and they with mingled voices rais'd  
The solemn dirge, Achilles led the strain,  
Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinn'd steeds  
Mourning, with hearts by Thetis grief inspir'd,  
With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,  
Were wet, so mighty was the chief they mourn'd  
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid  
His blood-stain'd hands, and thus began the wail 20

" All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm,  
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform,  
That on the corpse of Hector, hither dragg'd,  
Our dogs should feed, and that twelve noble youths,  
The sons of Troy, before thy fun'ral pyre,  
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay "

He said, and foully Hector's corpse maso'd,  
Flung prostrate in the dust, beside the couch  
Where lay Menestius' son His comrades then 30  
Their glist'ning armour doff'd, of polish'd brass,  
And loos'd their neighing steeds, then round the ship  
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,  
While he th' abundant fun'ral feast dispens'd

There many a steer lay stretch'd beneath the knife  
 And many a sheep, and many a bleating goat,  
 And many a white tusk'd porker, rich in fat,  
 There lay extended, singeing o'er the fire,  
 And blood, in torrents, flow'd around the corpse  
 To Agamemnon then the Kings of Greece  
 The royal son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
 Conducted, yet with him they scarce prevail'd,  
 So fierce his anger for his comrade's death  
 But when to Agamemnon's tent they came,  
 He to the clear voic'd heralds gave command  
 An ample tripod on the fire to place,  
 If haply Peleus son he might persuade  
 To wash away the bloody stains of war  
 But sternly he, and with an oath refus'd

40

" No, by great Jove I swear, of all the Gods  
 Highest and mightiest, water shall not touch  
 This head of mine, till on the fun'ral pyre  
 I see the body of Patroclus laid,  
 And build his tomb, and cut my votive hair,  
 For while I live and move 'mid mortal men,  
 No second grief like this can pierce my soul  
 Observe we now the mournful fun'ral feast,  
 But thou, great Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Send forth at early dawn, and to the camp  
 Bring store of fuel, and all else prepare,  
 That with provision meet the dead may pass  
 Down to the realms of night, so shall the fire  
 From out our sight consume our mighty dead,  
 And to their wonted tasks the troops return "

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60

He said, they listen'd, and his words obey'd,  
 Then busily the ev'ning meal prepar'd,  
 And shar'd the social feast, nor lack'd there aught  
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
 Each to their sev'ral tents the rest repair'd,  
 But on the many dashing ocean's shore  
 Pelides lay, amid his Myrmidons,  
 With bitter groans, in a clear space he lay,  
 Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach  
 There, circumfus'd around him, gentle sleep,  
 Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,  
 O'ercame his senses, for the hot pursuit  
 Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy

70

His active limbs had wearied as he slept,  
Sadden appear'd Patroclus' mournful shade,  
His very self, his height, and beauteous eyes,  
And voice, the very garb he went to wear  
Above his head it stood, and thus it spoke

80

"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,  
Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?  
Hasten my fun'ral rites, that I may pass  
Through Hades' gloomy gates, ere those be done,  
The spirits and spectres of departed men  
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross  
Th' abhorr'd river, but forlorn and sad  
I wander through the wide spread realms of night  
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep,  
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,  
Shall I return from Hades, never more,  
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,  
As friends, sweet counsel take, for me, stern Death,  
The common lot of man has op'd his mouth,  
Thou too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
Art destin'd here beneath the walls of Troy  
To meet thy doom, yet one thing must I add,  
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request  
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,  
Achilles, but together, as our youth  
Was spent together in thy father's house,  
Since first my sire Menecleus me a boy  
From Opus brought, a luckless homicide,  
Who of Amphidamas, by evil chance,  
Had slain the son, disputing o'er the dice  
Me noble Peleus in his house receiv'd,  
And kindly nurs'd, and thine attendant nam'd,  
So in one urn be now our bones enclos'd,  
The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift "

90

100

110

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot  
"Why art thou here, lov'd being? why on me  
These sev'ral charges lay? whate'er thou bidd'st  
Will I perform, and all thy mind fulfil,  
But draw thou near, and in one short embrace,  
Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge "

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,  
But nought he clasp'd, and with a wailing cry,  
Vanish'd, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth

Up sprang Achilles, all amaz'd, and smote  
His hands together, and lamenting cried

"O Heav'n, there are then, in the realms below,  
Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all,  
For through the night Patroclus' shade hath stood,  
Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told  
His bidding, th' image of himself it seem'd "

He said, his words the gen'ral grief arous'd  
To them, as round the piteous dead they mourn'd,  
Appear'd the rosy finger'd morn, and straight,  
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent,  
Went forth in search of fuel, men and mules,  
Led by a valiant chief Menones,

The follower of renown'd Idomeneus  
Their felling axes in their hands they bore,  
And trusted ropes, their mules before them driv'n,  
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,  
They journey'd on, but when they reach'd the foot  
Of spring abounding Ida, they began  
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks,

They, loudly crashing, fell the wood they clove,  
And bound it to the mules, these took their way  
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain  
The axe men too, so had Menones,  
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus,  
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach

They laid in order, where a lofty mound,  
In memory of Patroclus and himself,  
Achilles had design'd. When all the store  
Of wood was duly laid, the rest remain'd  
In masses seated, but Achilles had

The warlike Myrmidons their armour don,  
And harness each his horse to his car,  
The robes and don'd their arms, and on the cars  
Warriors and charioteers their places took.  
First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot,  
Unnumber'd, in the midst Patroclus came,  
Borne by his comrades, all the corpse with hair  
Iliac and o'er which from their heads they shone  
Behold, Achilles re'd his head, and mourn'd  
The noble friend whom to the tomb he bore  
Then on the spot by Peleus' son assign'd,  
They laid him down, and piled the wood on high

Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd  
 Standing apart, the yellow locks he shone,  
 Which as an off'ring to Sperchius' stream,  
 He nurs'd in rich profusion, sorrowing then  
 Look'd o'er the dark-blue sea, as thus he spoke

"Sperchius, all in vain to thee his pray'r  
 My father Peleus made, and vow'd that I,  
 Return'd in safety to my native land,  
 To thee should dedicate my hair, and pay  
 A solemn hecatomb, with sacrifice  
 Of fifty rams, unblemish'd, to the springs  
 Where on thy consecrated soil is plac'd  
 Thine incense-honour'd altar, so he vow'd,  
 But thou the boon withhold'st, since I no more  
 My native land may see, the hair he vow'd,  
 To brave Patroclus thus I dedicate "

He said, and on his comrade's hand he laid  
 The locks, his act the gen'ral grief arous'd,  
 And now the setting sun had found them still  
 Indulging in their grief, but Peleus' son  
 Approaching, thus to Agamemnon spoke.

"Atides, for to thee the people pay  
 Readiest obedience, mourning too prolong'd  
 May weary, thou then from the pyre the rest  
 Disperse, and bid prepare the morning meal,  
 Ours be the farther charge, to whom the dead  
 Was chiefly dear, yet let the chiefs remain "

The monarch Agamemnon heard and straight  
 Dispers'd the crowd amid their sev'ral ships  
 Th' appointed band remain'd, and pil'd the wood  
 A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,  
 And on the summit, sorrowing, laid the dead  
 Then many a sheep and many a slow pac'd ox  
 They slay'd and dress'd around the fun'ral pyre,  
 Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,  
 And cover'd o'er the dead from head to foot,  
 And heap'd the slaughter'd carcasses around,  
 Then jars of honey plac'd, and fragrant oils,  
 Resting upon the couch, next, groaning loud,  
 Four powerful horses on the pyre he threw,  
 Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board  
 Had fed, he slaughter'd two upon his pyre,  
 Last, with the sword, by evil counsel sway'd,

Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy  
 The fire's devouring might he then applied,  
 And, groaning, on his lov'd companion call'd

" All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!  
 All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform 219  
 On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with thee,  
 The flames shall feed, but Hector, Priam's son,  
 Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give "

Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs  
 Molested not, for Venus, night and day,  
 Daughter of Jove, the rav'ning dogs restrain'd,  
 And all the corpse o'erlaid with roseate oil,  
 Ambrosial, that though dragg'd along the earth,  
 The noble dead might not receive a wound 220  
 Apollo too a cloudy veil from Heav'n  
 Spread o'er the plain, and cover'd all the space  
 Where lay the dead, nor let the blazing sun  
 The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch

Yet burnt not up Patroclus' fun'ral pyre,  
 Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd  
 Standing apart, on both the Winds he call'd,  
 Boreas and Zephyrus, and added vows  
 Of costly sacrifice, and pouring forth  
 Libations from a golden goblet, pray'd 221  
 Their presence, that the wood might haste to burn,  
 And with the fire consume the dead, his pray'r  
 Swift Iris heard, and bore it to the Winds  
 They in the hall of gusty Zephyrus  
 Were gather'd round the feast, in haste appearing,  
 Swift Iris on the stony threshold stood  
 They saw, and rising all, besought her each  
 To sit beside him, she with their requests  
 Refus'd compliance, and address'd them thus

" No seat for me, for I o'er th' ocean stream  
 From hence am bound to Æthiopia's shore, 222  
 To share the sacred feast, and hecatombs,  
 Which there they offer to th' immortal Gods,  
 But, Boreas, thee, and loud voic'd Zephyrus,  
 With vows of sacrifice, Achilles calls  
 To fan the fun'ral pyre, whereon is laid  
 Patroclus, mourn'd by all the host of Greece "

She said, and vanish'd, they, with rushing sound,  
 Rose, and before them drove the hurrying clouds

Soon o'er the sea they swept, the stirring breeze  
 Ruffled the waves, the fertile shores of Troy 750  
 They reach'd, and falling on the fun'ral pyre,  
 Loud roar'd the crackling flames, they all night long  
 With current brisk together join'd the fire

All night Achilles from a golden bowl  
 Drew forth, and, in his hand a double cup,  
 The wine outpouring, moisten'd all the earth,  
 Still calling on his lost Patroclus' shade 260  
 'As mourns a father o'er a youthful son,  
 Whose early death hath wrung his parents' hearts  
 So mourn'd Achilles o'er his friend's remains,

Prostrate beside the pyre, and groan'd aloud  
 But when the star of Lucifer appear'd,  
 The harbinger of light, whom following close  
 Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robed morn.  
 Then pal'd the smould'ring fire, and sank the flame,  
 And o'er the Thracian sea, that groan'd and heav'd  
 Beneath their passage, home the Winds return'd,  
 And weary, from the pyre a space withdrawn,  
 Achilles lay, o'ercome by gentle sleep 270

Anon, awaken'd by the tramp and din  
 Of crowds that follow'd Atreus' royal son,  
 He sat upright, and thus address'd his speech

"Thou son of Atreus, and ye chiefs of Greece,  
 Far as the flames extended, quench we first  
 With ruddy wine the embers of the pyre,  
 And of Menelaus' son, Patroclus, next  
 With care distinguishing, collect the bones,  
 Nor are they hard to know, for in the midst  
 He lay, while round the edges of the pyre, 280  
 Horses and men commix'd, the rest were burnt  
 Let these, between a double layer of fat  
 Endos'd, and in a golden urn remain,

Till I myself shall in the tomb be laid,  
 And o'er them build a mound, not over large,  
 But of proportions meet, in days to come,  
 Ye Greeks, who after me shall here remain,  
 Complete the work, and build it broad and high "

Thus spoke Achilles, they his words obey'd  
 Far as the flames had reach'd, and thickly strown  
 The embers lay, they quench'd with ruddy wine,  
 Then tearfully their gentle comrade's hopes 290

Collected, and with double layers of fat  
 Enclos'd, and in a golden urn encas'd,  
 Then in the tent they laid them, overspread  
 With veil of linen fair, then meting out  
 Th' allotted space, the deep foundations laid  
 Around the pyre, and o'er them heap'd the earth  
 Their task accomplish'd, all had now withdrawn,  
 But Peleus' son the vast assembly stay'd,  
 And bade them sit, then, prizes of the games,  
 Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,  
 And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,  
 And women fair of form, and iron hoar

300

First, for the contest of the flying cars  
 The prizes he display'd a woman fair,  
 Well skill'd in household cares, a tripod vast,  
 Two handled, two and twenty measures round,  
 These both were for the victor for the next,  
 A mare, unbroken, six years old, in foal  
 Of a mule colt, the third, a caldron bright,  
 Capacious of four measures, white and pure,  
 By fire as yet untarnish'd, for the fourth,  
 Of gold two talents, for the fifth, a vase  
 With double cup, untouch'd by fire, he gave  
 Then, standing up, he thus address'd the Greeks

310

"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well griev'd Greeks,  
 Before ye are the prizes, which await

The contest of the cars, but if, ye Greeks  
 For any other cause these games were held,  
 I to my tent should bear the foremost prize,  
 For well ye know how far my steeds excel  
 Steeds of immortal race, which Neptune gave  
 To Peleus, he to me, his son transferr'd

320

But from the present strife we stand aloof,  
 My horses and myself, they now have lost  
 The daring courage and the gentle hand  
 Of him who drove them, and with water pure  
 Wash'd oft their manes and bath'd with fragrant oil  
 For him they stand and mourn, with drooping heads  
 Down to the ground, their hearts with sorrow fill'd,  
 But ye in order range yourselves, who burst  
 Your well built chariots and your horses' speed"

330

He said up sprang the eager charioteers,  
 The first of all, Phaulus king of men

Admetus' son, unmatched in horsemanship,  
 Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,  
 With Trojan horses, from Aeneas won,  
 When by Apollo's aid himself escap'd,  
 Then Heav'n born Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
 Two flying coursers harness'd to his car,  
 His own, Podargus, had for yokefellow  
 Æthe, a mare by Agamemnon lent  
 Her, Echepolus to Atreides gave,

340

Anchises' son, that to the wars of Troy  
 He might not be compell'd, but safe at home  
 Enjoy his ease, for Jove had bless'd his store  
 With ample wealth, in Sicron's wide domain  
 Her now he yok'd, impatient for the course  
 The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son  
 Of Nestor, mighty monarch, Neleus' son,  
 Harness'd his sleek-shinn'd steeds, of Pylian race  
 Were they who bore his car, to him, his sire  
 Sage counsel pour'd in understanding ears

350

"Antilochus, though young in years thou art,  
 Yet Jove and Neptune love thee, and have well  
 Instructed thee in horsemanship, of me  
 Thou need'st no counsel, skill'd around the goal  
 To whirl the chariot, but thou hast, of all,  
 The slowest horses whence I augur ill  
 But though their horses have the speed of thine,  
 In skill not one of them surpasses thee  
 Then thou, dear boy, exert thine ev'ry art,  
 That so thou mayst not fail to gain a prize  
 By skill, far more than strength, the woodman fells  
 The sturdy oak, by skill the steersman guides  
 His flying ship across the dark blue sea,  
 Though shatter'd by the blast, 'twixt charioteer  
 And charioteer 'tis skill that draws the line  
 One, vainly trusting to his coursers' speed,  
 Drives reckless here and there, o'er all the course,  
 His horses, unrestrain'd, at random run  
 Another, with inferior horses far,  
 But better skill'd, still fixing on the goal  
 His eye, turns closely round, nor overlooks  
 The moment when to draw the rein, but holds  
 His steady course, and on the leader waits  
 A mark I give thee now, thou canst not miss

360

370

There stands a wither'd trunk, some six feet high,  
 Of oak, or pine, unrotted by the rain,  
 On either side have two white stones been plac'd, 380  
 Where meet two roads, and all around there lies  
 A smooth and level course: here stood perchance  
 The tomb of one who died long years ago,  
 Or former generations here have plac'd,  
 As now Achilles hath decreed, a goal  
 There drive, as only not to graze the post,  
 And leaning o'er the wicker body, leave  
 Close on the left the stones, thine offside horse  
 Then urge with voice and whip, and slack his rein,  
 And let the nearside horse so closely graze, 390  
 As that the nave may seem to touch the goal  
 But yet beware, lest striking on the stone,  
 Thy steeds thou injure, and thy chariot break,  
 A source of triumph to thy rivals all  
 O! shame to thee, but thou sage caution use,  
 For, following, if thou make the turn the first,  
 Not one of all shall pass thee, or o'ertake,  
 Not though Anon's self were in the car,  
 Adrastus' flying steed, of heav'nly race,  
 Nor those which here Laomedon possess'd: 400

Thus said, and to his son his counsels giv'n,  
 The aged Nestor to his seat withdrew  
 Fifth in the lists Menonoe appear'd  
 They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots  
 Achilles shook the helmet, first leap'd forth  
 The lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus,  
 Next came the King Eumelus, after whom  
 The valiant Menelaus, Atreus son,  
 The fourth, Menonoe, and last of all,  
 But ablest war, Tydides drew his place 410  
 They stood in line, Achilles pointed out,  
 Far on the level plain, the distant goal  
 And there in charge the godlike Phoenix plac'd,  
 His father's ancient follower, to observe  
 The course assign'd, and true report to make  
 Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd  
 By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds  
 They from the ship pursued their rapid course  
 Athwart the distant plain, beneath their chests  
 Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust, 420

Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes,  
 The cars now slammi'd along the fertile ground,  
 Now bounded high in air, the charioteers  
 Stood up aloft, and ev'ry bosom beat  
 With hope of vict'ry, each with eager shout  
 Cheering his steeds, that scour'd the dusty plain  
 But when, the farthest limits of the course  
 Attain'd, they turn'd beside the hoary sea,  
 Strain'd to their utmost speed, were plainly seen  
 The qualities of each, then in the front  
 Appear'd Eumelus' flying mares, and next  
 The Trojan horses of Tydides came  
 Nor these were far behind, but following close  
 They seem'd in act to leap upon the car  
 Eumelus, on his neck and shoulders broad,  
 Felt their warm breath, for o'er him, as they flew,  
 Their heads were downward bent, and now, perchance,  
 Had he or pass'd, or made an even race,  
 But that, incens'd with valiant Diomed,  
 Apollo wrested from his hands the whip  
 Then tears of anger from his eyelids fell.  
 As gaining more and more the mares he saw,  
 While, urg'd no more, his horses slack'd their speed  
 But Pallas mark'd Apollo's treach'rous wile,  
 And hasting to the chief, restor'd his whip,  
 And to his horses strength and courage gave  
 The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,  
 And snapp'd his chariot yoke, the mares, releas'd,  
 Swerv'd from the track the pole upon the ground  
 Lay loosen'd from the car, and he himself  
 Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurl'd  
 From elbows, mouth, and nose, the skin was torn,  
 His forehead crush'd and batter'd in, his eyes  
 Were fill'd with tears, and lost his power of speech  
 Tydides turn'd aside, and far ahead  
 Of all the rest, pass'd on, for Pallas gave  
 His horses courage, and his triumph will'd  
 Next him, the fair hair'd Menelaus came,  
 The son of Atreus, but Antilochus  
 Thus to his father's horses call'd aloud  
 "Forward, and stretch ye to your utmost speed,  
 I ask you not with those of Diomed  
 In vain to strive, whom Pallas hath endued

430

440

450

460

With added swiftness, and his triumph will'd,  
 But haste ye, and o'ertake Atides' car,  
 Nor be by Æthe, by a mare, disgrac'd  
 Why, my brave horses, why be left behind?  
 Thus too I warn ye, and will make it good  
 No more at Nestor's hand shall ye receive  
 Your provender, but with the sword be slain,  
 If by your faults a lower prize be ours,  
 Then rouse ye now, and put forth all your speed,  
 And I will so contrive, as not to fail  
 Of slipping past them in the narrow way "

410

He said, the horses, of his voice in awe,  
 Put forth their pow'rs awhile, before them soon  
 Antilochus the narrow pass espied

It was a gully, where the winter's rain  
 Had lain collected, and had broken through  
 A length of road, and hollow'd out the ground

420

There Menelaus held his cautious course,  
 Fearing collision, but Antilochus,  
 Drawing his steeds a little from the track,  
 Bore down upon him sideways: then in fear,  
 The son of Atreus to Antilochus  
 Shouted aloud, " Antilochus, thou driv'st  
 Like one insane, hold in awhile thy steeds,  
 Here is no space, where wider grows the road,  
 There thou mayst pass, but here, thou wilt but <sup>cause</sup>  
 Our cars to clash, and bring us both to harm "

430

He said, but madlier drove Antilochus,  
 Flying the goad, as though he heard him not

Far as a discus' flight, by some stout youth,  
 That tests his vigour, from the shoulder hurl'd,  
 So far they ran together, side by side  
 Then dropp'd Atides' horses to the rear,  
 For he himself forbore to urge their speed,  
 Lest, meeting in the narrow pass, the cars  
 Should be o'erthrown, and they themselves, in haste  
 To gain the vict'ry, in the dust be roll'd  
 Then thus, reproachful, to Antilochus

440

" Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!  
 Dost shew thy heart! we Greeks are much deceiv'd  
 Who gave thee fame for wisdom! yet ev'n now  
 Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize "

He said, and to his horses call'd aloud

" Slack not your speed, nor, as defeated, mourn,  
 Their legs and feet will sooner tire than yours,  
 For both are past the vigour of their youth "

Thus he, the horses, of his voice in awe,  
 Put forth their pow'rs, and soon the leaders near'd 510

Meanwhile the chieftains, seated in the ring,  
 Look'd for the cars, that scour'd the dusty plain  
 The first to see them was Idomeneus,  
 The Cretan King, for he, without the ring,  
 Was posted high aloft, and from afar  
 He heard and knew the foremost horseman's voice,  
 Well too he knew the gallant horse that led,  
 All bay the rest, but on his front alone  
 A star of white, full-orb'd as the moon 520

Then up he rose, and thus the Greeks address'd  
 " O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
 Can ye too see, or I alone, the cars?  
 A diff'rent chariot seems to me in front,  
 A diff'rent charioteer, and they who first  
 Were leading, must have met with some mischance  
 I saw them late, ere round the goal they turn'd,  
 But see them now no more, though all around  
 My eyes explore the wide-spread plain of Troy  
 Perchance the charioteer has dropp'd the reins,  
 Or round the goal he could not hold the mares,  
 Perchance has miss'd the turn, and on the plain  
 Is lying now beside his broken car,  
 While from the course his mettled steeds have flown  
 Stand up, and look yourselves, I cannot well  
 Distinguish, but to me it seems a chief,  
 Who reigns o'er Greeks, though of Ætolian race,  
 The son of Tydens, valiant Diomed " 530

Sharply Odysseus' active son replied  
 " Idomeneus, why thus, before the time,  
 So rashly speak? while the high stepping steeds  
 Are speeding yet across the distant plain  
 Thine eyes are not the youngest in the camp,  
 Nor look they out the sharpest from thy head,  
 But thou art ever hasty in thy speech,  
 And ill becomes thee this precipitance,  
 Since others are there here, thy better far  
 The same are leading now, that led at first,  
 Eumelus' mares, 'tis he that holds the reins " 540

To whom in anger thus the Cretan chief 550  
 " Ajax, at wrangling good, in judgment naught,  
 And for aught else, among the chiefs of Greece  
 Of small account—so stubborn is thy soul,  
 Wilt thou a tripod or a caldron stake,  
 And Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appoint  
 The umpire to decide whose steeds are first?  
 So shalt thou gain thy knowledge at thy cost "

He said up sprang Odeus' active son,  
 In anger to reply, and farther yet 560  
 Had gone the quarrel but Achilles' self  
 Stood up, and thus the rival chiefs address'd

" Forbear, both Ajax and Idomeneus,  
 This bitter interchange of wordy war,  
 It is not seemly, and yourselves, I know,  
 Another would condemn, who so should speak  
 But stay ye here, and seated in the ring,  
 Their coming wait, they, hurrying to the goal,  
 Will soon be here, and then shall each man know  
 Whose horses are the second, whose the first "

Thus he, but Tydeus son drew near, his lash 570  
 Still laid upon his horses' shoulder points,  
 As lightly they, high stepping, scour'd the plain  
 Still on the charioteer the dust was flung,  
 As close upon the flying footed steeds  
 Follow'd the car with gold and tin inlaid,  
 And lightly, as they flew along, were left  
 Impress'd the wheel tracks on the sandy plain  
 There in the dust he stood, the sweat profuse  
 Down pouring from his horses' heads and chests,  
 Down from the glittering car he leap'd to earth, 580  
 And lean'd his whip against the chariot yoke,  
 Not long delay'd the valiant Sthenelus,  
 But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize,  
 Then to his brave companions gave in charge  
 To lead away the woman, and to bear  
 The tripod, while himself unyok'd the steeds

Next came the horses of Antiochus,  
 Who hid by stratagem and not by speed,  
 O'er Menelaus triumph'd, yet ev'n so  
 Urides' flying couriers press'd him hard, 590  
 For but so far as from the chariot-wheel  
 A horse, when harness'd to a royal car,

Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost hairs  
 Brushes the fellows, close before the wheel,  
 Small space between, he scours the wide spread plain  
 So far was Menelaus in the rear  
 Of Nestor's son, at first, a discus' cast  
 Between them lay, but rapidly his ground  
 He gain'd—so well the speed and courage serv'd  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon's beauteous mare,  
 And, but a little farther were the course,  
 Had pass'd him by, nor left the race in doubt  
 Behind the noble son of Atreus came,  
 A jav'lin's flight apart, Meriones.

600

The faithful follower of Idomeneus  
 His were the slowest horses, and himself  
 The least experienc'd in the rapid race  
 Dragging his broken car, came last of all,  
 His horses driv'n in front, Admetus' son,  
 Achilles swift of foot with pity saw,  
 And to the Greeks his wing'd words address'd

610

"See where the best of all the last appears,  
 But let him take, as meet, the second prize,  
 The first belongs of right to 'Iydeus' son."

Thus he, they all assented to his words,  
 And, by the gen'ral voice of Greece, the mare  
 Had now been his, but noble Nestor's son,  
 Antiochus, stood up, his right to claim,  
 And to Achilles, Peleus' son, replied

620

"Achilles, thou wilt do me grievous wrong,  
 If thou thy words accomplish, for my prize  
 Thou tak'st away, because mishap befell  
 His car and horses, by no fault of his,  
 Yet had he to th' Immortals made his pray'r,  
 He surely had not thus been last of all  
 But, pitying him, if so thy mind incline,  
 Thy tents contain good store of gold, and brass,  
 And sheep, and female slaves, and noble steeds,  
 For him, of these, hereafter mayst thou take  
 A prize of higher value, or ev'n now,  
 And with th' applause of all, but for the mare,  
 I will not give her up, and let who will  
 Stand forth, my own right hand shall guard my prize"

630

He said, and smil'd Achilles swift of foot,  
 Delighted, for he lov'd the noble youth,

To whom his winged words he thus address'd

' Antiochus, if such be thy request,  
That for Eumelus I should add a prize,  
This too I grant thee, and to him I give  
My breastplate, from Ictoreus won,  
Of brass, around whose edge is roll'd a stream  
Of shining tin, a gift of goodly price "

640

He said, and bade Automedon, his friend  
And comrade, bring the breastplate from his tent,  
He went, and brought it, in Eumelus' hand  
He plac'd it, he with joy the gift receiv'd  
Then Menelaus, sad at heart, rose,  
Burning with wrath against Antiochus,  
And while the herald in the monarch's hand  
His royal sceptre plac'd, and bade the Greeks  
Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke

650

' Antiochus, till now reputed wise,  
What hast thou done? thou hast impugn'd my skill,  
And sham'd my horses, who hast brought thine own,  
Inferior far, before them to the goal  
But come, ye chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Judge ye between us, favouring neither side.  
That none of all the brass clad Greeks may say  
That Menelaus hath by false reports  
O'erborne Antiochus, and holds his prize  
His horses fairly worsted, and himself  
Triumphant only by superior pow'r  
Or come now, I myself will judgment give,  
Nor deem I any Greek will find to blame  
In my decision, for 'tis fair and just  
Antiochus, come forward, noble chief,  
And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car  
And horses, in thy hand the slender whip  
Wherewith thou driv'st, upon the horses lay  
Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear  
That not of malice and by set design.  
Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course "

660

670

To whom Antiochus with prudent speech  
" Have patience with me yet, for I, O King,  
O Menelaus, am thy junior far.  
My elder and superior thee I own  
Thou know'st th' o'er eager vehemence of youth,  
How quick in temper, and in judgment weak

Set then thy heart at ease, the mare I won  
I freely gave, and if might else of mine  
Thou shouldst desire, would sooner give it all,  
Than all my life be lov'd, illustrious king,  
In thine esteem and aid, what the Gods

680

Thus saying, noble Nestor's son led forth  
And plac'd in Menelaus' hands the mare  
The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew  
Which glitters on the ears of growing corn  
That bristle o'er the plume, even so thy soul  
O Menelaus melted at his speech

690

To whom were thus address'd thy wing'd words

Antiochus at once I lay aside  
My anger thou art prudent and not apt  
To be thus led astray but now thy youth  
Thy judgment hath overpower'd, saw not henceforth  
By trickery o'er thine elders to prevail  
To any other man of all the Greeks  
I scarce so much had yielded but for that  
Thyself hast labour'd much and much endur'd  
Thou thy good sire, and brother, in my cause,  
I yield me to thy prayers, and give, to boot  
The mare, though mine of right, that thou may know  
I am not of a harsh unyielding mood

700

He said, and to Neemon gave in charge

The faithful comrade of Antiochus  
The mare, himself the glittering caldron took  
Of gold two talents, to the fourth assign'd,  
Fourth in the race, Menonius receiv'd  
Still the fifth prize, a vase with double cup  
Remain'd Achilles this to Nestor gave,  
Before the assembled Greeks, as thus he spoke

710

Take this, old man and for an hour keep  
In memory of Patroclus funeral games  
Whom thou no more amid the Greeks shalt see  
Freely I give it thee for thou no more  
Canst box, or wrestle, or in sportive strife  
The javelin throw, or race with flying feet,  
For age with heavy hand hath bow'd thee down

He said, and plac'd it in his hand the old man  
Receiv'd with joy the gift and thus replied

720

'All thou hast said my son, is simple truth  
No firmness now my limbs and feet retain

Nor can my arms with freedom, as of old,  
 Straight from the shoulder, right and left, strike out  
 Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine,  
 As when th' Epeians in Buprusium held  
 The royal Iovaryneous funeral games,  
 And when the monarch's sons his prizes gave.  
 Then could not one of all th' Lperian race,  
 Or Pylians or Eolians vie with me  
 In boxing Chironides Menops son, 730  
 I vanquish'd, then Anch'us, who stood up  
 To wrestle with me I with ease o'ertrun him,  
 Iphiclus I outran, though fleet of foot  
 In hurrying with the spear, with Polydorus strove,  
 And Polydorus and surpass'd them both  
 The sons of Hector in the chariot race.  
 None o'ercame me, aided by the crowd  
 Who envied my success, and sat, displeas'd,  
 The richest prizes by a stranger gain'd  
 They were twin brothers, one who held the reins, 740  
 Still drove, and drove, the other plied the whip  
 Such was I once, but now must younger men  
 Engage in deeds like these, and I, the chief  
 Of heroes once, must bow to weary age  
 But honour thou with sitting funeral games  
 Thy comrade, I accept, well pleas'd thy gift,  
 My heart rejoicing that thou still retain'st  
 Of me a kindly mem'ry, nor o'erlook'st  
 The place of honour, which among the Greeks  
 Belongs to me of right for thus the Gods 750  
 Reward thee with a worthy recompense!"

He said, Achilles listen'd to the praise  
 Of Neleus' son, then join'd the general throng  
 Next, he set forth the prizes, to reward  
 The labours of the sturdy pugilists,  
 A hardy mule he tether'd in the ring,  
 Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame,  
 And for the vanquish'd man, a double cup,  
 Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud

"Thou son of Atreus and ye well-grear'd Greeks, 760  
 For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,  
 And in the boxer's manly toil contend,  
 And he, whose stern endurance Phœbus crowns  
 With victory, recognis'd by all the Greeks,

He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule,  
The loser shall the double cup receive "

He said, up sprang Epeus, tall and stout,  
A boxer skilful, the son of Panopeus,  
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said

"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win,  
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away  
From me, who glory in the champion's name  
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field  
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man  
In all things to excel, but thus I say,

And will make good my words, who meets me here,  
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones  
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt  
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued "

He said, they all in silence heard his speech  
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,  
Son of Mecisteus, Talamon's son,

Stood forth opposing, he had once in Thebes  
Join'd in the fun'ral games of Oedipus,  
And there had vanquish'd all of Cadmean race  
On him attended valiant Diomed,

With cheering words, and wishes of success  
Around his waist he fasten'd first the belt,

Then gave the well cut gauntlets for his hands,  
Of wild bull's hide When both were thus equip'd,

Into the centre of the ring they stepp'd  
There, face to face, with sturdy arms uprais'd,

They stood awhile, then clos'd, strong hand with hand  
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows  
Dre was the clatter of their jaws, the sweat

Springing forth clotted gore, his heavy head  
 Rolling from side to side, within his tent  
 They laid him down, unconscious to the ring 810  
 Then back returning bore away the cup

Achilles next before the Greeks display'd  
 The prizes of the hardy wrestlers' skill  
 The victor's prize a tripod vast fire-proof,  
 And at twelve oxen by the Greeks apprais'd  
 And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave  
 Pric'd at four oxen skill'd in household work  
 Then rose and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd

Stand forth, whoever this contest will essay 820  
 He said, and straight uprose the giant form

Of Ajax Telamon with him uprose  
 Ulysses skill'd in every crafty wile  
 Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood  
 And each with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each  
 As stand two rafters of a lofty house  
 Each propping each by skillful architect  
 Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand  
 Creak'd their back-bones beneath the tug and strain  
 Of those strong arms their sweat pour'd down like rain  
 And bloody weals of livid purple hue 830

Their sides and shoulders stream'd, as sternly they  
 For victory and the well wrought tripod strove  
 Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow  
 Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground

So stubbornly he stood, but when the Greeks  
 Were weary of the long protracted strife,  
 Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke

Ulysses sage Laertes godlike on  
 Or hit thou me, or I will thee uplift 840  
 The issue of our struggle rests with Jove

He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground  
 Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not  
 But lock'd his leg around and striking sharp  
 Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint  
 Gave way, the giant Ajax backwards fell  
 Ulysses on his breast, the people saw,  
 And marvell'd. Then to turn Ulysses strove  
 Ajax to hit a little way he mov'd  
 But fail'd to hit him fairly from the ground  
 Yet crook'd his knee, that both together fell, 850

Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head  
 Rolling from side to side, & then his test  
 They laid him down, unconscious, to the mat 810  
 Then his ' returning, bore away the cup

Achilles next before the Greeks display'd  
 The prizes of the hardy & valiant. First  
 The victor's prize, a tripod vast, first proof,  
 And at twelve oxen by the Greeks approv'd,  
 And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave  
 Priz'd at four oxen skill'd in household work  
 Then rose and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd,  
 ' Stand forth when of this contest will essay ' 820

He said and straight uprose the giant form  
 Of Ajax telamon with him uprose  
 Ulysses, skill'd in every crafty wile  
 Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,  
 And each, with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each,  
 As stand two masts of a lofty house,  
 Each propping each, by skilful architect  
 Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand  
 Crack'd their backbones beneath the tug and strain  
 Of those strong arms, their sweat pour'd down like rain,  
 And bloody walls of livid purple hue 830  
 Their sides and shoulders streak'd, as sternly they  
 For vict'ry and the well wrought tripod strove  
 Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow,  
 Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,  
 So stubbornly he stood, but when the Greeks  
 Were weary of the long protracted strife,  
 Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke  
 " Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,  
 Or lift them me, or I will thee uplift  
 The issue of our struggle rests with Jove " 840

He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground,  
 Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not,  
 But lock'd his leg around, and striking sharp  
 Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint  
 Gave way, the giant Ajax backwards fell,  
 Ulysses on his breast, the people saw,  
 And marvell'd. Then in turn Ulysses strove  
 Ajax to lift, a little way he mov'd,  
 But fail'd to lift him fairly from the ground,  
 Yet crack'd his knee, that both together fell, 850

And side by side, defil'd with dust, they lay  
 And now a third encounter had they tried  
 But rose Achilles, and the combat stay'd  
 " Forbear, nor waste your strength in farther strife,  
 Ye both are victors, both then bear away  
 An equal meed of honour, and withdraw,  
 That other Greeks may other contests wage "  
 Thus spoke Achilles, they his words obey'd,  
 And brushing off the dust, their garments don'd

860

The prizes of the runners, swift of foot,  
 Achilles next set forth, a silver bowl,  
 Six measures its content, for workmanship  
 Unmatch'd on earth, of Sidon's costliest art  
 The product rare, thence o'er the misty sea  
 Brought by Phœnicians, who, in port arriv'd,  
 Gave it to Thoas by Euneüs last,  
 The son of Jason, to Patroclus paid,  
 In ransom of Lycaon, Priam's son,  
 Which now Achilles, on his friend's behalf,  
 Assign'd as his reward, whoe'er should prove  
 The lightest foot, and speediest in the race  
 A steer, well fatten'd, was the second prize,  
 And half a talent, for the third, of gold  
 He rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud,  
 " Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay "

870

He said uprose Oileus' active son,  
 Uprose Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry wile,  
 And noble Nestor's son, Antilochus,  
 Who all the youth in speed of foot surpass'd  
 They stood in line Achilles pointed out  
 The limits of the course, as from the goal  
 They stretch'd them to the race, Oileus' son  
 First shot ahead, Ulysses following close,  
 Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast  
 Of some fair woman, when her outstretch'd arm  
 Has thrown the wool athwart the warp, and back  
 Withdraws it tow'rd her breast, so close behind  
 Ulysses press'd on Ajax, and his feet  
 Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust  
 His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain  
 He lightly skamm'd, the Greeks with eager shouts  
 Still cheering, as he strain'd to win the prize  
 But as they near'd the goal, Ulysses thus

880

890

To blue-ey'd Pallas made his mental pray'r  
 "Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend"  
 Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r the Goddess heard,  
 And all his limbs with active vigour fill'd,  
 And, as they stretch'd their hands to seize the prize,  
 Tripp'd up by Pallas, Ajax shipp'd and fell,  
 Amid the offal of the lowing kine

900

Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain  
 His mouth and nostrils were with offal fill'd  
 First in the race, Ulysses bore away  
 The silver bowl, the steer to Ajax fell,  
 And as upon the horn he laid his hand,  
 Spitt'ring the offal out, he call'd aloud  
 "Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewray'd,  
 Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care"  
 Thus as he spoke, loud laugh'd the merry Greeks  
 Antilochus the sole remaining prize

910

Receiv'd, and, laughing, thus the Greeks address'd  
 "I tell you, friends, but what yourselves do know,  
 How of the elder men th' immortal Gods  
 Take special care, for Ajax' years not much  
 Exceed mine own, but here we see a man,  
 One of a former age, and race of men,  
 A hale old man we call him, but for speed  
 Not one can match him, save Achilles' self"

Thus he, with praise implied of Peleus' son,  
 To whom in answer thus Achilles spoke  
 "Antilochus, not unobserv'd of me  
 Nor unrewarded shall thy praise remain  
 To thy half talent add this second half"

920

Thus saying, in his hand he plac'd the gold,  
 Antilochus with joy the gift receiv'd

Next, in the ring the son of Peleus laid  
 A pond'rous spear, a helmet, and a shield,  
 By brave Patroclus from Sarpedon won,  
 Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd

"For these we call upon two champions brave  
 To don their arms, their sharp-edg'd weapons grasp,  
 And public trial of their prowess make,  
 And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,  
 And, through his armour piercing, first draw blood,  
 He shall this silver-studded sword receive,  
 My trophy from Asteropæus won,

930

Well-wrought, of Thracian metal, but the arms  
In common property they both shall hold,  
And in my tent a noble banquet share "

He said, uprose great Ajax Telamon, 940  
And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed  
First, from the crowd apart, they don'd their arms,  
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare  
Stood in the midst, the Greeks admiring gaz'd  
When, each approaching other, near they came,  
Thrice rush'd they on, and thrice in combat clos'd  
Then through the buckler round of Diomed  
Great Ajax drove his spear, nor reach'd the point  
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stay'd  
While, aim'd above the mighty shield's defence, 950  
His glittering weapon flash'd at Ajax' throat  
For Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks  
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize,  
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,  
With belt and scabbard, Diomed receiv'd

Next in the ring the son of Peleus plac'd  
A pond'rous mass of iron, as a quott  
Once wielded by Eetion's great strength,  
But to the ships with other trophies borne,  
When by Achilles' hand Eetion fell 960  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd  
" Stand forth, whoever this contest will essay  
This prize who wins, though widely may extend  
His fertile fields, far five revolving years  
It will his wants supply, nor to the town  
For lack of iron, with this mass in store,  
Need he his shepherd or his ploughman send "

He said, and valiant Polyperates rose,  
Epeus, and Leonteus' godlike strength, 970  
And mighty Ajax son of Telamon  
In turns they took their stand, Epeus first  
Uprais'd the pond'rous mass, and through the air  
Hurl'd it, and the laughter of the Greeks  
Next came Leonteus, scion true of Mars,  
The third was Ajax, from whose stalwart hand  
Beyond the farthest mark the missile flew.  
But when the valiant Polyperates took  
The quott in hand, far as a hardman threw

So far beyond the ring's extremest bound 980  
 He threw the pond'rous mass, loud were the shouts,  
 And noble Polyxenes' comrades rose,  
 And to the ships the monarch's gift convey'd

The archers prizes next, of iron bear,  
 Ten sturdy axes, double edg'd, he plac'd,  
 And single hatchets ten, then far away  
 Rear'd on the sand a dark prow'd vessel's mast,  
 On which, with slender string, a tim'rous dove  
 Was fasten'd by the foot, the archers' mark,  
 That who should strike the dove, should to his tent 990  
 The axes bear away, but who the string  
 Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,  
 As less in skill, the hatchets should receive

Thus spoke Achilles, straight uprose the might  
 Of royal Teucer, and Meriones,  
 The faithful follower of Idomeneus  
 They in a brass bound helmet shook the lots  
 The first was Teucer's, with impetuous force  
 He shot, but vow'd not to the Archer King  
 Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb 1000  
 The dove he struck not, for the Archer God  
 Withheld his aid, but close beside her foot  
 The arrow sever'd the retaining string  
 The bird releas'd, soar'd heav'nward, while the string  
 Dropp'd, from the mast suspended, tow'rd the earth,  
 And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks  
 Then snatch'd Meriones in haste the bow  
 From Teucer's hand, his own already held  
 His arrow, pointed straight, he drew the string,  
 And to the far destroying King he vow'd 1010  
 Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb  
 Aft'ward the clouds he mark'd the dove,  
 And struck her, as she soar'd, beneath the wing  
 Right through the arrow pass'd, and to the earth  
 Returning, fell beside Meriones  
 The bird upon the dark-prow'd vessel's mast  
 Lighted awhile, anon, with drooping head,  
 And pensive flutt'ring van, afar she fell,  
 Lifeless, th' admiring crowd with wonder gaz'd  
 Meriones the axes bore away, 1020  
 While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore  
 Last, in the ring the son of Peleus laid

A pond'rous spear, and caldron, burnish'd bright,  
Priz'd at an ox's worth, untouch'd by fire,  
For those who with the jav'lin would contend  
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,  
The son of Atreus, and Meriones,  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus,  
But Pelcus' godlike son address'd them thus

1030

'How far, Atreus, thou excell'st us all,  
And with the jav'lin what thy power and skill  
Pre eminent, we know, take thou this prize,  
And bear it to thy ships, and let us give  
To brave Meriones the brazen spear,  
If so it please thee, such were my advice

He said, and Agamemnon, King of men,  
Assenting, gave to brave Meriones  
The brazen spear, while in Calthybrius care,  
His herald, plac'd the King his noble prize

## BOOK XXIV

### ARGUMENT

PRIAM by command of Jupiter and under conduct of Mercury seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned and the manner of his funeral circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

THE games were ended, and the multitude  
Around the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd  
Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep  
Yielding, delighted, but Achilles still  
Mourn'd o'er his lov'd companion, not on him  
Lighted all conqu'ring sleep, but to and fro  
Restless he toss'd, and on Patroclus thought,  
His vigour and his courage, all the deeds  
They two together had achiev'd, the toils,  
The perils they had undergone, and  
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves  
Stirr'd by such memories, bitter tears he shed,  
Now turning on his side, and now again  
Upon his back, then prone upon his face,  
'Then starting to his feet, along the shore  
All objectless, despairing, would he roam,  
Nor did the morn, above the sea appearing,  
Unmark'd of him arise, his flying steeds  
He then would harness, and, behind the car  
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust,  
Thence make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb,  
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,  
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd,  
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead  
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd  
The hero, though in death, and round him threw  
His golden ages, nor, though dragg'd along,  
Allow'd his body to receive a wound  
Thus foully did Achilles in his rage  
Misuse the mighty dead, the blessed Gods

With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urg'd  
 That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove  
 The counsel pleas'd the rest, but Juno still,  
 And Neptune, and the blue ey'd Maid, retain'd  
 The hatred, unappeas'd, with which of old  
 Troy and her King and people they pursued,  
 Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,  
 Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,  
 Preferring her who brought him in return  
 The fatal boon of too successful love

40

But when the twelfth revolving day was come,  
 Apollo thus th' assembled Gods address'd  
 "Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful! have ye not,  
 At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats  
 Receiv'd your off'rings meet? and fear ye now  
 Ev'n his dead corpse to save, and grant his wife,  
 His mother, and his child, his aged sire  
 And people, to behold him, and to raise  
 His fun'ral pile, and with due rites entomb?

But fell Achilles all your aid commands,  
 Of mind unrighteous, and inflexible  
 His stubborn heart, his thoughts are all of blood,  
 Ev'n as a lion, whom his mighty strength  
 And dauntless courage lead to leap the fold,  
 And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey,  
 Ev'n so Achilles hath discarded ruth,  
 And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.

50

A man may lose his best lov'd friend, a son,  
 Or his own mother's son, a brother dear  
 He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays,  
 For late to man a patient mind hath giv'n  
 But godlike Hector's body, after death,  
 Achilles, unrelenting, roughly drags,  
 Lash'd to his car, around his comrade's tomb  
 This is not to his praise, though brave he be,  
 Yet thus our anger he may justly rouse,  
 Who in his rage insults the senseless clay "

60

To whom, indignant, white-arm'd Juno thus  
 "Some show of reason were there in thy speech,  
 God of the silver bow, could Hector boast  
 Of equal dignity with Peleus' son

70

A mortal one, and nurs'd at woman's breast,  
 The other, of a Goddess born, whom I

Nurtur'd and rear'd, and to a mortal gave  
 In marriage, gave to Peleus, best belov'd  
 By all th' Immortals, of the race of man  
 Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites,  
 Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,  
 And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast "

To whom the Cloud compeller answer'd thus 80  
 " Juno, restrain thy wrath, they shall not both  
 Attain like honour, yet was Hector once,  
 Of all the mortals that in Ilium dwell,  
 Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me,  
 For never did he fail his gifts to bring,  
 And with burnt off'rings and libations due  
 My altars crown, such worship I receiv'd  
 Yet shall hold Hector's body, not without  
 The knowledge of Achilles, be remov'd,  
 For day and night his Goddess mother keeps 90  
 Her constant watch beside him Then, some God  
 Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste,  
 And I with prudent words will counsel her,  
 That so Achilles may at Priam's hand  
 Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free "

He said, and promptly on his errand sprang  
 The storm-swift Iris, in the dark-blue sea  
 She plung'd, midway 'twixt Imbros' rugged shore  
 And Samos' isle, the parting waters plash'd,  
 As down to ocean's lowest depths she dropp'd, 100  
 Like to a plummet, which the fisherman  
 Lets fall, encas'd in wild bull's horn, to bear  
 Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes  
 There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,  
 Around her rang'd the Ocean Goddesses  
 She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate  
 Her matchless son awaiting, doom'd to die  
 Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy  
 Swift-footed Iris at her side appear'd,  
 And thus address'd her " Hasten, Thetis, Jove, 110  
 Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee "  
 To whom the silver footed Goddess thus  
 " What would with me the mighty King of Heav'n?  
 Press'd as I am with grief, I am ashamed  
 To mingle with the Gods, yet will I go  
 Nor shall he speak in vain, whatever his words "

Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,  
 All black, than which none deeper could be found,  
 She rose to go, the storm swift Iris led  
 The way before her, ocean's parted waves 120  
 Around their path receded, to the beach  
 Ascending, upwards straight to Heav'n they sprang  
 Th' all-seem'g son of Saturn there they found,  
 And rang'd around him all th' immortal Gods  
 Pallas made way, and by the throne of Jove  
 Sat Thetis, Juno proff'ring to her hand  
 A goblet fair of gold, and adding words  
 Of welcome, she the cup receiv'd, and drank.  
 Then thus began the sire of Gods and men  
 "Thea, Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st, 130  
 Borne down by ceaseless grief, I know it well,  
 Yet hear the cause for which I summon'd thee  
 About Achilles, th' victorious son,  
 And valiant Hector's body, for nine days  
 Hath contest been in Heav'n, and some have urg'd  
 That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove  
 This to Achilles' praise I mean to turn,  
 And thus thy reverence and thy love retain  
 Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son  
 My message bear, tell him that all the Gods 140  
 Are fill'd with wrath, and I above the rest  
 Am angry, that beside the beak'd ships,  
 He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps  
 So may he fear me, and the dead restore  
 Iris meantime to Priam I will send,  
 And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
 Obtain his son's release, and with him bring  
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."

He said, the silver footed Queen obey'd,  
 Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped, 150  
 And sought her son, him found she in his tent,  
 Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round,  
 Plying their tasks, the morning meal prepar'd  
 For them a goodly sheep, full fleec'd, was slain  
 Close by his side his Goddess mother stood,  
 And gentlv touch'd him with her hand, and said,  
 "How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume  
 With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food  
 Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely, to abstain

From woman's love, for short thy time on earth 160  
 Death and impious fate are close at hand  
 Hear then my words, a messenger from Jove  
 To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods  
 Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest  
 Is angry, that beside the beak'd ships  
 Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st  
 Then ransom take, and liberate the dead '

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied  
 " So be it, ransom let him bring, and bear  
 His dead away, if such the will of Jove ' 170

Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,  
 Mother and son, their lengthen'd converse held

Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command  
 " Haste thee, swift Iris, from th' abodes of Heav'n,  
 To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words,  
 And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
 Obtain his son's release, and with him take  
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart  
 Alone, no Trojan with him, must he go;  
 Yet may a herald on his steps attend, 180  
 Some aged man, his smoothly rolling car  
 And mules to drive, and to the city back  
 To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew  
 Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind  
 Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go,  
 And to Achilles' presence safely bring  
 Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself  
 Will slay him, but from others will protect  
 Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
 Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest, 190  
 But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view "

He said, and on his errand sped in haste  
 The storm-swift Iris, when to Priam's house  
 She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear  
 Within the court, around their father, sat  
 His sons, their raiment all bedew'd with tears,  
 And in the midst, close cover'd with his robe,  
 Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,  
 Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,  
 With his own hands, upon his hoary head 200  
 Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd  
 In memory of the many and the brave

Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain  
 Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,  
 And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook  
 "Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,  
 Nor let thy mind be troubled, not for ill,  
 But here on kindly errand am I sent  
 To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,  
 Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes      210  
 Of pitying love, he bids thee ransom home  
 The godlike Hector's corpse, and with thee take  
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart  
 Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go,  
 Yet may a herald on thy steps attend,  
 Some aged man, thy smoothly rolling car  
 And mules to drive, and to the city back  
 To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew  
 Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind  
 Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go,      220  
 And to Achilles' presence safely bring  
 Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself  
 Will slay thee, but from others will protect,  
 Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
 Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest  
 But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view "

Swift footed Iris said, and vanish'd straight  
 He to his sons commandment gave, the mules  
 To yoke beneath the smoothly rolling car,  
 And on the axle fix the wicker seat      230  
 Himself the lofty cedar chamber sought,  
 Fragrant, high roof'd, with countless treasures stor'd,  
 And call'd to Hecuba his wife, and said,  
 "Good wile, a messenger from Jove hath come,  
 Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there  
 Obtain my son's release, and with me take  
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.  
 Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines  
 To seek the ships within the Grecian camp "

So he, but Hecuba lamenting cried,      240  
 "Alas, alas! where are thy senses gone?  
 And where the wisdom, once of high repute  
 'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?  
 How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,  
 Ent'ring his presence, who thy sons has slain,

That Jove with deep affliction visits me,  
 Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost  
 Shall know his loss since now that he is gone, 290  
 The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay  
 But may my eyes be clos'd in death, ere see  
 The city sack'd, and utterly destroy'd "

He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd,  
 Before the old man's anger fled they all,  
 Then to his sons in threat'ning tone he cried,  
 To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,  
 Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites brave,  
 Desphobus, and bold Hippothous, 300  
 And godlike Dius, all these nine with threats  
 And angry taunts the aged sire assail'd

" Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!  
 Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships  
 In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me,  
 Who have begotten sons, in all the land  
 The best and bravest, now remains not one,  
 Nestor, and Troilus, dauntless charioteer,  
 And Hector, who a God 'mid men appear'd,  
 Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's " 310  
 All these hath Mars cut off, and left me none,  
 None but the vile and refuse, hays all,  
 Van skipping cockcombs, in the dance alone  
 And in nought else renown'd, base plunderers,  
 From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids  
 When, laggards, will ye harness me the car  
 Equip'd with all things needed for the way? "

He said, they quail'd beneath their father's wrath  
 And brought the smoothly-running mule wain out,  
 Well fram'd, new built, and fix'd the wicker seat, 320  
 Then from the peg the mule yoke down they took,  
 Of boxwood wrought, with boss and rings complete,  
 And with the yoke, the yoke band brought they forth,  
 Nine cubits long, and to the polish'd pole  
 At the far end attach'd, the breast rings then  
 Fix'd to the pole piece, and on either side  
 Throve round the knob the lathern thong they wound,  
 And bound it fast, and inward turn'd the tongue  
 Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,  
 Of Hector's head, upon the wain they put, 330  
 And yok'd the strong-hoof'd mules, to harness train'd,

The Mysians' splendid present to the King  
To Priam's car they harness'd then the steeds,  
Which he himself at polish'd manger fed

Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls  
Were met the herald and the aged King,  
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near,  
In her right hand a golden cup she bore  
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way  
They to the Gods might due libations pour, 340  
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke  
"Take, and to father Jove thine offering pour,  
And pray that he may bring thee safely home  
From all thy foes, since sore against my will  
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece  
Then to Idæan Jove, the cloud girt son  
Of Saturn, who th' expanse of Troy surveys,  
Prefer thy pray'r, beseeching him to send,  
On thy right hand, a winged messenger,  
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight, 350  
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,  
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece  
But should th' all seeing Jove the sign withhold,  
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,  
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships

To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus  
"O woman, I refuse not to obey  
Thy counsel, good it is to raise the hands  
In pray'r to Heav'n, and Jove's protection seek."  
The old man said, and bade th' attendant pour 360  
Pure water on his hands, with ever she,  
And basin, stood beside him from his wife,  
The due ablutions made, he took the cup,  
Then pour'd the wine, and looking up to Heav'n  
He rais'd his voice, and thus he pray'd aloud  
'O father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height,  
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find  
Some pity in Achilles' heart, and send,  
On my right hand, a winged messenger,  
The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight, 370  
That I myself may see and know the sign,  
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece"

Thus as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard,  
And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd king,

Dark bird of chase, and Dusky tresses surmount'd  
 Wide as the portals, well secur'd with bolts,  
 That guard some wealthy monarch's lofty hall,  
 On either side his ample pinions spread  
 On the right hand appear'd he, far above  
 The city soaring, they the faw'ring sign 380  
 With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd  
 Mounting his car in haste, the aged King  
 Drove through the court, and through the echoing porch,  
 The mules in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,  
 That drew the *four* wheel'd wain, behind them came  
 The horses, down the city's steep descent  
 Urg'd by th' old man to speed, the crowd of friends  
 That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death  
 Descended from the city to the plain,  
 His sons and sons-in-law to Ilus took 390  
 Their homeward way, advancing o'er the plain  
 They two escap'd not Jove's all seeing eye,  
 Pitying he saw the aged sire, and thus  
 At once to Hermes spoke, his much-lov'd son  
 'Hermes, for thou in social converse lov'st  
 To mix with men, and hear'st whom'er thou wilt,  
 Haste thee, and Priam to the Grecian ships  
 So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see  
 Ere to Achilles' presence he attain "

He said, nor disobey'd the heav'nly Guide, 400  
 His golden sandals on his feet he bound,  
 Ambrosial work, which bore him o'er the waves,  
 Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth,  
 Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will  
 The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep  
 This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight  
 Soon the wide Hellespont he reach'd, and Troy,  
 And pass'd in likeness of a princely youth,  
 In op'ning manhood, fairest term of life

The twain had pass'd by Ilus' lofty tomb, 410  
 And halted there the horses and the mules  
 Beside the margin of the stream to drink,  
 For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth  
 When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw  
 Approaching near, to Priam thus he cried  
 "O son of Dardanus, bethink thee well,  
 Of prudent counsel great is now our need

A man I see, and fear he means us ill  
 Say, with the horses shall we fly at once,  
 Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue? " 420  
 The old man heard, his mind confus'd with dread,  
 So grievously he fear'd, that every hair  
 Upon his bended limbs did stand on end,  
 He stood astounded, but the Guardian God  
 Approach'd and took him by the hand, and said  
 " Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule  
 In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep?  
 And fear'st thou not the slaughter breathing Greeks,  
 Thine unrelenting foes, and they so near?  
 If any one of them should see thee now, 430  
 So richly laden in the gloom of night,  
 How wouldest thou feel? thou art not young thyself  
 And this old man, thy comrade, would avail  
 But little to protect thee from assault  
 I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm,  
 For like my father's is, methinks, thy face "

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire  
 " 'Tis as thou say'st, fair son, yet hath some God  
 Extended o'er me his protecting hand,  
 Who sends me such a guide, so opportune 440  
 Bless'd are thy parents in a son so grac'd  
 In face and presence, and of mind so wise "

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God  
 " O father, well and wisely dost thou speak,  
 But tell me this, and truly dost thou bear  
 These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,  
 That they for thee in safety may be stor'd?  
 Or have ye all resolv'd to fly from Troy  
 In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son,  
 Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinch'd? " 450

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire  
 " Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,  
 That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son? "

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God  
 " Try me, old man, of godlike Hector ask,  
 For often in the glory-giving fight  
 These eyes have seen him, chief, when to the ships  
 The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroy'd  
 We gaz'd in wonder, from the fight restrain'd  
 By Pelus' son, with Agamemnon wroth 460

His follower I, one ship convey'd us both,  
 One of the Myrmidons I am, my sire  
 Polyctor, rich, but aged, ev'n as thou  
 Six sons he hath, besides myself, the sev'nth,  
 And I by lot was drafted for the war  
 I from the ships am to the plain come forth,  
 For with the dawn of day the keen ey'd Greeks  
 Will round the city marshal their array  
 They chafe in idleness, the chiefs in vain  
 Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight "

470

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire,  
 " If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art  
 Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth,  
 Lies yet my son beside the Grecian ships,  
 Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb,  
 And to his dogs the mangled carcase giv'n? "

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God  
 " On him, old man nor dogs nor birds have fed,  
 But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies  
 Within the tent, twelve days he there hath lain,  
 Nor hath corruption touch'd his flesh, nor worms,  
 That wont to prey on men in battle slain  
 The corpse, indeed, with each returning mom,  
 Around his comrade's tomb Achilles drags,  
 Yet leaves it still unbury'd, thou thyself  
 Mightst see how fresh, as dew-besprout, he lies,  
 From blood stains cleans'd, and clos'd his many wounds,  
 For many a lance was buried in his corpse.  
 So, ev'n in death, the blessed Gods above,  
 Who lov'd him well, protect thy noble son "

490

He said, th' old man rejoicing heard his words,  
 And answer'd, " See, my son, how good it is  
 To give th' immortal Gods their tribute due,  
 For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,  
 Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell,  
 And thence have they remember'd him in death  
 Accept, I pray, this goblet rich emboss'd,  
 Be thou my guard, and, under Heav'n, my guide,  
 Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son "

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God  
 " Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt  
 In vain, who bidd'st me at thy hands accept  
 Thy proffer'd presents, to Achilles' wrong

500

I dread his anger, and should hold it shame  
 To plunder him, through fear of future ill  
 But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,  
 As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,  
 On ship-board or on foot, nor by the fault  
 Of thy conductor shouldst thou meet with harm "

Thus spoke the heav'nly Guide, and on the car 510

Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,  
 And with fresh vigour mules and horses fill'd  
 When to the ship-tow'rs and the trench they came,  
 The guard had late been busied with their meal,  
 And with deep sleep the heav'nly Guide o'erspread  
 The eyes of all, then open'd wide the gates,  
 And push'd aside the bolts, and led within  
 Both Priam, and the treasure-laden wain  
 But when they reach'd Achilles' lofty tent,  
 (Which for their King the Myrmidons had built 520  
 Of fir trees fell'd, and overlaid the roof  
 With rushes mown from off the neighb'ring mead,  
 And all around a spacious court enclos'd  
 With cross set palisades, a single bar  
 Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut  
 Three men, of all the others, scarce suffic'd,  
 And three to open, but Achilles' hand  
 Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)  
 Then for the old man Hermes op'd the gate,  
 And brought within the court the gifts design'd 530  
 For Peleus' godlike son, then from the car  
 Sprang to the ground, and thus to Priam spoke  
 'Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide,  
 Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove,  
 Father of all, to bring thee safely here  
 I now return, nor to Achilles' eyes  
 Will I appear, becoms it not a God  
 To greet a mortal in the sight of all  
 But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees,  
 And supplicate him for his father's sake, 540  
 His fair hair'd mother's, and his child's, that so  
 Thy words may stir an answer in his heart "

Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights  
 Return'd, and Priam from his chariot sprang,  
 And left Idæus there, in charge to keep  
 The horses and the mules, while he himself

Enter'd the dwelling straight, where went to sit  
 Achilles, lov'd of Heaven. The chief he found  
 Within, his followers seated all apart,  
 Two only in his presence minister'd,  
 The brave Automedon, and Alcmus,  
 A warrior bold, scarce ended the repast  
 Of food and wine, the table still was set  
 Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all,  
 And standing by Achilles, with his arms  
 Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,  
 Blood stain'd, which many of his sons had shun  
 As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,  
 In his own land hath shed another's blood,  
 And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house  
 A foreign refuge, wond'ring, all behold  
 On godlike Priam so with wonder gaz'd  
 Achilles, wonder seiz'd th' attendants all,  
 And one to other look'd, then Priam thus  
 To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd  
 'Think, great Achilles, mortal of the Gods,  
 Upon thy father, ev'n as I myself  
 Upon the threshold of unjoyous age  
 And haply he, from them that dwell around  
 May suffer wrong, with no protector near  
 To give him aid, yet he, rejoicing, knows  
 That thou still liv'st, and day by day may hope  
 To see his son returning safe from Troy,  
 While I, all hapless, that have many sons,  
 The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,  
 Begotten, deem that none are left me now  
 Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece,  
 Nineteen the offspring of a single womb,  
 The rest, the women of my household bore  
 Of these have many by relentless Mars  
 Been laid in dust but he, my only one,  
 The city's and his brethren's sole defence,  
 He, bravely fighting in his country's cause  
 Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n  
 On his behalf I venture to approach  
 The Grecian ships, for his release to thee  
 To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay  
 Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods,  
 And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down

On me, more needing pity, since I bear 390  
 Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,  
 Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."  
 Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast  
 Fond memory of his father rose, he touch'd  
 The old man's hand, and gently put him by,  
 Then wept they both, by various memories stir'd  
 One prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewail'd  
 His warrior son, Achilles for his sire,  
 And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear,  
 And through the house their weeping loud was heard. 600  
 But when Achilles had indulg'd his grief,  
 And eas'd the yearning of his heart and limbs,  
 He rose, and with his hand the aged sire  
 He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd  
 "Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine?  
 How could'st thou venture to the Grecian ships  
 Alone, and to the presence of the man  
 Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,  
 Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!  
 But sit thou on this seat, and in our hearts, 610  
 Though fill'd with grief, let us that grief suppress,  
 For woful lamentation nought avails  
 Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin,  
 To live in woe, while they from cares are free  
 Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove,  
 With gifts for man—one good, the other ill,  
 To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives,  
 Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls,  
 To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace  
 And grinding mis'r'y o'er the earth pursue 620  
 By God and man alike despis'd he roams  
 Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave  
 Excellent gifts, with wealth and substance bleas'd  
 Above his fellows o'er the Mermaidons  
 He rul'd with sov'reign sway, and Heav'n bestow'd  
 On him, a mortal, an immortal bride  
 Yet this of all was mingled in his lot,  
 That in his house no rising race he saw  
 Or future King, one only son he had,  
 One doom'd to early death, nor is it mine 630  
 To tend my father's age, but far from home  
 There and thy sons in Troy I vex with war

Much have we heard too of thy former wealth  
 Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,  
 Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores  
 Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou  
 In wealth and number of thy sons wast blest'd  
 But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,  
 Still round thy city war and slaughter rages.  
 Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn, 640  
 Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son,  
 Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more "

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire  
 " Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,  
 While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent,  
 But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes  
 I may behold my son, and thou accept  
 The ample treasures which we tender thee  
 Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach  
 Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my life, 650  
 And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n "

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard  
 " Old man, incense me not, I mean myself  
 To give thee back thy son, for here of late  
 Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess mother came,  
 The daughter of the aged Ocean God  
 And thou too, Priam, well I know, some God  
 (I cannot err) hath guided to our ships  
 No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare  
 Our camp to enter, nor could hope to pass 660  
 Unnotic'd by the watch, nor easily  
 Remove the pond'rous bar that guards our doors  
 But stir not up my anger in my grief,  
 Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent  
 I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress "

He said, the old man trembled, and obey'd,  
 Then to the door-way, with a hen's spring,  
 Achilles rush'd, not unaccompanied,  
 With him Automedon and Alcamus,  
 His two attendants, of his followers all, 670  
 Next to the lost Patroclus, best esteem'd,  
 They from the yoke the mules and horses loos'd,  
 Then led the herald of the old man in,  
 And bade him sit, and from the polish'd wain  
 The costly ransom took of Hector's head

Two robes they left, and one well woven vest,  
 To clothe the corpse, and end with honour home  
 Then to the female slaves he gave command  
 To wash the body and anoint with oil,  
 Apart, that Priam might not see his son, 580  
 Lest his griev'd heart its passion unrestrain'd  
 Should utter, and Achilles, rous'd to wrath,  
 His suppliant slave, and Jove's command transgress  
 When they had wash'd the body, and with oil  
 Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe  
 And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead  
 With his own hands, and laid him on the couch,  
 Which to the polish'd wall his followers rais'd  
 Then groaning on his breast by name he call'd  
 Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me, 600  
 If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear  
 That godlike Hector to his father's arms,  
 For no mean ransom, I restore, whereof  
 A fitting share for thee I set aside

Thus said, Achilles to the tent return'd,  
 On carv'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat  
 Beside the wall, and thus to Priam spoke

Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,  
 Is giv'n thee back, upon the couch he lies,  
 Thyself halt see him at the dawn of day 700  
 Meanwhile the evening meal demands our care  
 Yet tear hard Niobe abstain'd from food  
 When in the house her children lay in death,  
 Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons  
 The youths, Apollo with his silver bow,  
 The maids, the Archer-Queen, Diana, slew,  
 With anger fill'd that Niobe presum'd  
 Herself with fair Leto's to compare,  
 Her many children with her rival's two 710  
 So by the two were all the many slain  
 Nine days in death they lay, and none was there  
 To pay their funeral rites, nor Saturn's son  
 Had giv'n to all the people hearts of stone  
 At length th' immortal Gods entomb'd the dead  
 Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief  
 Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain  
 And now in sepulchres, amid the rocks,  
 And lonely mountains, where the Goddess nymphs

That love to dance by Achelôus' stream.

'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turn'd to stone, 720  
Breeds o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods  
So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share,  
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,  
To Troy restor'd—well worthy be thy tears."

Thus said, he slaughter'd straight a white-fleece'd sheep,  
His comrades then the carcase flay'd and dress'd  
The meat prepar'd, and fasten'd to the spits,  
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew  
The bread Automedon from baskets fair  
Apportion'd out, the meat Achilles shar'd 730  
They on the viands set before them fell,  
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
In wonder Priam on Achilles gaz'd,  
His form and stature, as a God he seem'd,  
And he too look'd on Priam, and admir'd  
His venerable face, and gracious speech  
With mutual pleasure each on other gaz'd,  
Till godlike Priam first address'd his host

"Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest,  
And be we down, in gentle slumbers wrapp'd, 740  
For never have mine eyes been clos'd in sleep,  
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain  
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes,  
And in my court with dust my head defile  
Now have I tasted bread, now ruddy wine  
Hath o'er my palate pass'd, but not till now"

Thus he, his comrades and th' attendant maids  
Achilles order'd in the corridor

Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair  
Of purple wool o'ertaid, and on the top 750  
Rugs and soft sheets for upper covering spread  
They from the chamber, torch in hand, withdrew,  
And with obedient haste two beds prepar'd  
Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone

"Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend,  
Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,  
As is their custom, to confer with me,  
Of them whoe'er should find thee here by night  
Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,  
And Hector might not be so soon restor'd 760  
But tell me truly this, how many days

For godlike Hector's fun'ral rites ye need,  
That for so long a time I may myself  
Refrain from combat, and the people stay "

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire  
" If by thy leave we may indeed perform  
His fun'ral rites, to thee, Achilles, great  
Will be our gratitude, if thus thou grant  
Thou know'st how close the town is hemm'd around,  
And from the mountain, distant as it is, 770  
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood  
Nine days to public mourning would we give,  
The tenth, to fun'ral rites and fun'ral feast,  
Then on th' eleventh would we raise his mound,  
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must "

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied  
' So shall it be, old Priam, I engage  
To stay the battle for the time requir'd "

Thus speaking, with his hand the old man's wrist  
He grasp'd, in token that he need not fear 780  
Then in the corridor lay down to rest  
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage,  
While in his tent's recess Achilles slept,  
The fair Briseïs resting by his side

In night long slumbers lay the other Gods,  
And helmeted chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued,  
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian God,  
No slumber fell, deep pond'ring in his mind  
How from the ships in safety to conduct  
The royal Priam, and the guard elude 790  
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried  
" Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,  
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go,  
Sleep'st undisturb'd, surrounded by thy foes  
Thy son hath been restor'd, and thou hast paid  
A generous price, but to redeem thy life,  
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks  
Should know that thou art here, full thrice as much  
Thy sons, who yet are left, would have to pay "

He said, the old man trembled, and arous'd 800  
The herald, while the horses and the mules  
Were yok'd by Hermes, who with silent speed  
Drove through th' encampment, unobserv'd of all  
But when they came to eddying Xanthus' lord,

✓ " My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,  
 And in thine house hast left me desolate,  
 Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,  
 Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope 850  
 That he may reach the ripeness of his youth,  
 For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,  
 Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm  
 Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes!  
 They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne,  
 And with them I shall go, thou too, my child,  
 Must follow me, to servile labour doom'd,  
 The suffering victim of a tyrant Lord,  
 Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize  
 And dash thee from the tow'r—a woful death! 860  
 Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son  
 By Hector hath been slain, for many a Greek  
 By Hector's hand hath but the bloody dust,  
 Not light in battle was thy father's hand!  
 Therefore for him the gen'ral city mourns,  
 Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caus'd,  
 Hector! but butt'rest grief of all hast left  
 To me! for not to me was giv'n to clasp  
 The hand extended from thy dying bed,  
 Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day, 870  
 With tears, I might have treasur'd in my heart "

Weeping she spoke—the women join'd the wail  
 Then Hecuba took up the loud lament  
 " Hector, of all my children dearest thou!  
 Dear to th' Immortals too in life wast thou,  
 And they in death have borne thee still in mind,  
 For other of my sons, his captives made,  
 Across the wat'ry waste, to Samos' isle  
 Or Imbros, or th' inhospitable shore  
 Of Lemnos, hath Achilles, swift of foot, 880  
 To slav'ry sold, thee, when his sharp-edg'd spear  
 Had robb'd thee of thy life, he dragg'd indeed  
 Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear,  
 Whom thou hadst slain, yet so he rais'd not up  
 His dead to life again, now hast thou here,  
 All fresh and fair, as dew besprent, like one  
 Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,  
 God of the silver bow, hath newly slain "

Weeping, she spoke, and rous'd the gen'ral grief  
 Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd 890  
 "Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!  
 True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,  
 Who bore me hither—would I then had died!  
 But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,  
 And left my native land, yet ne'er from thee  
 I heard one scornful, one degrading word,  
 And when from others I have borne reproach,  
 Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,  
 Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind  
 Ev'n as a father) thou hast check'd them still 900  
 With tender feeling, and with gentle words  
 For thee I weep, and for myself no less,  
 For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,  
 None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd  
 At length the aged Phron gave command  
 "Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring  
 Good store of fuel, fear no treach'rous wile,  
 For when he sent me from the dark-ribb'd ships,  
 Achilles promis'd that from hostile arms 910  
 Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."

He said, and they the oxen and the mules  
 Yok'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd  
 Nine days they labour'd, and brought back to Troy  
 Good store of wood, but when the tenth day's light  
 Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore  
 Brave Hector out, and on the fun'ral pile  
 Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch

While yet the rosy finger'd morn was young  
 Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd 920  
 When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,  
 First on the burning mass, as far as spread  
 The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,  
 And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friends  
 Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,  
 Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones,  
 These in a golden casket they enclos'd,  
 And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye,  
 Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste  
 With stone in pond'rous masses cover'd o'er, 930

And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,  
From sudden inroad of the Greeks to guard  
The mound erected, back they turn'd, and all  
Assembled duly, shar'd the solemn feast  
In Priam's palace, Heav'n-descended King  
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid

THE END

# NOTES

## NOTE I

Bk II l 253, 254 (Hom. II l 222, 223) —

τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
*tertiolum cartumq. quadruply r' vel Supr*

Derby has a note in his 6th edition —

"The text in the original leaves it somewhat in doubt whether the anger of the Greeks was directed against Theates or Agamemnon."

On reconsideration Derby adopted the latter view, and altered his translation thus

"Against him he knew  
 Indensed the public mind, and bowing lood,  
 With several words, he thus addressed the king"

There is good reason for the change, as the rest of the poem shows that the army was conceived as deeply dissatisfied "with Agamemnon." See for instance *III* lxxi (Derby, l 98 ff), *III* lxxii (Derby, l 126 ff)

## NOTE II

Bk IV l 252 (Hom. IV l 224) —

τοῦ δ' ἐξελκυσίᾳ πύλον ἄγχι ἔχον θυγῶν

In the 6th edition Derby corrected his translation to —

"From the close-fitting belt the shaft he drew,  
 Breaking the pointed bars"

The correction is justified. The Greek could hardly bear the meaning given in the text, and, as the arrow was buried almost up to the head, the slender bars would naturally be broken when Machaon tugged it out of the armour.

## NOTE III

Bk VI l 135 (Hom. VI l 121) —

ἀδίκησιν παρέρχεται

It is better to take this phrase, both here and in VI (Derby, l 75, Hom. l 12), as meaning '*perverting right counsel, having the right, by his words*' (in *uttering duty, up out* "*perverting justice,*" "*disfavouring the truth*")

The Greek easily bears this sense, and it is quite clear from the context that Nestor feels Menelaus ought to have accepted the challenge and so he ought. The quarrel was his, and Agamemnon has no reason to give except that Menelaus would do well to avenge his skin.

Derby's rendering of the phrase in VI is somewhat ambiguous.

## NOTE IV

Bk VII l 560 (Hom. VII l 504) —

ἃ δ' οὐκ ἔκλυον δαῖτα  
*quod ἔκλυον ἃ ἐκλύον ὑπὸ δ' ἄλυσ*

In the 6th edition this is translated *was scattered* —

"Or by the pole to draw, or raised on high  
 Bear off the car"

It is never stated that Diomed did carry off the car, and the pre-

assumption is that he was checked by Pallas, and that Ulysses and he rode off on the horses.

Lower down the 6th edition wisely omits all mention of a car (there is none in the Greek), reading, for l. 567, 568

"And mounted straight, Ulysses with his bow  
The flying horses touched,"

for l. 585, 586—

"the son of Tydeus leaped  
Down to the ground,"

and for l. 599—

"And from the steeds dismounted."

#### NOTE V

Bk. xi l. 714 (Hom. xi l. 692) —

*δύω δ' ἄνδρες ὑποπύοντες ἄρ' αὖ*

It is better to translate this, and below there were two supports.

Much light has been thrown on the whole passage by Schliemann's discovery of a similar cup at Mycenae (see Schuchardt, p. 241). The cup is in gold, with a dove on each of the two handles, while a golden prop runs from either handle to the base.

#### NOTE VI

Bk. xvi l. 72, 73 (Hom. xvi l. 60, 61) —

*οὐδ' ἄρα τίς ἑ*

*καταρχήτ' ἀνελθόνταί τρι φρεσίν*

Better as Lang, Leaf, and Myers translate it—

'no man may be angry of heart for ever'

Achilles is surprised to find that he cannot nurse his anger as long as he had wished.

#### NOTE VII

Bk. xvi l. 639 (Hom. xvi l. 556) — Altered, in the 6th edition, to 'Ye two Ajaces,' which is more correct.

#### NOTE VIII

Bk. xvii l. 189 ff (Hom. xvii l. 609) —

*ἰσχυρῶς ἰσπερσάμενος*

Rather 'upstanding on a car.' 'His' can hardly be right. For the next lines show that it is the car of Menonides, driven by the latter's own charioteer Cعرanus, 'the chief' who had left the ships on foot being Idomeneus.

The fact was that Idomeneus was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cعرanus, charioteer of Menonides, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him struck Cعرanus. So Cowper, who, following the Scholiast, takes the passage correctly.

Lower down l. 702, the words 'from the car' are due to a mistaken inference of Derby's. There is nothing corresponding to them in the Greek, and it is plain from the sequel that Menonides never quits the battle. It is more natural, therefore, to assume that he is not on the car at all, but standing on the ground when he stoops down, picks up the fallen ones, gives them to Idomeneus, and sends him on to the ships while he himself stays in the post of danger. In l. 707 read 'his fleet steeds' not 'his fleet stands.'

F M.S.